# TRAVEL ADVENTURE AND SPORT

FROM

BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE

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# TRAVEL,

# ADVENTURE, AND SPORT

FROM

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# TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND SPORT.

FROM 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.'

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SZEGEDIN.

BY LANDOR R. CROSSE.

[*MAGA.* JUNE 1879.]

EARLY in March 1879, news reached Buda-Pesth of impending floods in the Theiss valley of a serious and exceptional character. During the past winter more snow had fallen all over the country than is generally the case even in Hungary, while at the same time the cold had been less than usual. At Buda-Pesth, though the Danube was covered with drift-ice, it had never been completely frozen over. We may assume, therefore, that the snow lay, not in its usual consolidated and frozen state, but lightly packed, so to speak, and ready to melt at the first

thaw. Unfortunately, in February a marked and, for the time of the year, very unusual rise in the temperature took place, accompanied by torrents of rain. The whole eastern bend of the Carpathian horseshoe, which is in fact the watershed of the Theiss and its tributaries, poured down its thousand streams into the great Hungarian plain; and fears were entertained of inundations as serious as those in the spring of 1876, when the capital itself was threatened by the rise of the Danube.

During a residence of five years in Hungary, I have had some notable experiences of storms and floods. The first phenomenon of the kind which I witnessed was the remarkable storm of the 26th of June 1875. On that occasion a waterspout burst on the mountains behind Buda, and together with wind and hail destroyed a considerable amount of property in the town and neighbourhood, causing also the death of nearly sixty people. The fury of this storm was far exceeded by the catastrophe which occurred on the last night of August 1878, at Miskolcz and Erlau, in the north-east of Hungary.

Buda-Pesth has experienced no less than fourteen inundations in this century; the most disastrous being that of 1838, which destroyed some four thousand houses and caused great loss of life. Of some incidents in the alarming inundation of 1876 I will speak later, merely observing here, that though the worst was averted, and the capital escaped almost by a

miracle, yet the destruction of property which did take place involved serious loss and great misery. Something like twenty thousand people were houseless and homeless for several weeks. The possible recurrence of such an event must at all times cause the gravest anxiety.

With full knowledge of the dangerous behaviour of these great rivers, and the terrible havoc their waters are capable of inflicting, it will not be wondered at that the public mind became greatly excited as each day more and more alarming news reached us from the Theiss valley. It was in this condition of mind that I left my house in the fortress of Buda on Sunday morning, the 9th of March, to seek the latest intelligence at the club in Pesth. On my way thither I encountered Lieutenant Zubovics, whose name is well known to many in England by his swimming feats over the Danube, Thames, and Seine on horseback, and for his ride for a wager from Vienna to Paris. Lieutenant Zubovics at once informed me that the last news from Szegedin was so alarming that he had determined to organise a volunteer life-saving corps to render assistance in case of need; and he proposed to start that same night, as no time was to be lost. Having enrolled myself in the corps, we went down to the lower quay in search of the captain of one of the Francis Canal Towage Company's steamers, who had orders to place all the rowing boats he could spare at our disposal. When we found the captain he set to

work immediately to give us every possible assistance; but we were in a difficulty about getting the boats conveyed from the Danube to the railway station, which is a long way from the river. This being Sunday afternoon, everything was shut, and we could get no men, much less obtain conveyances to transport the boats, which, it may be remarked, were heavy river-boats. So in the end we gave orders for these to follow us by a later train. As it turned out, we requisitioned fourteen of the pleasure-boats on the lake in the Stadtwäldchen, which is not far from the railway station. Our small corps of six now separated, half were sent round the town to enlist friends, the others being left to busy themselves about the necessary preparations for getting together the live-saving apparatus, torches, and other things requisite for the possible emergency. We had settled to meet at the Redoute by eight that night for final arrangements before starting by the ten o'clock train for Félegyháza. By the evening the volunteer corps had increased to fourteen in number, but what with one thing and another we found it difficult to get everything settled in time; in fact we only got off by a later train, and did not arrive at Félegyháza before eleven o'clock on the morning of the 10th of March.

We had, of course, started from Buda-Pesth in the dark, and when daylight dawned we found ourselves travelling over the vast plain or *alföld* which is the peculiar feature of Hungarian geography. Roughly

speaking, the plain is enclosed on three sides by the Carpathian Mountains, with the Danube for a boundary on the fourth side. In prehistoric times, this part of the world was far different in aspect; what is now the richest grain-producing district in Europe, was in former times the bed of an inland sea or series of great lakes. These plains, overspread by sand, gravel, and by a kind of rich mud, or by alluvial deposits underlain by fresh-water limestones, "may be considered as having been formed," says Professor Hull, "beneath the waters of a great lake during different periods of repletion or partial exhaustion, dating downwards from the Miocene period. It is also necessary to recall the fact that the *only* issue which the Danube and the tributary waters of all the Hungarian rivers now find in the magnificent gorge of Kazan, was in the prehistoric period barred by an unbroken mountain-chain. "The waters seem to have been pent up several hundred feet above the present surface, and thus thrown back on the plains of Hungary." M. Reclus says, "Les défilés par lesquels le Danube, grossi de la Tisza (Theiss), de la Temes, et de la Save, s'échappe de la plaine hongroise à travers le mur transversal des Carpates, offrent un aspect des plus grandioses." Later on we shall have occasion to refer to this question of the exit of the Hungarian waters.

In recalling the *drame géologique*, we must take into account the interesting fact that the inland sea

or lake which covered the Hungarian plain was bordered by a chain of active volcanoes, vomiting forth masses of "trachytic and basaltic lava and tufa." But in the course of ages the volcanic fires have died out, and the waters of the lake have been drained, leaving a rich heritage to mankind. The bed of the old sea comprises an area of 37,400 square miles, mostly consisting of what is called *tiefland* or deep land, and so rich that the merest scratchings of the plough can, without skill or labour, produce crops almost unequalled in quantity and variety elsewhere.

The first view of the plain is depressing in the extreme. You behold a level, featureless, interminable stretch of earth, with the heavens above and around you, like the folds of a vast tent; where neither hill nor forest throws any shadow, and where the pathway of the sun is visible from the rising up to the going down thereof. This great plain has been aptly called *une mer terrestre;* and under certain atmospheric conditions the illusion is complete. It appears even like the sea itself, rippled by green-wave furrows, or calmed into utter stillness by wide-spreading level mists that meet the sky-line. Dreary as the plain may seem to the stranger, it is a place beloved by the native with an attachment equal to the Switzer's love for the Alps. The shepherd of the lonely *puszta* has no more thought of wandering away from the dear familiar scene than has the forest-tree

which is rooted in the earth. This district is in fact the cradle of the true Magyar race, where are still to be found unchanged the language, customs, folk-lore, and the traditions of this singular people, who, though but a handful, have made their mark on history. "The Magyar shall never perish out of the world" is a saying amongst them. It is a striking fact that in no part of Europe is there a stronger feeling evinced for territorial possession than in Hungary. The Hungarian peasant holds to the land as a part and parcel of himself. "Land is perpetual man," says the old Irish law. A similar notion is latent in Hungarian patriotism, especially in the case of the peasant; for he believes in the land with something of the old pagan worship. It was owing to this intense feeling for home, and for their own little plot of ground, that brought about some of the most touching scenes in the terrible catastrophe which I am about to describe. Nor is this feeling for the soil merely sentimental; as a matter of fact, nearly a third of the land in the kingdom of Hungary is in the possession of peasant-holders. It is worthy of remark that the purchase of land is much facilitated for small buyers by the advanced state of the land-laws in Hungary. The transfer of land is easy and inexpensive, and the registration of titles to estates has completely obtained in this country.

In Prince Bismarck's recently published 'Letters,' he describes travelling some twenty years ago from

Vienna to Buda-Pesth, and expresses his surprise at not falling in with a single Englishman : he adds that the English, he believes, have not yet found out Hungary. During the two decades which have passed, we have, it is true, become more familiar with the country of the Magyars ; but even now the ordinary traveller has little more knowledge of Hungary than he can gain in a brief sojourn at the capital, for he rarely penetrates into the interior. It is for this reason I have given this slight sketch of the dwellers in the Theiss valley, who, like their neighbours the Transylvanians, may be said to inhabit an odd corner of Europe.

Though I knew many parts of the great plain pretty well, I had myself never visited Szegedin. I had passed it more than once in the railway ; but I really knew nothing of the place beyond the fact that it was considered the second city in the kingdom ; and further, that the inhabitants bore an excellent character for thrift, industry, and love of progress. On this particular morning, when travelling towards the doomed city, I was glad to seek information from my companions, and I learned that the town contained over 70,000 inhabitants. The special industries of Szegedin, I was told, were in connection with soap, mats, shoes, *paprika*, and rope-making. The flour-mills had been doing very well : one flour company of Szegedin had been paying over 20 per cent to its shareholders for some years past. My

informant mentioned that the last time he had been at the place was in the autumn of 1876, when there was a very interesting exhibition of natural productions and manufactured articles. It was one of those smaller shows, which in their local way have honourably followed the example set by the International Expositions. My friend went on to say that the people of Szegedin were most energetic about all educational matters. The largest building in the town is the schoolhouse—a good sign always. I saw it later, an imposing structure of four storeys, the highest in the whole place; and, as it turned out, it was a very ark of refuge for the poor drowning people, saving hundreds of lives.

Szegedin, it seems, is not without some historical associations. In the dreary time when the Turks had possession of a great part of Hungary, and threw civilisation back at least three centuries, they established themselves strongly at Szegedin. They built there a considerable fort, which is a feature in the present town. The encroachment of the Theiss is shown by the fact that one of the Turkish towers is now completely surrounded by water. The Romans, too, probably had a colony on the same site, for a great quantity of Roman remains have been found in the immediate vicinity.

The inhabitants of Szegedin are principally Magyars, but no part of Hungary is free from admixture of other races; and there is a large infusion of Servs,

Slavs, Germans, and Jews. I learnt subsequently that the numbers in the town had been increased within the last week by not less than 10,000 souls. The inhabitants of the drowned villages and outlying hamlets had come into the town for shelter.

My friend mentioned that his father, who had taken part in the war of Hungarian independence, had spent six weeks at Szegedin in 1849, when the Revolutionary Government retreated from Buda-Pesth and made this place the seat of the National Assembly. General Perczel, with 60,000 men, was stationed here, but there was no question of making a stand at Szegedin. These were the closing scenes of that noble struggle —the day of Világos was nigh at hand, the saddest scene in all the long tragedy of Hungarian history.

But no more conversation or reminiscences now, for the train has arrived at the station of Félegyháza, and we are all up and stirring. At this place we found a special train waiting to convey ourselves and our baggage down to the point of the railway where the lines ran into the water, some four miles further on. On leaving Félegyháza the floods were on both sides of the railway embankment, and we soon came to the spot where the train could go no further—in fact, the wheels of the locomotive were already in water. It was "Water, water everywhere"—it might have been the old prehistoric sea that we looked upon, stretching away far as the eye could reach. In less than half an hour everything was ready, the boats

were afloat, and we were prepared to start. It was a curious sight: our train, consisting of an engine with half-a-dozen trucks, had been run out on the already submerged strip of earth, and stood reflected in the water; the long line of telegraph-poles marking the track of railway towards Szegedin becoming less and less distinct. As the crow flies the town stood some six miles off; but it resembled a mirage rising from the lake, rather than the solid reality that it then was. Before we finally got off, a good breeze arose, and our boats, moored to the embankment, were bumped about pretty freely by the waves. Having manned seven of the boats with two men each, we thought first of proceeding direct to Szegedin, but after a short consultation we determined to visit several of the inundated villages to see if we could afford any assistance. Accordingly we rowed off in procession towards a small village which we noticed to our left, just visible above the waste of waters. On approaching we found it was entirely at the mercy of wind and waves; the ruined houses were breaking up visibly before us, the rough wind helping the destruction. The surface of the flood was covered with remains of roofs, floors, and rafters. We rowed round about with necessary caution, and at last with some difficulty managed to enter what must have been the principal street of the village. We passed by this water-way between two lines of ruin. Here and there were portions of buildings which had withstood the flood more

bravely than the others; here the gable-end of a cottage with its chimney-stack, and there, higher than the rest, there remained the section of a house, standing up as it were a witness against the cruel flood. The waves were beating at its basement, but above in the little upper storey were seen pots and pans still hanging on hooks on the wall. I noticed also some pictures of saints, and a portrait of poor Batthianyi, who met his cruel death at the hands of the Austrians in 1849. His portrait, by the way, may be found in nearly every Hungarian hovel.

After giving a sharp look-out for any poor soul in need of help, amidst the tufts of ruin or floating *débris*, we came to the conclusion, or at least we hoped, that the villagers had saved themselves by timely flight; for there were no living things to be seen, except two or three cats, and a good many fowls, on the open rafters which still spanned the waters. I counted more than a dozen guinea-fowl on a hay-rick, which, strange to say, had resisted the waves. Even during our short tour of inspection, the wind had driven such a mass of wreckage across the way we had come, that it was difficult to steer back through the floating heaps of furniture, doors, window-frames, and rafters, the latter sticking up here and there like dangerous snags. Far and near the surface of the water was covered with hay, straw, and the stalks of Indian corn; utter havoc everywhere.

After leaving this village, we turned our boats

in the opposite direction. Crossing the railway embankment, we made for the town of Dorosma, which we knew was submerged. This was a place of nearly 10,000 inhabitants. We rowed for more than an hour before we reached the vicinity of the town, but we were completely baffled in our attempts to approach nearer: a long dike, now covered by a few inches of water, barred our entrance. This dike, we learned afterwards, had been erected by the inhabitants during the previous week, in order to keep back the encroaching flood; but two days before our visit, the waters had mastered their defence, and poured over the barrier. After running aground several times on this mud-bank, we gave up all attempts to get closer to a group of houses that were still standing, and made straight for Szegedin.

We had got out of our course, so we had still a good hour's pull before we could reach our destination. We were in much doubt and anxiety as to the state in which we should find the town, for the waters were pervading and increasing everywhere. After we had recrossed the submerged railway, we perceived in the distance a long black line trending away to the left, which had somewhat the appearance of a great sea-snake stretched out on the waters. It soon, however, became apparent to us that this was a dike —in short, the last rampart of defence for unhappy Szegedin—against the devouring flood. In the background, or rather I should say in the rear of the dike,

were visible the spires and roofs of a large town. At last, after rowing through an immense amount of floating *débris*, which impeded our progress at every moment, we arrived at the long black strip of earth, and found it crowded with thousands of people in a state of unresting activity. Men, women, and children were busied bringing up earth, as fast as hands and feet could work. We moored our boats to the long white piles that had been driven in to strengthen the embankment, and stepped ashore with the utmost care, in order not to displace the loose earth on that weak and frail construction. On landing, we found to our astonishment that the fall on the inner side of the dike was from fifteen to twenty feet; and the greater part of Szegedin itself was standing on a level as low, or nearly so. The situation of affairs was simply appalling! My first thought was the utter hopelessness of keeping back such a sea of waters by this narrow strip of earth. The wind had been steadily rising since the morning, and the waves were already beginning to beat with considerable force against the outer side of the dike: the flood, I must observe, was already five feet above the original level of the railway embankment. The defence that the inhabitants of Szegedin were now making was, in reality, a second dike, raised on the substructure of the railway, extending about four miles in length. It was touching in the extreme to see these hundreds of busy workers; such a motley group as are not often

found side by side,—master and servant, the well-dressed citizen, the scantily-clothed Slav, the poor women, and even the little children—all plying to and fro with their burdens. The men wheeling loaded barrows up the steep incline, the women struggling up with their market-baskets filled with earth; the strong, the weak, all alike bent on the one object—the struggle for dear life against those whelming waters. It wanted but a few inches, and the overmastering flood would have its way; still the poor people were not without hope. For twenty-four hours the water had not risen: this was a good sign, and the brave multitude took heart of grace, and hour after hour, day and night, the steady work went on. I was greatly impressed by the quietness and order which was maintained throughout; a state of things which reflects infinite credit on the townspeople generally.

It is true that Szegedin was really in a state of siege, and the inhabitants under martial law. A few days previous to our arrival, the danger of inundation had become so obvious, that General Pulz, the commander of the troops stationed in the town, numbering about two thousand, had issued orders that all the inhabitants were liable to be called out to work on the dike; and the orders were to be obeyed on pain of death. Companies of soldiers went out from time to time, and marshalled the townspeople in batches of one hundred and fifty each, bringing

whatever available implements they might have with them. When they arrived at the dike, they were set to work at once on a certain section, where they remained for six hours at a stretch. When the time of duty was over, they received tickets from the commanding officer, stating that they had done the work required; they were then permitted to return home, and were not liable for service again for another twenty-four hours. This had gone on for some days before our arrival. I noticed that about six thousand people were thus engaged the evening when I first saw the place. I walked nearly two miles along the dike on this occasion. Everywhere the same scene met my eyes: the turbulent waters washing against the long row of white piles—the poor people working and toiling. Earnestly, almost silently, the steady work went on, as if they had been part of a trained and disciplined army. I may here remark, to the honour and credit of the people, that in the subsequent disaster, only ten arrests were made at Szegedin during several days.

I must here pause to explain that the flood-water, extending over hundreds of square miles, was some three feet above the level of the river Theiss. The dike keeping back this vast mass of water was in the rear of the town, the Theiss being on the other side. As yet the flood-waters had no direct communication with the river. The reason of this is as follows: The Theiss is hemmed in, higher up the stream, by

high embankments on both sides. This regulation of the river I shall enlarge upon further on—we are now simply occupied with the bare facts. It was the bursting of one of these embankments on the Szegedin side of the river, about twenty miles further up stream, that first placed the town in danger; the waters thus pouring down upon the lower level, burst a second dam, situated eight miles above the town. An immense area of country was thereby flooded in an incredibly short space of time, and the irresistible waters now poured on and on, till they reached the opposing dike, which was Szegedin's last hope. The gravity of the position was only too evident. I turned from the busy scene on the dike with a heart-sinking sense of despair. Leaving our boats and their contents under the charge of an officer, we hastened into the town to report our arrival to the burghermaster. We directed our steps to the town-hall, a building of some architectural importance. A tower springs from its centre, which probably looked down upon the Turks during their occupation of the place. On entering, we were ushered into a fine old room of considerable dimensions; on the walls, and ranged under the black-raftered ceiling, were hung a number of silk flags, the ancient insignia of the city's power and dignity. Here Kossuth uttered his last address to the National Assembly in 1849, and now, after a lapse of thirty years, the aged patriot speaks again to the townspeople, though from afar. He says in

his recent letter of sympathy to the Emperor—which, by the way, buries the party rancour of a lifetime—"Szegedin must live; Szegedin must not be lost."

But I anticipate. At present the aspect of this lofty council-chamber is sad and troubled enough. The carved tables and the high-backed chairs, which were wont to seat the worshipful burghers, have been pushed away, huddled together without care, to make room for rows of mattresses for the fugitives who had come in from the neighbouring villages.

We received a hearty welcome from the burgher-master, more especially as one of our number, Mr Gerster, is a director of the Francis Canal Towage Company, and he was no stranger in the town. It was by his orders that the steam-tug Czongrad had been sent to Szegedin to await our arrival. Mr Gerster placed the steamer at the disposal of the authorities; and it was after some consultation with them that we agreed to make an expedition the following morning up the Theiss to render help to a party of four hundred workmen, who were believed to be isolated by the waters, and in danger of their lives. This plan of course depended on all going on well through the night.

After the interview with the authorities at the Város-ház, I walked about the town for a couple of hours to take note of the situation. In the lower parts, the people were much occupied in plastering up the house doors, or even building them in with

mud and bricks. This was perfectly useless; for when the water was once in the town, it was forced up through the drains, and frequently filled the houses from inside, and burst outwards from the pressure of water. In looking about, I was very much surprised to see only three pontoons and two or three boats ready in case of emergency in the streets. I believe there were others at the railway station, but certainly I saw only these scanty preparations in the town itself. Before turning into my quarters for the night, I walked out once more to the dike. It was a very picturesque sight: hundreds of flaring torches and camp-fires lit up the edge of the black waters; the whole surface of the flood was restless and agitated, the waves beating visibly against the long line of defence. I left the scene with anxious forebodings, fearing what might happen in the night—for the storm was getting worse, and the wind blew right on the embankment.

On awaking by daybreak the next morning, it was an intense relief to find that the storm had somewhat abated; and further, it was satisfactory to know that there had been no rise whatever in the water during this anxious night. After a hasty breakfast, we made our way to the river-side, and joined our good friend, Captain Hadszy of the Czongrad, who had already "steam up" and everything prepared for our expedition.

Shortly after leaving the town, we steamed into

a wide expanse of water, no land visible except the river dike on our left: this had been cut some way further up to allow the flood waters—which, as I have before explained, were higher than the river level—to escape into the river, and lessen the danger that threatened Szegedin. This cutting, about a hundred yards in length, produced so strong a current of influx water, that we could hardly make way against it. It must be evident that, had the river level only been, say, a couple of feet lower, the relief to the flooded district would have been immense. Unfortunately, at its debouchure, the Theiss has a sand-bar which retards its outflow into the Danube. It is necessary to note this fact for further consideration. Passing on our way, we came to the unfortunate village of Tapé, likewise on our left side. This place had over two thousand inhabitants, and was renowned for its flourishing industries. It had been completely submerged. It was simply an obliterated ruin; nothing but the church was now standing. The river embankment in front of the village was high, and from sixty to eighty feet broad. Here were collected a number of the inhabitants—several hundred souls; and there were a good many besides in some barges moored to the dike further down. The poor creatures on the dike were encamped with such of their household goods as they had been able to save. The scene was piteous in the extreme. Every inch of this perilous ridge was occupied; some

people were even standing half in the water. There were weeping mothers with babes at the breast; children of all ages sobbing aloud; sick people placed carefully on tables to be above the reach of the waters; and all sorts of goods and chattels stacked in heaps, the last remnants of many a happy home. The barges I have alluded to were mostly full of the aged and sick: they held up their hands in gestures of despair. These poor creatures had been subsisting for days on stale bread and Indian corn. We took them all the fresh food we could possibly spare from the steamer; but we could not have taken a tithe of them on board, even had not our duty obliged us to go to the rescue of others in more urgent need.

We pursued our course up the river, and met with the same sad sight as far as the eye could reach—an islet of ruin here and there marking the site of what was once a village or hamlet. I remarked a large building sticking out of the waters, many miles to the left. This turned out to be the castle of Count Pallavicini, who owns 170,000 acres along the Theiss valley.

It was far on in the afternoon before we reached the island where the workmen had taken refuge. They were in extreme danger, for the ground was melting away visibly from under them. We had not come a moment too soon. They were huddled up together with their spades and wheelbarrows, strong, stalwart men, but powerless as infants against the all-

pervading flood. Poor fellows, their faces were lit up with joy when they saw us come to rescue them. We anchored as near as possible, and commenced taking them off as fast as we could with our one boat. It took some while longer than I should have thought, and the setting sun warned us there was no time to be lost. The sun went down in great beauty, dipping into the cruel waters, and throwing back an effulgent glow that lit up that scene of desolation with a terrible loveliness. When the great red ball had sunk beneath the sea of trouble, and the last hues of exquisite colouring had faded from wave and sky, I felt somehow that hope itself had departed to the under-world. The wind now rose again, whistling drearily, and in the chill, grey twilight we made our way back with all speed to Szegedin.

It was quite dark when we reached the town: nothing remarkable had transpired in our absence. The state of affairs remained much the same as in the morning, neither better nor worse.

As we had got back rather late, it was after ten o'clock before we had finished our supper at the restaurant in the town. Every time the outer door was opened, a gust of wind shook the whole house—the storm was rising again worse than last night. The misery we had seen that day made us all very silent and thoughtful. The outlook for the night, with that dismal howling close to our ears, was not comforting. Would it be possible to keep back the

flood yet another twelve hours, or at least till daylight dawned?

For a few seconds at a time there would be perfect stillness, then the wind came down the street with a rush and a roar that made one start. Each blast that blew was fiercer than the previous one, and the wind came with fatal precision from the very point most dangerous to the safety of our last ramparts.

Some officers, who had been on the dike all day, were seated at our table. We had spoken a few words together, but they could not tell us anything more than we all knew. Suddenly the door was thrown open — a soldier, breathless with running, entered, and saluting his officer, cried out, "All is over, the waters are coming."

We rushed into the street, on towards the town-hall, but the excitement was so great, that it was impossible to push through the crowd and effect an entrance. A company of soldiers were guarding the door, trying in vain to keep the people back. Numbers were flying from the lower part of the town, some trying to drag their household goods with them, others terror-stricken seemed only to think where they might be safe, crowding where there was a crowd.

Finding it was not possible to get into the town-hall, I thought I would see what was really happening at the dike; and with this view, I turned towards the long street that leads to the *alföld* railway. The

wind blew with such blinding force up the street that I had great difficulty in making my way against it.

When I had got half-way, I met an officer, whom I knew, coming straight from the dike. He told me immediately that it was a false alarm, and that, up to that moment, the rampart was intact, but how long it could be maintained in the teeth of such a storm he knew not. As it was, the waters splashed over in some places from the force of the wind, and the torches were blown out; so the soldiers and others had to work in darkness.

I walked back towards the town. People were rushing about in every direction, and cries and lamentations mingled with the whistling and howling of the storm: it was a regular panic. The authorities had much difficulty in calming the people, and in making them believe that the report of the breaking of the dike was a false alarm.

It was nearly midnight, when I threw myself, without undressing, on a sofa in my room at the hotel. I must have dropped off to sleep at once, for I was not conscious of anything till I found myself awakened by the tolling of a loud bell. I started up, and then the warning sound of three successive cannon-shots gave the signal of distress. I struck a light, and just made out that it was three o'clock, when the candle was blown out by the draught, the window-frame rattled and shook again; so I knew directly that the wind had not gone down. I got on my overcoat, and

was making my way out of the hotel, when the gas went out, and the whole town was in utter darkness. Hurrying into the street, I found it filled with people, flying in the direction of the river embankment, which was known to be high and strong. By this time the storm had increased to a perfect hurricane, adding much to the general bewilderment, for the torches were perpetually blown out. The townsfolk seemed as unprepared and panic-stricken as if the catastrophe had not stared them in the face for days.

Throughout the town the church bells were tolling the knell of the doomed city; but one could only hear the dismal warning now and then when there was a lull in the shrieking storm. I was told that, in one quarter of the town, the signals of distress were never heard at all, owing to the noise and fury of the wind. The darkness — the uncertainty as to where the danger was greatest—the unreasoning struggles of the people—all added to the dire confusion of this awful night. I had been running in the direction of the town-hall, but had not gone far when I was met by the oncoming waters. I was knee-deep in the flood at once; and not daring to go on, I turned and fled with all speed in the direction of the river-dike. It was well for me that I had not lost my bearings. I knew that if I could gain the river-dike I should be all right; for I could communicate with my friends on board the steamer. Reaching the embankment, I found it so crowded

that there was barely standing-room. I was able to grope my way to the steamer, and when on board I found that the captain, Mr Gerster, and several of the volunteers, had at once started with boats on a life-saving expedition. There was already water enough in the town to float the boats.

The day never dawned upon a sadder scene than that which met our eyes when the light revealed to us in its full extent the calamity that had overtaken the city. Houses were falling in every direction,—the rising waters seemed to saw the foundations from under them; and they melted away in the flood, or toppled over with a crash. When it was sufficiently light, I set off for the telegraph-office to report events to London. Fortunately the telegraphic wires were in working order; indeed through the whole week there was only one day of interruption, thanks to the energy of the officials. The office is situated rather higher than most of the town, and when I entered, the flood had not yet reached this level. I went to an upper room to write my telegram, which occupied some time, owing to irregularities caused by the general confusion of everything. When I came down-stairs, with the intention of finding my way back to the steamer, I discovered that the flood had overtaken me, even in that short time, and there was already a depth of three feet of water in the street. I saw clearly that there was no time to be lost, so I plunged in; but just at that moment a country cart

passed the door,—the poor horses were doing their best to keep their noses out of the water. I hailed the driver, and offering him a good *backsheesh*, got him to transport me to the Hotel Hungaria, which, together with some half-dozen neighbouring houses, occupied the only dry spot in the whole town. I found every room and passage of the inn crowded with fugitives. From thence I made my way again to the river embankment, which was but two hundred yards from the hotel. Reaching the spot where the Czongrad was moored, I found that my gallant friends had already been doing good work. The captain and his little band had been backwards and forwards into the town taking off the unfortunate people from dangerous places that were cut off by the waters. Men, women, and children were snatched from crumbling houses, from trees, and even from lamp-posts, to which they had clung in their desperation. Through the day boatful after boatful was brought in safety to the steamer, till the deck was crowded with the fugitives, and amongst them seven children, who died after being received on board. From want of room the bodies of the poor little ones had to be laid out in the stokehole; for even the engine-room was crowded with our living freight. I spoke with one poor woman there, who had had six children. Five were drowned before her eyes; the youngest had now died in her arms from the effects of exposure. The sights we encountered were most heart-rending.

In rowing in and about the town on our mission of rescue, I saw terrible scenes, and all the more terrible because, in some cases, it was impossible to afford timely succour. In one particular instance, I remarked a good-sized house,—the inmates had gathered on the roof, and in the windows of the loft women were seen holding out their infants and imploring aid. Before a boat could be brought to the spot the whole building collapsed with a dreadful crash, a cloud of dust rose in the air, and then all was over—the house and its inmates had disappeared in the surging flood. Whole streets were laid in ruins; the place knows them no more. In the space of two minutes I saw six houses dissolve away in the flood. I do not know whether there were any people still in them. I fear that in this large city of 70,000, indeed we may say 80,000 inhabitants, there must have been many sick and aged who were unhappily overlooked in the dreadful misery and confusion of the time. It is necessary to remark that by far the greater part of the houses at Szegedin was built of sun-dried bricks, having the roofs tiled with shingle. Good foundations even were wanting; for there is no stone in the great plain, and the people build with the materials nearest at hand and cheapest. This will account for the rapid destruction of the dwellings in the poorer parts of the town. The task of rescue was also rendered more difficult in consequence; for when the walls of a house caved in, it frequently happened

that the timbers of the arched roof broke away outwards, striking whatever chanced to be near with great force. Our boat's crew had several very narrow escapes,—in fact the volunteers did not get off altogether unscathed.

As night came on, the whole scene was lit up by a great fire raging at the match-manufactory. The effect was truly awful. By the light of the flames we visited the embankment. There must have been upwards of 40,000 people collected there, in a state of the greatest misery—in short, without food, and without covering save their own garments. In some places fires had been lighted with wood snatched from the floating *débris*, and shivering groups of poor creatures were gathered round. Such a scene of desolation, taken all in all, has perhaps never been equalled. The distress was greatly aggravated by the pitiless snow and sleet which swept over the homeless sufferers. During the night ten degrees of frost were registered—a most unusual thing at this season. I have before alluded to the strong attachment of the Hungarian peasant for home and familiar surroundings. It is a curious fact that, weeks after the inundation of Szegedin, the people could not be persuaded to leave their miserable bivouac on the river embankment. It was the spot of dry earth nearest to their drowned homes; and there, poor creatures, they stopped, patiently waiting the assuaging of the waters. In some instances the people preferred to

perish with their crumbling houses, rather than save themselves or be saved by others. They had lost all that was dear to them, and they had nothing left to live for.

On the day following the one of the final disaster, I think the general depression was greater than on the day itself. The extent of the incalculable losses, the misery to thousands incurred thereby, were more fully realised. It is useless recapitulating scene after scene of trouble and distress. I might mention cases of mothers frozen to death with infants at the breast; of women paralysed with terror, giving premature birth to their unhappy offspring (a case of this kind took place on board the ship Czongrad); but I prefer to pass on from the inevitable misery of the situation, to remark on the inadequate amount of help provided against the emergency, which was certainly *not unforeseen*. One or two episodes that came under my own observation may serve to make this clear. In rowing through the town during the second day, we passed a church in the suburbs crammed full of people. They called to us piteously for help; they had no food of any description, but we could not perform a miracle and feed the multitude. Their lives were not in danger, for the building was of stone, and most reluctantly we went on our way. But I grieve to say it was the third day before bread was brought to these people.

All through there was a scarcity of boats. And

when ten thousand loaves one day, and fifteen thousand another, arrived from Buda-Pesth, the means of distributing the food was very inadequate, owing simply to there not being enough boats. There was gross neglect somewhere, and such neglect in face of this dreadful disaster fixes a heavy responsibility on those concerned. I have stated earlier in my narrative that very little provision had been made beforehand, in respect to pontoons and boats. I must remark that the officers and men of the regular army cannot be too much praised for their unwearied exertions in saving life and property by night and by day. The pontoon service, according to my humble judgment, was less well managed.

There is much diversity of opinion about the number of deaths caused by the disaster at Szegedin. The central authorities state that the bodies recovered up to about the third week in April, did not reach one hundred. As an eye-witness of the disaster, and remaining after it took place five days on the spot, I can myself entertain no doubt that many more than this number were drowned in the confusion of that dreadful night; and it was the opinion of some of the high military officials that the victims must be counted by thousands. The houses were crushed in by hundreds, many of them falling in such a manner that the roofs came down intact, thereby holding down any bodies that might be beneath.

The official statements that I have as yet seen do not give any account of the mortality amongst the villages and outlying hamlets. I fear there must have been great loss of human life in the submerged districts, which were hundreds of square miles in extent. As a rule, the only boats to be found in the villages were of a very primitive kind—a sort of "dug-out"—being formed of the trunk of a large tree, scooped out, and capable of holding three people at the most. One can only imagine too well that many lonely farm-houses, and even villages, were surprised by the flood, and that their inmates found no means of escape across fields and roads suddenly submerged to the depth of several feet. In the whole district under water, the population was computed to be not much under 120,000 souls: practically the greater number have been rendered homeless. At Szegedin some 1500 people sought shelter in the handsome school-house—which, being a solid stone structure, defied the waters. It will be evident that even in the towns, places of refuge were difficult to be found, for the official returns state that out of "the 6566 houses in Szegedin, only 331 remain, and many are not habitable."

A great flood is indeed one of the most terrible of all disasters. It is true, a fire leaves only the charred embers of a homestead or a town, but when it has burnt out the active mischief is at an end; a hurricane may sweep all before it, but when past, a

calm succeeds. In the case of inundation, however, the trouble only passes away with despairing slowness. It is impossible to arrive at any estimate at present of the loss incurred by the agriculturist. The fields belonging to Szegedin alone are said to comprise an area of 315 square miles. When the Emperor visited the scene of the calamity, the mayor addressed him, saying: "Your Majesty, we have lost all our fields, our goods, our houses,—all we have is destroyed." The havoc is indeed terrible, but it must be hoped that the "fields" may not be utterly lost; the injury depends very much on whether the irruption of the waters was violent or otherwise.

This question brings us to a consideration of the causes which induced the overflow of the Theiss. Before doing so, however, I will give a brief extract from the official report of His Excellency Count Karolyi to the Lord Mayor of London. "The two communities of Algyö and Tapé," says the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, "have had their whole territory overrun by water. In Tapé 477 houses fell, in Algyö 425 houses; the inhabitants, to the number of nearly six thousand at the latter place, left, abandoning all their property. 8014 acres of land in Tapé, and 2243 acres in Algyö, are flooded. The community of Dorosma had 1820 houses, with 9688 inhabitants, 32,359 acres of land. Only 300 houses remained standing; the rest, with all provisions and stores, and the largest part of the

fortune of the inhabitants, was destroyed and buried under water." The statistics of the destruction of houses at Szegedin have been already given. Nor does the Theiss district alone suffer, the Körös and the Berettyo rivers had also flooded hundreds of miles of country before their waters reached the Theiss. In short, the inundations in Hungary this year have exceeded in extent anything of the kind which has occurred during the present century. In a lesser degree, the trouble has not been infrequent in past times; and a certain amount of flooding of pasture-lands by the river's side is annual and innocuous, if not directly beneficial.

In considering the behaviour of the river, we must look to its origin. The Theiss rises, as we are aware, in the Marmaros mountains, a portion of the north-eastern range of the Carpathians, passing through some of the finest forest and rock scenery in Europe, with the rapidity of a true mountain torrent; it then flows near Tokay into the level plain, and becomes the most sluggish of known rivers. Reaching Szegedin, it receives, in the Maros river, the tributary waters of a great part of Transylvania, and finally flows into the Danube, twenty miles east of Peterwardein.

Just when the Theiss becomes slow, it becomes mischievous and troublesome. As long ago as the reign of Maria Theresa efforts were made to cure its irregularities. But it was under the auspices of

Count Széchenyi in 1846, that the work of regulating the Theiss was seriously commenced. The system gone upon was firstly to endeavour to straighten the course of the meandering stream, whose turns and twists may be compared to the wriggling of a snake, or endless repetitions of the letter S: the windings alone spread over 611 kilometres. Canals were cut from one bend to another — 108 canals in all — which reduced the windings by no less than 480 kilometres. These operations have been spread over a number of years, but it has been seen fit to discontinue the works for the last two or three years. It must be borne in mind that the regulation was commenced at the upper reaches of the river—that is, shortly after its entrance on the plain. Now the canals that were cut were not so deep, and not nearly so wide, as the original bed of the stream; but the current being led off to the shortest cut, the result is that in summer the old bed is nearly dry, and as the greater flow of water brings down an immense increase of detritus, these channels get more and more filled up. The canals, however, are not of sufficient size to keep in flood-waters in the spring time, and to remedy this difficulty, strong dikes have been constructed at enormous expense along both banks of the river. These dikes are built right up against the summer or low-water mark; the consequence is, that when the river rises there is actually no room for the water,

and the dikes are over-flooded in a manner much more dangerous than was the former quiet overflow. The waters at times of great rainfall burst through the dikes with tremendous force, and *instantly* flood immense tracts of country, carrying everything before them. Formerly the waters flowed gradually over the land, and as the river-level fell so the flood-waters receded, generally in time for the farmer to sow his seed. Now the case is quite different: when the water once breaks through the dikes, it flows all over the country, perhaps many miles down, in a parallel direction to the river; and as not unfrequently happens, the dikes lower down remain firm, and the flood-water rises two or three feet above the river-level. This state of things naturally increases the danger tenfold, and it was exactly what took place at Szegedin, which, as we know, was drowned—not by the river itself, but—by the accumulated flood-water behind the town. The calamity has been foreseen by engineers of eminence, who have not failed to speak out on the subject. Amongst the opponents of the present system of the Theiss regulation is Major Stephanovich: he made a statement in 1874, before the Geographical Society's meeting at Vienna, to the effect that it was his opinion that "Szegedin would some day be broken through by the Theiss."

In 1865 the inspector of river regulation, M. Carl Hevigh, drew attention to the danger. He said: "If

we admit the possibility that some time or other the Theiss at its highest may meet the Maros at its highest, then one of the most populated, industrious, flourishing cities of Hungary will be exposed to dangers and catastrophes which those only can understand who know how low three-fourths of the city lie, and from what material the pretty houses of Szegedin are built."

The Maros flows at right angles into the Theiss at Szegedin, and when at flood arrests the current of the other river, pushing it back, and thereby greatly increasing the risk of inundation. It was in view of this danger that the great Italian engineer Paleocapa suggested that a canal should be constructed which should direct the Maros into the Theiss much lower down, thereby avoiding the dangerous confluence at Szegedin. This was in the year 1846, when the abolition of serfdom and other sweeping reforms were agitating Hungary, and possibly economic projects got shelved; or perhaps Szegedin did not wish to turn a navigable river from her doors. Be it as it may, nothing was done to forward so commendable a scheme. The proposal of securing Szegedin by the much-talked-of "ring-dike" is considered "utterly futile" by Major Stephanovich, on account of the subterranean water.

It has recently been proposed by Messrs Stephanovich and Hobohm to make a canal in the ancient course of the Theiss, at the base of the Transylvanian

mountains, which should receive the Szamos, Körös, and Maros, and subsequently enter the Danube at Karas, between the dunes of Deliblat and the commencement of the defile of Bazias. This system of canalisation would have the double object of averting floods and of directing water for purposes of irrigation into dry districts.

According to received opinion, the geological study of Hungary shows, that at an epoch relatively recent the Theiss ran something like a hundred kilometres to the east of its present bed, following the base of the Transylvanian Alps. But in course of time the Szamos, the three Körös rivers, and the Maros, all coming in from the east, worked together to throw the Theiss westward, and the towns on the western bank, notably Szegedin and Czongrad, are obliged to retire from time to time before the devouring current. There are certain local exceptions to the westerly tendency of the Theiss, such as that caused by the impulsion of the Danubian waters, which have had the contrary effect, throwing that portion of the river in an easterly direction, as the following fact will prove. In the time of Trajan and Diocletian, the Romans established fortifications against the Dacians on the plain of Titel, which was then on the east of the Theiss; the plain is now found on the west side of the river. Notwithstanding local differences, we must accept the fact that the general displacement of the Theiss towards a westerly direction is constant

and uniform. This is seen not only in irruptive floods of a violent character, as the inundations of this year, but the lands to the west of this river are subject to the almost more serious evil of the oozing and leakage of subterranean waters, which, for lack of channels to carry them off, remain a long while, to the great detriment of the farmer.

To lessen this plague of waters has been the object of the Theiss regulation works for nearly half a century; and it must be conceded that almost four million acres of fever-breeding stagnant marsh have been actually recovered. Unfortunately, this result, great as it is, has not been an unmitigated blessing; for the more the people of the upper Theiss drain and embank their lands, the more the dwellers in the lower Theiss valley have to dread the recurrence of disaster. "Les récentes inondations ont envahi des territoires, dits 'de collines,' que n'atteignaient jamais les anciennes crues. . . . Quels que soient donc, aux yeux des ingénieurs, les mérites d'exécution présentés par les travaux d'endiguement de la Theiss, la contrée tout entière y a plus perdu que gagné."[1]

"A great river will have its way," observed a distinguished geologist in speaking of the recent floods; certainly we may take it as an axiom that you must not interfere with Nature without bringing her

[1] Geographie. L'Europe Centrale, par M. Reclus. Paris, 1878. Part iii. p. 316.

into your councils. It would surely assist, without thwarting, the operations of Nature, if care was taken to preserve the *incline* of the Theiss by dredging—if the bar at the river's mouth were removed—and if the combined Hungarian waters were given a readier outfall at the Iron Gates. Before enlarging on the various "cures" for the evil, there is something to be said about prevention.

In the economy of nature, forests play an important part in regulating the rainfall of a country; and it is well known that the destruction of forests has a most injurious effect on climate. Sir Andrew Ramsay, in writing on the inundations of the river Po in 1872, says: "Not only do widespreading forests tend to produce a moist atmosphere, but their shade prevents rapid evaporation, and the roots of the trees hinder the quick flow of the surface-water in the streams of the wood-covered area. . . . But by foresight and skill much may be done; and if the great old forests of the mountains were allowed to reassert themselves, the recurring danger would be in time less than now. But to be even nearly safe, dredging must, if possible, be added to embanking, so as to keep the long incline of the river-bottom at an average level, otherwise the time in the far future *must* come when Nature will of necessity overcome even the best directed efforts of man."

The destruction of forests has been a crying evil in Hungary for many years past. M. Keleti, in his

report "On the State of Agriculture in Hungary," presented to the International Congress at Paris in 1878, says, in speaking of certain districts, that they would still be fertile if the inexcusable imprudence of cutting down forests had not been committed—"an irrational proceeding," he adds, "which has exposed some parts of the land to the risk of being carried away by the waters."

Every traveller in Hungary who has recorded his impressions, has loudly proclaimed against the ruthless waste of the forests. Paget, Boner, and more recently Crosse, have one and all dwelt largely on this important subject. Mr Boner says: "The Wallachs find it too much trouble to fell the trees they destroy systematically: one year the bark is stripped off, the wood dries, and the year after it is fired. . . . In 1862, near Toplitza, 23,000 *joch* of forests were burned by the peasantry. If this goes on, a time will come when the dearth of wood will make itself felt."

Travelling in Hungary in 1876, Mr Crosse says: "It is impossible to travel twenty miles in the Carpathians without encountering the terrible ravages committed by the lawless Wallachs on the beautiful woods that adorn the sides of the mountains. . . . The great proportion of the forest land belongs to the State, hence the supervision is less keen, and the depredations more readily winked at."

While ringing our hands over the floods, it may

sound almost paradoxical to say that Hungary's greatest trouble is *want of water;* and here again is proof that the normal condition of the rainfall should not be disturbed by unduly interfering with the forests. "Drought is the great enemy of agriculture in Hungary," says M. Keleti. The rich soil of the great plain, which yields such marvellous crops of wheat, hemp, colza, Indian corn, tobacco, and rice in ordinary seasons, is subject occasionally to such terrible drought, that the harvest disappears under one's feet. In 1863 there was a dry season, which caused a loss to the country of 126 millions of florins, and reduced the cattle stock to such a degree that it has not yet recovered. Some other causes, it is true, have helped to bring about the decrease of horned cattle, a state of things greatly deplored by all sound agriculturists; but there remains the fact of the fearful ravages committed by the dry season of 1863. It is reckoned that on an average there is one dry year in every ten.

To face this difficulty, the question of irrigation is now seriously attracting attention in Hungary. It is a work twice blessed, because it relieves the flooded seasons of their surplus waters, to store them for needful times of drought. The favourable results to be derived from irrigation in the fertile soil of Hungary almost exceed belief. In a visit of inspection through the Bács district, in Lower Hungary, in 1878, I gathered various statistics, which went

to prove that the man who irrigates his land gains from 80 to 100 per cent over his neighbour who neglects this obvious duty.

General Türr, speaking on "Canalisation and Irrigation" at Buda-Pesth, in April of last year, says: "The irrigation as used by the Bulgarian gardeners is worth notice. They are clever enough to draw out of an acre a revenue of from 400 to 500 florins. . . . A man named Szemzo, who owns land near the Francis Canal, now receives a rental of 80 to 120 florins per acre from Bulgarians, whereas formerly he received only 10 florins per acre." The Bulgarians, it must be observed, are the market-gardeners of Hungary. In the suburbs of almost every town colonies of these people have established themselves, especially where there is a river or a canal; and by the aid of a very simple mechanism of their own invention, they elevate the water, and throw it over the ground, producing thereby enormous crops of vegetables.

These economic results are apart from the special question before us. With regard to future inundations of the Hungarian rivers, I fear the "forecast" is by no means reassuring. Engineers have stated most emphatically that Buda-Pesth itself is endangered by the present system of rectifying the Danube just above and below Pesth. M. Revy, in his "Report on the Danube at Buda-Pesth," mentions that the river has in fact divided itself into branches

forming the Csepel island below the capital, for "profound hydraulic reasons," affecting the "settled *régime* of the river;" and to cut off a branch like that of the Soroksár—which forms one arm of the Danube round this island—is to disturb the "natural equilibrium." He goes on to say, that "to change the river's former *régime* in this reach of its course may involve ultimate consequences that nobody can foretell. The Danube misses her former channel of the Soroksár more and more. . . . What else is the embankment of the Soroksár than the artificial blocking of that branch, which permanently and annually anticipates the most unfortunate event which possibly might happen once in a generation?"

M. Pulsky, in his recent pamphlet 'The Crisis,' has also called attention to the present system of regulation, which "fails utterly in preserving the capital from the danger of inundation, which threatens it every year."

The danger is always, or nearly always, imminent in the spring, when the ice breaks up on the Danube. Any impediment to the onward flow of the stream by the blocking of ice-drifts has the effect of increasing tenfold the chance of inundation. I will now draw attention to what happened in 1876. The following extract from Mr Crosse's work on Hungary,[1] in which he describes the scene, will give some idea of how

[1] Round about the Carpathians. By Andrew F. Crosse. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1878.

narrowly Pesth escaped the fate which has befallen Szegedin: "There was a peculiarity in the thaw of this spring (1876) which told tremendously against us. It came westward—viz., down stream, instead of up stream, as it usually does. This state of things greatly increased the chances of flood in the middle Danube, as the descending volume of water and ice-blocks found the lower part of the river still frozen and inert. . . . It seems that at Eresi, a few miles below Buda-Pesth, where the water is shallow, the ice had formed into a compact mass for the space of six miles, and at this point the down-drifting ice-blocks got regularly stacked, rising higher and higher, till the whole vast volume of water was bayed back upon the twin cities of Buda and Pesth, the latter place being specially endangered by its site on the edge of the great plain. . . . The only news of the morning (25th February) was a despairing telegram from Eresi that the barrier of ice there was immovable: this meant there was no release for the pent-up waters in the ordinary course. The accumulated flood must swamp the capital, and that soon. . . . We never quitted the Corso, though this was the third night we had not taken off our clothes; it was impossible to think of rest now. The gravest anxiety was visible on the face of every soul of that vast multitude. . . . I think it must have been ten o'clock when the fortress on the Blocksberg again belched forth its terrible sound of warning. This time there

were six shots fired; this was the signal of 'Pesth in danger.' . . . I heard distinctly above the murmur of voices the town clocks strike twelve. Just afterwards a man running at full speed broke through the crowd, shouting as he went, 'The water is falling!' Thank God! he spoke words of truth. . . . It was a generally-expressed opinion that something must have happened further down the river to relieve the pent-up waters. Very shortly official news arrived, and spread like wildfire, that the Danube had made a way for itself right across the island of Csepel into the Soroksár arm of the river. . . . The Danube, in reasserting its right of way to the sea, caused a terrible calamity to the villages on the Csepel island, but thereby Hungary's capital was saved."

After the fate of Szegedin, the warning conveyed by this incident at Buda-Pesth in 1876 is surely not to be disregarded. Plans of river regulations, which, however beneficial they may be locally, are yet not conceived on general principles, or with reference to the whole river-system of the country, must be looked upon with jealous suspicion. It is a question for the engineers to decide whether the best relief for the flooded rivers of Hungary may not be obtained by deepening and generally improving the channel of the Danube at the Iron Gates. In the opinion of persons qualified to speak, it is the only efficacious means of relieving both the Theiss and the Danube. It is no new project. In the Treaty of Paris, in

1856, it was stipulated that Austria should be empowered to remove these obstacles to the free navigation of the Danube. The question was again brought forward at the Conference in London in 1871. A plan, forming the basis of operations, was drawn up by the American engineer, M'Alpin, with the assistance of Austrian and Hungarian engineers, whereby it was proposed to blast the rocks, and so form a navigable channel through the defile of Kazan. A commission sat at Orsova, and perhaps is still sitting, for the works of peace incubate but slowly. Little or nothing has been done since the time of Trajan to improve this important water-way—the natural road for the commerce of half the continent—and now we are well on in the nineteenth century! A great flood, working dire destruction, may act usefully as a stimulant to the memory.

*Postscript.*—Since writing the above, an interesting pamphlet, 'Ueber die Ursachen der Katastrophe von Szegedin,' has reached my hands. It is written by Major Stephanovich, whose name I have already quoted. The opinion of this distinguished engineer is, that the main cause of the Szegedin disaster must be attributed to the deficient channel for the outfall of the Danube waters at the Iron Gates. He asserts most emphatically that "not only the wellbeing, but the existence even of Hungary, is concerned in removing the obstructions in the defile of Plocsa and Kazan."

In reference to the special disaster of this spring in the Theiss valley, the writer remarks that the causes may be distinctly traced back to last autumn, when there was an excessive rainfall in the countries drained by the Save and the Drave. These rivers were in a state of overflow, and the channel of the Danube below Belgrade became surcharged, and remained in this condition the whole winter; and therefore the Theiss was unable to rid itself of its superfluous waters, which were, in fact, bayed back by the Danube. January of this year found the Theiss abormally high, instead of being at its lowest level, usual at that season. In this condition of things the early thaw, as we know, melted the Carpathian snows, and the flood-waters came down to find the river-bed already choked.

Major Stephanovich does not mention it, but I believe it is a fact that the Danube has so strong an effect on the Theiss, that high water on the Danube causes a reflux on the current of its tributary as far up as Szegedin itself, a distance of one hundred and thirty-three kilometres.

# SIX WEEKS IN A TOWER.

[*MAGA.* JUNE 1862.]

IF I have a fancy for living in towers, I suppose I may indulge in it so long as no nocturnal raids are proved against me. It was Burns who sang—

> "As I stood by yon roofless tower,
> Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
> Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
> And tells the midnight moon her care;"

and it was such an old grey Border tower that first attracted my boyhood's fancy. Never could I pass it without laying down my fishing-rod and climbing up an old staircase, in order to muse for an hour beneath the old ash-tree which grew out of its roofless second storey, and weave into wild fancies the blue smoke of my secret youthful pipe. As snatches of the weird Border ballads came to recollection, fierce mosstroopers thronged round me with their *riant* recklessness and defiant gloom. That tower became associated with blazing hamlets, in whose red glare stalwart figures were snatching "the fat horse and

feir woman;" with passion so intense that the King of Terrors became its feeble vassal; and with those dreams of unearthly love and undying sorrow, which passed ever and anon over the hillside where the hunted marauder lay. I was too young to care much for the interesting fact that there was a ford beneath, where Scotch lasses,

"A' plump and strapping in their teens,"

stripped off their shoes and stockings to wade over. It was better to remember that it was the stream of Thomas the Rhymer which murmured by, and to fancy him meeting the Queen of Elfland in her grass-green silk:—

"'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said,
'Harp and carp alang wi' me;
And if ye daur to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be.'

'Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me.'
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree."

Then there was the five-storeyed wooden tower from which the Jam of Bela looks over the flaming wilds of Beloochistan, and marks the *caffilah* which he thinks may safely become his prey. When Balooch Khan struck first his shield and then his breast as he offered to protect me, while I put up a devout internal prayer for protection from him,

how curiously the old Border ballads came to mind, and how forcibly the fact was impressed upon me that I was in a position to realise the charms of the state of society which they depict! For several days, however, I slept in safety under the shadow of that Bela tower, and wandered unharmed among tribes as lawless and marauding as ever blessed the Scottish Border.

Perhaps, strictly speaking, it was not so much a tower as a tomb in which I passed many pleasant days beside the caves and rock-temples of Ellora; but it had the position, with the appearance, of a tower; and the Mohammedan buried beneath never disturbed the white invader. Stretching beneath like an ocean was rich land bearing the traces of former cultivation, but at that time with scarcely a culinary fire to mingle its smoke with the pillars of rain and cloud which the Indian monsoon whirled over it. Close by were dwellings once occupied by troglodytic monks—vast caves and temples of solid rock, filled and carved over with strange figures, some of half-human, half-bestial shapes, and others of lordly and beautiful forms of races which have now passed away. Above and around these was the *Wilde*—the more savage powers of nature, encroaching on the remains of ancient civilisation; for huge creepers, grass, and prickly euphorbias crept over the finely-chiselled lines; the tiger and hyena slunk in the dusk round the sculptured columns; the

poisonous snake glided over the cold stone floors; and on the hills behind might have been heard the rattling matchlocks of scarce tamer men—of Affghans and Rohillas who had descended from their native mountains to batten on the falling Nizam and his dominions.

The tower in which I spent the six weeks of which I have now to give some account, was also in a rather out-of-the-way corner of the world, into which it is not likely that any copies of 'Maga' will soon penetrate. It was in the Kwang-tung or "Broad East" province of China, and in the district Kwei-shin, which lies on the Tung-kiang or "East River," one of the large streams which form the Pearl or Canton River. Only about a hundred miles distant from Canton on the west, and from Hong-Kong on the south, it was nevertheless a far-off place, in a wild tract of country unknown to Europeans, and in the midst of a peculiar people called the Hakka, who are rather at variance with the other inhabitants of the south of China, and sometimes not particularly peaceful among themselves. As there was nothing from the outer barbaric world to disturb our meditations, I had an opportunity of observing closely the life of that section of the Chinese; and as the Chinese New Year passed during the period of our residence there, I was able to see a little of their domestic happiness and glory.

China is very generally supposed to be the most

uninteresting country in the world, and De Quincey has somewhere said that, had he been compelled to live in it, the monotony of its life would have driven him mad; but the monotony and dulness of which he complained have been owing chiefly to the dulness of uninteresting writers, who have done injustice to a picturesque subject, because they had not the sympathy by which it might have been appreciated, or the imagination by which alone it could have been reproduced. There are few other countries more interesting than China becomes when we are content to regard the actions of its people, however peculiar their circumstances may be, as springing from the ordinary motives of humanity. Beneath its outward uniformity there is abundance of striking variety; comedies and tragedies, with their accompaniments of laughter and of bitter tears, go on there as well as under Occidental skies; and there are few other lands at present in which the traveller is more likely to observe stirring incidents, or to be concerned in them. There was nothing of much importance to be observed from our tower; but I trust even a few apparently trivial details may afford something like a truthful idea of the people and country by which we were surrounded; while the incidents mentioned, and which are related exactly as they occurred, may give some personal interest to the narrative.

But how came we to bend our steps in that direc-

tion, and to establish ourselves in a tower? My companion and I had made many excursions together in the south of China, and on one occasion we had such a narrow escape from having our heads taken off, that he is indissolubly associated in my mind with the idea of a butcher's knife. One result of these excursions was, that when he became connected with the scheme of Chinese emigration to the British West Indies, he undertook to carry on operations on the mainland of China and in the country districts. This was a service of some danger; for though the British scheme of emigration, under the superintendence of both the British and Chinese Governments, is unobjectionable, and calculated to effect good, other schemes of a different kind had been in operation, and, along with many other circumstances, had raised bitter feelings against foreigners in the minds of the Celestials. The emigration to the Spanish West Indies had given rise to some atrocious kidnapping; and the life of a foreigner in a Chinese village was put in danger if any idler happened to call him a "pig-dealer," as the Cuban coolie-brokers were nicknamed. It was very difficult to change this idea of emigration in the minds of the natives; and as the mandarins were secretly opposed to the whole scheme, while many of the country gentry were violently so, it may well be imagined that any person engaged in it, travelling on the mainland, carried his life pretty much in his hand. When the

emigration agent passed beyond the Sun-on and Toong-koon districts into that of Kwei-shin, which was still more turbulent, and knew foreigners almost entirely by report, he very soon came to grief, and narrowly escaped with his life.

On his first visit to Tam-shui, a town not far from our tower, the mandarin declined to give him any countenance, and directed him to an inn in the lowest part of the town, where a crowd fell upon him and took away his baggage. Not judging it exactly expedient to remain there, he set off for one of the villages in the neighbourhood; but on his way thither he was attacked by a band of men, who suddenly knocked him into a ditch before he had time to use his revolver, and then confiscated his money, his hat, and all his clothes, with the exception of his nether garments. On rising when the plunderers left, he found that his Chinese followers were nowhere, and he nearly perished from hunger and exposure. The first village he came to afforded a bitter illustration of the opinion formed of those who are down in the world. The villagers came out with their bamboos and drove him away—not, be it noted, because he was poor and had no money to give them, but because, as they said, he was a bad man; for none but bad men went about in that style at night. Nor is China the only country where such judgments are passed. Further on he found a cold Samaritan in the shape of the keeper of a temple,

who gave him a little cold rice, and allowed him to sleep on a table, where he was devoured by mosquitoes. Being unable to swim, he was much troubled by the creeks and rivers on his path; for, seeing his condition, the ferrymen naturally enough demanded pre-payment, and it was only by dint of eloquence that he got across. It says something for the Chinese, however, that he did get on; and if the reader doubts this, let him present himself in similar attire, without money, at Paddington Station or at Wapping Stairs, and see what progress he will make. At Tai-poong, which he managed to reach in a half-starved condition, the mandarin, whom he knew, gave him money and clothes, and sent him on to Hong-Kong.

After this adventure, Laou, the Governor-General of the Two Kwang, gave him a pass which proved useful; but his health had been much injured, and there were various reasons why he should not go again alone into the country. Among others, he wished to take a sum of money with him, to give advances to families that desired to emigrate; and there are plenty of people in China who would have cut him into as many small pieces for the sake of a hundred dollars. Being also unwell, I was about to go and take up a solitary residence in one of my own Chinese haunts, but agreed to accompany my friend, and assist him in protecting his somewhat perilous accompaniment of 1500 dollars. As it turned out,

it was well that I went along with him; for he ran some risk, and was soon prostrated by fever and delirium.

Thus it was that two cavaliers (all except the horses) might have been seen landing in the beginning of January last at the town of Kow-loong, or the "Nine Dragons," and wending their way over a steep mountain-pass. It was always delightful to reach the summit of that pass, and the little tea-house there, the keeper of which invariably told me every time I came, and as a new and interesting fact, that he had a son in Hong-Kong who understood the *Kwei-wa*, or "devils' dialect," meaning English. It was always pleasant to look from this tea-house on the distant harbour of Hong-Kong, and feel that I was leaving Occidental civilisation behind for a week or two at least, and entering on the agreeable variety of Celestial temples, towers, and chopsticks. The pull up to it was stiff and uninteresting, over barren hills; but whenever we began to descend, the scene changed to a picturesque valley, crowded with small fir-trees and cedars, with bright-coloured ferns plentifully growing round huge black rocks, and with a clear mountain stream falling every now and then in white cascades into dark pools. It was night when we reached Shateen, or "Sandy Field," on Mirs' Bay, an arm of the sea which has its entrance about fifty miles up the coast; but finding there was a passage-boat about to start, we made a hasty dinner, and

resolved to set off in it. As the night was dark, and the junk was lying some way off, we embarked in little *sampans* under the light of a grass fire, which made the scene look like crossing the Stygian river in Charon's boat; for our boatmen were sufficiently naked and ugly to have passed in that light for demons; and as the fire cast its gleams only a short way into the darkness which hung over the water, it looked as if ghostly figures were paddling us away to the very domain of Nox and Erebus. The cabin of the junk was occupied by two respectable-looking Chinamen, who were smoking opium, and offered us a place beside them; but we preferred to stretch our blankets under a sort of shed upon the deck. The night being wet, our coolies and the other passengers pressed in upon us rather inconveniently; and I felt very much as if lying in a coffin in an ancestral vault, with devils moving round, these devils being the boatmen, who were constantly crossing our circumscribed arc of vision in order to shift the sails.

A cold grey morning, with heavy mists hanging over the broad waters of Mirs' Bay, roused us from uneasy slumber, and in two or three hours we reached Shoh-ee-choong, or "Saltfish Creek," where there is a fine sandy beach, a station for passage-boats, a narrow picturesque creek running inland between high banks, a small village, and where we went on shore in order to conclude our short journey by land. Here we were accosted by a messenger and two armed retainers,

sent to meet us by Wong a Shui, the landed proprietor with whom we were going to stay. They had been despatched in order to escort us on the road, and to inform us that danger was to be apprehended at a certain place among the hills. Besides the money already referred to, we had a number of articles for presents, stores for our own use, clothing, &c., and so would have been a very acceptable prize. A Shui's man told us that a number of disreputable characters proposed to collect at a theatre which was being erected on the road, and there seize our valuables along with my companion's Chinese agents; but we had had far too much experience of Chinese stories to place much reliance upon them, and were somewhat suspicious of the proposal which was made, that we should take an unfrequented route through the hills. If there was any such danger, there could be little hope of evading it by going out of our way, and the most dangerous thing would be to appear afraid of it.

Our path led first along the banks of the creek, and then over a rocky pass, with deep pools beneath, down to a plain where there were many villages buried in trees, at one of which I procured a chair and coolies to carry me on, my companion being already provided in that way. I have tried many ways of travelling—in carriages, in palanquins, on foot, on horseback, on camels, and, I may add, on donkeys, for I once rode eighty miles in thirty hours on an Egyptian ass—but as to real enjoyment, I think

travelling in chairs in China bears away the palm. It is not a rapid kind of locomotion; but what idea do you get of a country by rattling over it in a railway train? It is not so cheap as going afoot; but then it is cheaper than horseback, and does not cost more than two shillings a-day. The traveller can dismount from his chair whenever it pleases him, and expand his lungs upon some hillside, while his coolies have the gratification of trotting on with a very light burden. Every two or three miles he comes to a tea-house, where he can rest under some wide-spreading umbrageous tree, and refresh himself with excellent sweetcakes, made from rice-flour and sugar, and with small cups of milkless and sugarless tea, which infallibly remove any reasonable amount of depression or fatigue. As we were both invalids, and in bad travelling condition, we sustained ourselves, I confess, not so much with tea as with champagne; but the former beverage was my usual support when travelling in China, and very satisfactory it proved to be. Then the tea-house has always its gossip and passing travellers. The poor peasants who may be resting there are easily propitiated by a few cakes, costing an infinitesimally small sum, and the wealthier parties are won over by the present of a cheroot, or by an explanation and illustration of the nature and uses of a revolver. I have also found that, with turbulent persons, the effect of a revolver upon a bottle or on a tile conveys a useful moral lesson.

There are some Chinese chairs which resemble nothing so much as coffins raised on end, and which are thorough instruments of torture. It is best to select a roomy open chair, in which the traveller can stretch himself at will, but with a cover to it to keep off the sun, and sides which can be let down when rain falls. Refreshments, two or three books, revolvers, and other conveniences for the journey, can easily be carried in the chair; and if it is properly made, one can read, sleep, smoke, and do anything short of dancing, within its limits.

The greater part of our journey was over rolling hills covered with dry coarse grass, and with very few villages amongst them. Before reaching the place where our assailants were expected, it was seen that our arms were in order; but the theatre was only half constructed, and only a very few disreputables had collected, who of course offered no annoyance. After the sterile plains immediately before it, we were scarcely prepared for the size and appearance of the residence of the *Leu-Yeh*, or "Venerable Gentleman," with whom we were to reside, and for the number of other castles, rather than houses, in the neighbourhood. Our reception was all that could be desired. The old gentleman and his sons welcomed us cordially, complimented me on my stature, asked us to dinner with them, and offered us rooms below; but we preferred to establish ourselves in the upper room of one of the towers, in order to secure

that privacy which a Chinaman scarcely knows how to appreciate or respect.

For two or three days we were occupied only with examining our residence, and the country in the immediate neighbourhood. Wong a Shui's house was a fortified building, of 350 paces in length and 180 in breadth. The outer walls, which were about 30 feet high, and which formed the sides of the first range of rooms, had no windows, but were everywhere pierced with loopholes for purposes of defence; and there were three strong gateways in front. The roofs of the first range of rooms curved down on the outer walls, meeting them about five feet from the top, so as to leave a pathway, defended by a parapet, all round the roof of the building, except where that pathway was interrupted by the four large square towers, which formed respectively the four corners, and which were also plentifully supplied with loopholes. Inside there were about forty rooms of various dimensions, some large and open, others small and close: these were separated from each other by intervening courts, usually connected by covered corridors. In front of the residence there was a fish-pond, and preparations were being made for the construction of a garden, which was much required to take away the bare aspect of the place, and which was to be surrounded by a high wall, also capable of defence. These *wai*, as the Chinese call them, or fortified residences, are very common in the south and

east of the province of Kwang-tung; but I have not noticed them in the tea and silk districts to the west of the Canton river. They are necessitated by the turbulent character of the people, the innumerable clan-fights, and the ever-recurring feuds between the Punti and Hakka. I remember seeing one at a place called Polo, which contained several acres of ground, and was surrounded by enormous massive walls and a broad deep ditch. This one, of our tower, was called Kum-tow-lek, which means, as near as it can be rendered, "a drop from a gold measure." Within a hundred yards there was another *wai* of similar size, occupied by Wong a Shui's brothers; while a little farther off there was a third one, considerably larger and more formidable, belonging to a brother by adoption—a singular old ruffian, of whom I shall have more to say.

Our tower was a very jolly place for invalids—in fact, it was one of those places that either kill or cure; and while it proceeded at once to benefit me, it soon threatened to do for my companion. Loopholes are very romantic things to peep through (more especially if some fair face be attempting to do so at the same moment); they are interesting, no doubt, and they have their uses occasionally; but the fact is, we had rather too many of them. There were no less than eighteen loopholes in this large upper room where we captives chose to sleep; and as the season was wet and cold, the country bleak and hilly, it may well be believed that they were occasionally regarded with

"the eye of cursing." It was in vain that we filled them with pieces of wood, and pasted them over with paper: that only served to create a more hideous noise at night, and by no means to keep out the damp chill wind which howled round our tower. Then the lofty roof was simply composed of tiles, which admitted more wind; the boards below were not particularly close; and, altogether, a cage could scarcely have been more airy. The Chinese of the south never use fires for purposes of warmth, though those of the north dine and sleep on stoves. They meet the winter by putting on more coats, and by sitting in close inner rooms without windows. The cold we experienced in Kum-tow-lek was singularly penetrating, and no amount of clothes we had to heap on was sufficient protection. We sometimes buried ourselves in blankets during the middle of the day, and I got into the way of constantly wearing a Chinese hood of green cloth, which covered all the head except from the lips to the eyes, and rose up into a pyramidal peak above, which might have been a disfigurement to the eyes of foreign devils, but was a recommendation with the Celestials. At one time we tried an earthen pot with a charcoal fire; but that only burned our knees, and the smoke was whirled into our eyes. Our only real defence against the cold was still colder water. Whenever I felt it getting intolerable, I emptied half a bucket of water over myself, and then took a brisk walk, which brought

quite a lively glow. Seldom has hydropathy been pursued under more difficult circumstances, or with better results. At first this process was gone through on the roof, but we discovered, to our horror, that the opposite tower contained spectators whose gender could not be determined. The Chinese, who avoid cold water in every form, judged our proceedings to be indications of insanity; and the little children used to gather round the door of the room that was finally set apart for our baths, and comment in awe-struck whispers on the splashing of the water. Opinions were divided on the subject: there were some who asserted against the explanation of insanity that the bathing was a species of worship; and others, that it was done in expiation of some horrid crime. In one of the classics of the Taiping rebels there occurs the passage (taken, I rather think, from an older work)—"Thang of the Shang dynasty, and Wang of the Chow, honoured God with the intensest feeling: the inscription on Shang's bathing-tub inculcated daily renovation of mind, and hence God commanded him to assume the government of the empire." Had this spirit prevailed among the Chinese, we should at once have been elevated to the dragon throne and placed in possession of the vermilion pencil; but "daily renovation" is as rare a virtue among the Taipings as it is with the Imperialists; it is even rarer than it used to be to find Scotchmen acting on their old adage, that "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Our host, Wong a Shui, or "Imperial (yellow) Water," as the characters of his name signified, was a strong, hale, broad-shouldered, good-natured, but firm man of fifty or sixty years. His most striking peculiarity was, that he always seemed to be leaning back against an imaginary wall, and to have made up his mind to put down all attempts at imposing on him. This is not an unfrequent characteristic of great sachems; but our Imperial friend carried it to an amusing extent, and I never saw him get rid of it except once, when he was decidedly "sprung" from the unwonted influence of champagne. He was a man of great influence in the district, being consulted on every important occasion by the mandarin of Tam-shui. He had himself purchased a mandarin's cap and white button, and acted, within certain limits, as a kind of justice of the peace. An exceedingly active and temperate man, he looked after everything himself, smoking no opium, and, except on special occasions, drinking only one small cup of *t'sow*, or light Chinese wine, at his meals. Families and sub-families live together very happily in the Flowery Land. The youthful heir does not think it necessary to set up an establishment of his own, either public or private. He is generally married by his parents at an early age; and if he wishes some less serious arrangement, it is not necessary for him to take a quiet villa in the neighbourhood of St John's Wood. Grandfathers and grandchildren, principal wives and subordinate

wives, live in peace under the same tiles, and never separate, except under the pressure of misfortune, so long as the family has a living head. Thus A Shui's sons and their wives and families still lived with him in harmony and contentment. The sons I shall designate by their ages. Thirty-Two, the oldest, and Thirty, were fat, lazy, and might have been designated as "bloated aristocrats." To his other accomplishments Thirty-Two added those of meanness and greed, as became the future head of the family. Twenty-Six was much the best of the lot, being, like his father, modest, active, firm, and truthful. Twenty was pockpitted, presumptuous, and resembled a donkey trying to make itself agreeable. Fourteen was in the disagreeable state of hobbledehoyism, but promised to turn out a good man. The defunct eldest brother of all had been sawn asunder by the rebels; but he was represented by his son, a boy of eight years old, with an invariably dirty nose, who, on account of his father's services, had received a pension from the Imperial Government, and the honorary rank of a petty military mandarin. There were also about a dozen more of Wong a Shui's grandchildren, over whom the infantile mandarin affected to exercise severe and judicious control. He also sometimes attempted to command his youngest uncle; but though this was not openly resisted, it usually proved an utter failure from Fourteen's superior knowledge and experience of the world. The wives, except by

accident, were not permitted to show us the light of their countenances, but a few elderly female servants and some small girls moved freely about. There were a couple of cooks in the establishment, several male hewers of wood and drawers of water, a schoolmaster, an apothecary who retailed drugs for the family and neighbourhood, a few poor relatives who assumed the dignity of retainers, a carpenter, and a herd or two employed in looking after buffaloes and bullocks.

About two hundred yards from our residence there was a still larger *wai*, containing about two hundred people, belonging to Wong Kum Sau, a brother, by adoption, of our excellent host. I have called this gentleman a ruffian, because we discovered that it was he who had instigated the attack upon my companion at Tam-shui, and there was in his possession some of the plunder that was then taken. He actually had the audacity to show us a bottle of rare Dutch bitters that must have been stolen on that occasion, and to ask us if it was good to drink; for it must not be supposed that we betrayed any knowledge of his previous deeds. Wong Kum Sau was a man of the world. When he found that we were under the protection of the Governor-General at Canton, and benefiting A Shui by our stay at Kum-tow-lek, his entire system of tactics was changed. Instead of inciting assaults, he overwhelmed us with kindness. He was constantly asking us to dinner; almost every day brought from him a present of wine or fruit; and

his ponies were freely placed at our disposal. All this, however, had its special object: he was anxious that we should stay with him, and he threatened his brother with a clan fight if he did not send us over. This formidable neighbour was "a perpetual menace," for we were equally desirous not to offend him, and not to place ourselves under much obligation to him, either of which cards would have suited his game. We knew also that he could have instigated a murderous attack upon us without committing himself. I think I have met men like Wong Kum Sau in quieter parts of the world than Kwei-shin. In person he was upwards of six feet in height, cadaverous, gaunt, yet strong. A confirmed opium-smoker, he also had much relish for strong drinks, and was in all respects a questionable person. To add to his formidable character, he possessed no less than three revolvers, which he was perpetually loading, firing, and cleaning, the first process being performed as far as possible with my ammunition; and gingalls were fired off day and night from his residence, in order to show his martial disposition.

Soon after our arrival, he asked us over to join in the festivities occasioned by the marriage of a young relative of his, who was dressed in yellow silk, while the rest of the party wore bright-blue garments. This thin and feeble-looking bridegroom was only sixteen years old; but I am bound to say that he flourished in the sacred state, for a few weeks after, the *sen*

*lang*, or "new man," looked quite fat and comfortable. These early marriages in China do not seem to injure the race: well-to-do persons, who indulge most in them, and who frequently commit the sin of taking second wives, are usually much superior in physique. We asked to see the bride, but this was refused to the strangers as not conformable to China custom. I have frequently, however, met sedan-chairs carrying the bride home to her husband, and had auricular demonstration of their curious rule, that she should weep and lament on the first half of the journey—that from her father's house; and that she should laugh and rejoice on the half to her new home. Another custom is, that the marriage-chair is locked by her father and mother, and the key is handed over to one of the bridesmen, who gives it to the bridegroom on reaching the house. After the poor lady is brought into her husband's home, she has to undergo the openly-expressed criticisms of his relatives, an opportunity of which the female portion sometimes make cruel use. In addition to the *tsai*, or first wife, it is legal for the man who can afford it to take four *tsaieh*, or second wives. These subordinate wives are in the position of half-wife, half-concubine. They cannot be divorced at the husband's pleasure, and have legal claims upon him for support; but they are subject to the first wife, and their children are considered to be her children. This system works pretty well, and a wife sometimes likes her husband to take second

wives, in order that the family may have female servants who have an interest in the house. Of course, such a system would be quite out of place in this country, and in China it is rendered useful through the habits of obedience to which Celestial females are trained. Until she is herself a mother, or can claim the child of a subordinate wife, even the first wife is kept in great subjection, both to her husband and to his parents, if they happen to be alive. Consequently, childless wives always wish their lord to take a second rib unto himself. The system cannot be defended, but it has its advantages, and may in many points be contrasted favourably with the crude concubinage of the East, and the revolting social evil of the West. Wong a Shui offered to provide Chinese wives for us out of his own relatives, but saddled his proposal with the objectionable condition that we should engage not to take them out of China, and provide suitably for them if we ourselves went away. Had we consented, the young ladies would not have had much to say in the matter, as marriages are always conducted for them by their parents, and young men are usually provided for by the same knowing parties. Only those rules annoy which one thinks of resisting, and as Young China has not yet begun to question these marriage arrangements, they do not much interfere with happiness. Even when the parties are not suited for each other, they know that their bed is made, and set themselves to lie on it

as they best can. When the marriage is very unsuitable, there is the remedy of suicide, to which the Chinese have so frequent and fond recourse against the diseases to which flesh and spirit are heir. A touching instance of this occurred at Canton some years ago, in the case of a young accomplished girl, who had been unfortunately married to a brutal husband. When on a visit to her parents, she complained to a small party of her unmarried sisters and cousins of the misery she endured, and declared her intention of drowning herself. "Oh!" said these young ladies, "if that is married life, we shall drown ourselves too." So they all joined hands together, and, walking into a fish-pond, became brides of Death.

On the occasion of the marriage there was much feasting and drinking going on. Almost all the party had very flushed faces when we went over, and the foreign wine which we brought added to the mirth. Even Wong a Shui, who was in his mandarin's hat and dress, ceased to lean against an imaginary wall, and became exceedingly talkative and jolly. Only Wong Kum Sau's cadaverous face remained unmoved, as his tall form towered above his friends, and his keen eye noted their weakness. One old man was particularly pleasant. He made the nearest approach to a speech that I ever heard delivered by a Chinaman,—saying that he was so delighted to welcome us; that he was glad to see foreigners (*Fan Yan*, he did not use the objectionable *Fan Quei*, or

foreign devil) coming into the Flowery Land in a friendly way, as we were doing; that he wished some of the younger Chinamen would visit our country; that he did not know what our customs were, being himself old and unable to take up new things, but he would treat us according to his own customs, and the admirable laws of Chinese politeness. This old gentleman (who was "screwed") was so very pressing that he upset a cup of hot wine over my legs; and on this his friends banished him to the outer circle, where he mounted on a sort of drum, and, whenever he caught my eye, drained an imaginary cup of *t'sow* by way of encouragement to me to go on tippling, and to bring myself to the condition which he found so satisfactory at the time. It is only on special occasions that such jollity is allowed, and it is very rarely permitted to go to great excess. It is indulged in more by these Hakkas than by other Chinese. On returning to the tower I was pestered by one of the party — a decayed teacher, and gone case of dipsomania.

There was a good deal of trouble about our walking in the neighbourhood of our tower. The lower class of Chinese have some very curious ideas about gems and jewels buried in the earth, and of the power of foreign devils to discover these. Frequently they had asked me on my excursions to discover for them a *kum-kei-tan*, or "golden fowl's egg," that being their phrase for hidden treasures. They have

even mistaken a bull's-eye lantern as useful for that purpose; and they regard blue and light eyes as particularly powerful. At Kum-tow-lek the rumour got abroad, from our wandering so much over the hills with no apparent purpose, that we were enriching the *Lau-Yeh* and ourselves by finding enormous quantities of these eggs. Even two intelligent men, collecting revenue for the mandarin of Tai-poong, told us they understood we had been very successful in collecting gems. Once, when I broke a piece of rock on a hillside to examine its structure, I noticed a peasant, who was passing, lay down his panniers, and turn perfectly pale with rage and expectation. This report, which spread abroad, was rather dangerous for us, and annoying to our host, whom it injured, and who besought us not to walk at all, or, at least, to carry a gun when doing so, so that he could explain our conduct by the familiar phrase, *ta ch'eok*, or "bird-shooting." We saw that we were becoming unpopular, for the Chinese are generally hospitable to foreigners, and very anxious to see them; but at a large magnificent *wai*, with beautiful gardens, only about two miles off, the gates were closed against us, though we did not offer to go in without an invitation; and a crowd which collected outside behaved rather rudely. The pony which Wong Kum Sau gave me the use of was thus acceptable, but not altogether pleasant. The country round had a good many deep crevasses, to be crossed

on long granite slabs scarcely two feet wide, which made dubious bridges for even a sure-footed animal. The pony had a habit of diving into turnip-fields, which the bit could not check, and of apparently standing on its head, which the saddle could not bear. A tall fine young military mandarin, the eldest son of Kum Sau, went on it for a visit one day, but he was brought back with what he called a dislocated, but which appeared only a sprained, hip, that laid him up for weeks. The beast was quiet enough, excepting in its mania for turnips; but it was impossible to mount without some one to hold the enormous saddle, and not always easy to preserve the balance of that cumbrous article, which was about the size of an elephant's back. The first day I tried it, I found my limbs so benumbed on getting home that I had to be lifted off bodily; and the dirty cotton reins broke twice in the course of the ride.

Chinese women of the better classes are kept very much secluded, and we had no intercourse with that department of the house. Once I happened to be sunning myself at the gateway, when the wife of Twenty-Six returned from a visit in a chair. She was a very handsome young woman, and slightly painted in imitation of that profusion of surface-blood which is a desire of the eye to the lemon-coloured Chinaman as well as to the ruddier Occidental. Under some pretence or other, there being

only an old female servant present, she delayed for five minutes at the gate in order to gratify her curiosity by taking furtive glances at the foreign devil. We had a tame otter with us, which raised a great disturbance one day by penetrating into the apartments of the ladies, who immediately began screaming; and the married sons looked very suspiciously at the occurrence, as if they imagined it was a scheme on our part for opening up communications. A large shaggy old Siberian dog which I had also excited much curiosity, and the children used to speak of it with bated breath as the "man-eating foreign dog." Much trouble did Wolf cause me by his fondness for chasing bullocks, though otherwise harmless; and ancient women would ask, reprovingly, what I meant by bringing a wild animal of that sort to frighten the people of the Flowery Land. Women, on seeing it, used to exclaim, "*Eiya! lo foo!*"—"Oh dear! a tiger!" and once, when it had got some way in front, I found a small village turning out to attack it with spears and gingalls. Thus its desperate character, though very useful, was quite undeserved. When I first got it, Wolf was a fine, ferocious animal; but years and heat had destroyed its spirit, and only the lingering weakness for buffaloes remained as an indication of its former fire.

When other exercise was inexpedient, we warmed ourselves by forking grass into the fire of the brick-kiln beside the house. There was a wonderful little

boy connected with this kiln, who seemed to carry water all day, and to fork in grass all night, though half an hour of the latter exercise was more than sufficient for us at a time. The fire beneath a relay of bricks was kept burning for three days, and then, for as long a period, all the apertures were closed with moist clay. The grass for the fire was gathered on the hills by poor women and boys, who made about a hundred cash per day by that work, or three dollars (thirteen shillings) per month. They sometimes exclaimed "*Eiya!*" with a sigh, when they found the weight of their bundle below their fond expectation; but, on the whole, they seemed wonderfully happy and full of fun, notwithstanding their hard work and small pay. They laughed as much in an hour as a philosopher would do in a year, and chattered in a way to make one's heart glad and grateful.

One clear frosty morning towards the end of January, when the ground was covered with hoar-frost, which soon disappeared before the sun, we started for the village of P'eung-shan, or "Flat Mountain," distant about ten miles. The country on the way was barren but picturesque, with trees surrounding the villages, and the views ending in mountains of imposing form — those on the south bearing the poetic name of Tien-tau Shan, or "Mountains of the Heavenly Head." The *wais* that we passed were in ruins or burned down, showing that local warfare

had been at work. The number of unburied urns, with remains of the dead, proved that the people were suffering from poverty; and there were few of the granite headstones usually raised over the graves of rich persons. Some of the trees about the ruined fortifications were of great size and magnificence. It was remarkable to notice here, as elsewhere among the Hakkas, the total absence of the large public temples and ancestral halls which so abound in all other parts of China. Here the *wai* was the only large building, showing the turbulent fighting character of the population. P'eung-shan was in a cultivated valley lying between the Heavenly Head and low hills plentifully covered with small firs. Wong Asu, the *Lau-Yeh*, a very venerable gentleman of ninety, excused himself from asking us to sleep in his *wai*, as it was filled with relatives, who had collected in order to pass the New Year; and we saw that great preparations were going on for that occasion in the way of making lamps and dresses. He gave us quarters in an upper room outside, and provided an inferior dinner of rice, fresh and salt pork, boiled fowl, and dried duck. These dried and smoked ducks look and taste very much like kippered herring, but are considerably tougher. I fancied they were peculiar to China, along with salted eggs, dried oysters, and other palatable edibles of a like kind, but hear that they are to be got in Pomerania and other northern parts of Europe. We were a good

deal annoyed by the curiosity of the people, and they informed us that snow used to fall in that district before foreigners occupied Hong-Kong, which put a stop to it. This they considered a grievance which we ought to redress by making them presents; but the causal connection was no clearer than that between Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands. They also asked us for books explaining the Christian doctrine. The next day happened to be very warm, and in going about some villages for emigration purposes, as also on our way back to Kum-tow-lek, my companion unfortunately over-exerted himself, and aggravated a chronic disease, from which he had been long a sufferer, besides bringing on a very serious attack of fever, which stretched him shaking on his bed immediately after our return.

A day or two after this we were honoured by a visit from the mandarin of Tam-shui, or "Fresh Water," who made his appearance finely clothed in furs and silks, but escorted by a band of most thorough ragamuffins. This, I need scarcely say, was not the same officer who had before refused to receive my companion. His judicial appearance was amusing, as he threw back his head and half closed his eyes when anything was said to him. We could not communicate much with him, as he was from the neighbourhood of Peking, and knew only that dialect; but we gave him a champagne tiffin, and in the afternoon he and we dined with our Wong. The

cards of invitation to this dinner were written, as usual, on red paper, and offered us only "a trifling refreshment"—just as in England one is sometimes asked to a superb dinner, with the specious phrase of "come and take a chop." The son who brought up my card noticed that I was examining the Chinese characters with which my name had been represented, and shortly after he brought me another invitation, saying that a mistake had been made in writing the address. This was rather amusing, for in the first card they had ventured on a sly hit, thinking I would not find it out, which, thanks to a dictionary, I was able to do; and in the second they paid me a high compliment. Most sounds may be expressed in Chinese writing by several characters, so in expressing the sounds forming the name of a foreigner, some quiet humour may be indulged in. My name, as written in the first instance, was "turbulent, unsettled fellow"; but in the second I was called the "generous successful prophet." That I am a prophet was no news to me; but the "successful" was an acknowledgment which had the advantage of being entirely novel. It will be observed that, in reality, these titles were not contradictory; for where was ever a prophet who was not, in the first instance, regarded as turbulent and unsettled? On descending to dinner each person shook his own hands in a highly respectful manner, and a few minutes elapsed before any person could be induced to sit down first,

an honour which was at last accepted by the mandarin. The Chinese are probably the most formally polite people in the world, and carry this politeness into the most ordinary affairs. "What is your lofty surname?" would have been the form for asking our host's name; and he would have replied, "My insignificant surname is Wong." To an inquiry as to his age, the answer probably would have been, "I have vainly passed sixty years." After A Shui had risen from his seat and saluted us in a cup of hot wine, we followed his example, and began appetising ourselves for dinner by eating roasted melon-seeds, burned almonds, sweetmeats, and small slices of orange and ginger. This was beginning with the dessert, and soup generally comes near the end of a Chinese dinner, which I hold to be its proper place. After this a cup or two more wine was drunk, and we began seriously to the work of the evening—to the "slight refreshment," which proved to be a four hours' dinner of about thirty different dishes, prepared by a noted cook, who had been brought some distance for the occasion. The fish and soups chiefly excited my approval; but the whole repast was decidedly piquant, and caused no unpleasantness afterwards. A good deal of wine was drunk during dinner, but none afterwards. The use of the *fai-tsz*, "quick boys," or chopsticks, requires a little practice; but one readily gets expert with them; and they have the advantage of preventing that clattering of knives, forks, and plates

which is often heard at Occidental feasts. The mandarin seemed quite a connoisseur in the various dishes which appeared, and made (no doubt) appropriate remarks on them as they were placed on the table. The only one I understood was said of a preparation of fish—"Ah! this is what makes old men young." I regret deeply not having secured the receipt for making this invaluable compound.

The emigration business in which my companion was engaged was getting on well, though he became too ill to take much active superintendence over his agents. Numbers of labourers, with their families, engaged to go to Demerara, and, as they were collected in sufficient numbers, were forwarded to Hong-Kong. It was always seen that they fully understood the nature of the engagements into which they entered, and were perfectly willing. There was no lack of coolies; the only difficulty was to get them to take their wives and families, as it was necessary that a certain proportion of them should be so provided. Most curious ideas some of them had on the subject. A number of women asked us once, with most extraordinary simplicity, if it were true that when the emigrants reached the West Indies they were cut open, and their hearts and livers used for preparing opium? Poetically speaking, this was not so bad, as opium does use up the hearts and livers of a good many of the Chinese. My companion, in reply, asked how, if he were engaged in such a business, they could expect him to

acknowledge it? and they then said, "Oh! we heard people saying so, and thought we might discover the truth by hearing you upon the subject." Another legend was that the blood of the coolies was drained off in order to be worked up with the opium. A still more curiously elaborate story, rife among them, was that the unfortunate emigrant was dipped into the sea by the heels until he was covered by the *hiche de mer*, or sea-slug, which is so much prized as an article of Chinese chow-chow. When a Chinaman does invent a story, I will back him against any other person for giving it verisimilitude by loading it with minute and truthful details. In this respect he is a very Defoe, and at the bottom of his story there will always be found some minute fact on which the whole superstructure is raised. These emigration tales were probably circulated at the instigation of some of the country gentry, who were opposed to the departure of coolies, because that had a tendency to raise the price of labour. Unlike the other Chinese peasantry, who usually have their own little landed properties, we found that the Hakka peasants were very much in the hands of the wealthy lairds. At Kum-tow-lek the neighbouring villagers were, to all intents and purposes, tenants of Wong a Shui. He paid their ground-rent to Government, and undertook that protection and justice were afforded to them while they cultivated the land. With the exception of one-tenth, which they retained for their own use, the whole of

the two rice crops went to Wong; but the peasants had the benefit of the turnips, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, &c., which they could raise between the crops of rice. But this gives an inadequate idea of their dependent condition, for many of them were in debt to our host, and their whole labour was thus so mortgaged that they could only obtain a bare subsistence. It is quite different among the other Chinese, who tenaciously hold their lands upon their own account, and have their village system as a protection against the rule of territorial magnates. Here the villages were mere hamlets, very small and very poor; the village was nothing, and the rich man's house was everything; whereas among the *Punti*, the village has all the power, and the individual has none to speak of.

As we got into February I began to get alarmed about the state of my companion, who was wasted to a shadow, and become delirious. We had delayed leaving in the hope that he would soon be better able for travel; but now it looked as if he was about to depart for a better country, even a heavenly, let me hope. The first indication of his delirium was rather curious. One night, about eleven o'clock, I was lying awake in bed, in our somewhat dismal tower, when he suddenly said to me, "I say, W——, what are that man and woman doing in the room? I wish you would put them away." This was said so quietly that I was almost taken in by

it, and rose, in extreme astonishment, to strike a light. Of course there was no man or woman either; but he still persisted, and continued—"There, don't you see them standing by the pillar?" For three nights, and always at the same hour, these spectres made their appearance; and his delirium became worse, his speech wandering, and his danger extreme. When not closely watched, he would rise during the night, and, opening the door of our room, call into the darkness on far-distant friends. This, I imagine, may have been caused by a confused reminiscence of 'Wuthering Heights,' a book which I had with me, and which he had read during the earlier part of our sojourn. Probably those awful pages, which describe Heathcliff calling passionately into the darkness on his dead Cathie may have affected the dreams of his delirium. That tower was a striking enough place, with its solitude, its loopholes, its cold, and its howling winds; but when to these little agreeables were added spectres, a delirious patient, and an apparently dying friend, I began to feel the want of society at night, and to say, with Abou Hassan the wag, "No doubt all these are of the Genii; may Allah, then, deliver me from them happily!"

Of course, it was impossible to remove at that crisis; and even had I determined to run the risk of conveying him to Hong-Kong, it could scarcely have been managed then. Just before the China New Year boats gave up running—and few persons care to

travel by land—as the country is extremely unsafe, from the number of desperate characters who are on the look-out for plunder, in order that they may spend the festival with credit to themselves and comfort to their families. At this time, notwithstanding Wong a Shui's power, four head of cattle were seized within half a mile of his house, and driven away. It was most ludicrous on this occasion to notice the fury with which Thirty and Thirty-two seized their spears, and rushed about, always within a few hundred yards of the house, calling upon the robbers—"the man-faced, dog-hearted ts'aak"—to show themselves. This was precisely the last thing the robbers were likely to do; but it was grand to hear the denunciations of Thirty-Two, and to see him rushing about shaking his spear. His fat carcass had not got such wholesome exercise for many a day.

All I could do was to watch my companion carefully, and send a messenger to Hong-Kong with a letter to a medical man, asking for more medicine, and for advice how to treat him. Wong Cheong Pak, one of the emigration agents, was despatched on this business; but he soon came back from Shah-ee-choong, saying he could not get a boat to take him further; but I packed him off again, with strict directions to find his way to Hong-Kong either by land or sea; but at all events to find it, at all risks and at any expense.

I shall not readily forget the night of the 7th February, which was the turning-point of my companion's

illness. It was a dark, dreary, cold, wet evening, rendering doubly depressing the painful task of watching the poor sufferer, as he moaned piteously in his lethargic moments, and uttered wild disjointed talk in his more excited moods. Where, I thought, looking on his white face and wasted form, had sunk the full strong stream of life? or what invisible malign power, hostile to man, was holding him in its deadly grasp? It was like standing by a shrunken and almost dried-up stream, feebly stealing between slimy stones, and sinking, every now and then, down into some unknown subterranean depth. The dark spirit of Azrael was hovering over our tower, doubting whether there was a soul there to be borne under his wing into the dark kingdom. It was to me rather a relief when, after a tap at the door, Wong a Shui and his eldest son entered with very long faces, and what they imagined, an alarming story. So far as I could understand their statement, it was that the hostility of the gentry to emigration, and our reputation for having collected an immense quantity of gems and jewels, had culminated in a plan of the vagabonds of Tam-shui to attack us that night, and see what they could obtain. They had prepared, said Wong, long bamboo ladders, on which they proposed to mount upon the roof and cut us off in our tower. This was the weak point of our position; and it was not particularly strengthened by A Shui's remark that all I had to do was to shoot down a few of them, on which

the others would go away. In a pitch-dark night it is not so easy to shoot men out of a loophole, and our tower only commanded two sides of the roof. He added that, in the event of an attack, his friends in the neighbourhood would turn out, and that he himself, with his sons, would hold the lower part of the building.

I was at a loss what value to attach to this pleasing information, and whether to make any resistance or not in the event of an attack. Falling into the hands of Chinese, after killing or even wounding any of them, has usually resulted not merely in death, but in *mors omnibus cruciatibus;* and they, with their obtuse nerves, are ignorant of the amount of pain which can be got out of a nervous vascular European. When Wong left, I resolved to be guided by the course of events, but saw that my revolver was in good order. I had gone to bed, and was dozing very quietly, when two or three gingalls were fired off about midnight from or near the house; but on going out to the roof, I could hear and see nothing. The tower in which we slept had no direct communication with the building below; in order to get down we had to cross the roof, and descend through another tower, in which an old Chinese teacher and two of our coolies usually slept. These parties, I found, had betaken themselves to some safer dormitory, and, moreover, the doors of this second tower were fastened below, so that it was evidently intended to leave

us to settle with the Tam-shui men as we best could ourselves. I watched for some time, leaning against the parapet, but the only sounds to be heard were the barking of village dogs, which seemed to indicate that strangers were in the neighbourhood, and the faint sound of the bamboo struck by the watchman at the *wai* of Wong Kum Sau. Chill raw mists from the craggy mountains of the Heavenly Head swept round, obscuring all the stars, and the line of tall bamboos beside the house rustled dolefully in the bleak wind. Even my old dog appeared affected by the dreariness of the situation, and pressed against my knee for companionship. He was the only living thing there I had to trust to; but I knew that above the dark clouds the stars were still shining with calm ineffable beauty; and though one-half of the earth was steeped in darkness and the horror of night, the other smiled gladly in day and sunshine. Shall we receive good and not evil at the hand of God? Pain is the condition of pleasure. There is a vast torture-chamber into which any of us may at any moment be called to enter, and with which most of us have had some slight acquaintance. For some sin of our own, or some fault of others, there in Kwei-shin, or here in London streets, the grim familiar of that inquisition may beckon us aside to undergo such mental or physical process as may be required. Men go in there lusty and joyous, but we scarcely care to lift the reddened sheet and look on the ghastly face and racked

limbs which come out. Yet were it perhaps well to realise more closely than many people are inclined to do the advantages of that department of nature. All the glory and loveliness of life—the intoxicating sense of buoyant strength, the breathing of keen mountain air, the shock of the nerve-giving ocean waves, the glow of imagination, the deep music of the wheels of thought, the friendly intercourse of truthful manly souls, the mother-eyes that first bend over us with divine love and tears, the clinging hands of infants, that give us strength from their very feebleness, and the one dear face before which our whole being thrills —all these are so connected with, and so necessarily dependent on, their dark contrasts, that these latter will be gladly endured, and even welcomed, by the pious spirit. It is not those who have the most, on the most easy terms, of the sunny side of life, that can appreciate and enjoy it best. The solitary sunbeam which fell at the feet of the prisoner of Chillon brought more to him of that distant world than we find in the glorious sunny days of summer. We are in the hands, not of an enemy, but of a Friend: suffering is good; the phantom Pain will sink abashed before the steady gaze of a manly spirit and a pure mind; and death, even in its worst forms, is but a fiery chariot prepared to bear the victor to higher realms.

As it turned out, no assailants made their appearance, and my patient was allowed to depart from his

particular cell. On returning to our room I found that he had been perspiring freely, and was sunk in deep, quiet sleep, which assured me that, when I was watching on the roof, the crisis of his fever had safely passed, and he would go on improving from that hour. Thus, when times appeared at the worst, they began to mend. I wearied myself to sleep after this, by writing some verses. They are not brilliant, but I daresay Mr Martin Tupper himself would not have done much better in the circumstances :—

I hear the long-drawn sigh of pain,
The tossing on the bed in vain,
The muttered words of fear,
As by his spectre-haunted bed,
And round his fever-stricken head,
Strange memories appear.

Into the damp and sullen night
There breaks a sudden flash of light,
As, through his gateway bars,
The timid Chinaman explodes
His half-a-dozen gingall loads
Against the unseen stars.

Surely upon the mist-swept sod
Some powers of darkness are abroad,
Or in the midnight sky ;
And in the night-wind, damp and chill,
The presence of mysterious ill
Seems slowly sweeping by.

Dark powers of evil ! whether born
Of earth, or springing from the worn,
Decaying souls of men,
Back to your gloomy prison-caves,
Or linger by Celestial graves,—
Ye come not here again.

Far on the bright Atlantic seas
The sunshine gleams, the favouring breeze
Wafts white-winged vessels home ;
Grouped at the prow the sailors stand,
Their faces lighten as the land
Gleams through the fresh'ning foam.

Here, by the old Pacific coast,
In darkness goodly ships are tossed,
Till darkness turned to day ;
Beneath the lurid flash of light,
Amid the pallor of the night,
They hold their perilous way.

But over ocean, mount, and lawn,
There streams the rosy-coloured dawn,
The golden light of heaven.
Darker the clouds that o'er us lower,
And gloomier the midnight hour,
A brighter day is given.

Before this night, when the patient began to get better, he had been attended by an elderly *I-shang* or Chinese physician, who, with his hood on, looked like a doctor of the middle ages, and appeared preternaturally wise as he felt the four pulses and gravely

shook his head. His first judgment on the case was that it was *to-to üt*, or "too much heat;" for the Chinese almost invariably divide diseases under that head and under *to-to laang*, or "too great cold." Blood-letting is not used in fevers, for, say they, "a fever is like a pot boiling: the way to cure the patient is to lesson the fire, and not to lose the liquid." Apparently the doctor we called in was a species of homœopathist, for the strong medicines which he prescribed decidedly increased the illness, and, after one or two trials, were consigned to a loophole. Several of the remedies fashionable among the Chinese are of this kind, and some of them would astonish people in Europe. Father Ripa mentions that, after a fall from his horse, and when it was feared that his brain was injured, the treatment pursued was to draw a band tightly round his head, the ends being held by two men, while a third "struck the skull vigorously with a piece of wood." This, the Father naïvely adds, "shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. He said it was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced; and it is true that, after the second operation, my head felt more free." In order to put right the Father's ribs, which were supposed to have been dislocated, two men held a cloth over his nose until he was almost suffocated. In these days, in this country, when nearly every form of "pathy" has been exhausted, might not some bold Esculapius make a new hit by adopting this Chinese system?

Fooey, the old *sin-shang*, or teacher, who disappeared temporarily from the tower when he heard of the Tam-shui men, was a curious character. He possessed an infinite capacity of spending time doing nothing, and was usually to be found lying on his face, with his heels saluting us, as we entered the room. Being very poor, bean paste was almost his sole article of diet; but so strong were his old Canton ideas, that when his son, a grown-up man, was offered a lucrative situation at Shanghai in foreign employ, Fooey at once refused to let him go, saying to the obedient youth, "How could you go to Shanghai? what do you know about the great winds and waves?" Wong Cheong Pak, who was sent to Hong-Kong, was a pleasant, garrulous, and useful old man, but he had one peculiarity, which was troublesome. When anything was proposed to be done, he would listen attentively and respectfully, throwing in remarks rather developing the scheme than otherwise, until he began, "If I might be pardoned for observing"—and then he would proceed to show not only that the thing was impossible, but that the very opposite of it ought to be done. The only way to get over him was to admit that it was impossible, but that, with his invaluable aid, even such an impossibility might be accomplished. Leang, another intelligent, well-educated man, who acted as clerk to the emigration agency, had formerly been employed in a mandarin's *yamŭn*, where he got no pay, and had come to Hong-Kong in the hope of

bettering his circumstances. Having no acquaintances there, he had been obliged to accept employment as a coolie, and my friend's attention was called to him by his wearing silk shoes, and the awkward way in which he carried pails of water.

As the Chinese New Year approached, the indications of that festival became abundant. Fire-crackers were let off at all hours, and almost all work ceased except that connected with the occasion. Wong a Shui had no less than twenty-four instruments of torture preparing for the New Year, in the shape of large jars of wine that were being roasted, to impart a finer flavour, over grass-fires in one of the courtyards of his house. The day before the festival he and his sons busied themselves posting up "joss papers" on the gateways and walls. These were all of the same character, and the following specimen will serve to indicate their nature: "May success attend our affairs during the spring-time; the elegance and embellishment of the first night be with us." To us the old man rather affected to sneer at the supposition that these papers could effect any good, and let us know that he only affixed them on account of the weaker brethren.

The Chinese, who have no Sabbaths (neither have they sermons), and very few festivals, take several days of enjoyment at the period of the New Year. They dress themselves in their best clothes, exchange presents, and give feasts. The members of any family

who happen to be separated, collect together if they can at all manage it. Their accounts are all settled, and no debt is allowed to pass without some satisfactory arrangement. Their houses are ornamented with lanterns and flowers, and offerings are placed on their family altars. Their very ages date from the New Year, and in every way they strive to make it a time of new birth. To me it was more interesting to turn away on this occasion from the large residences with their fire-crackers and gaudy lanterns, their wine-parties and silk dresses, to the humble dwellings of the poor. There was something touching in the aspect of some of these clean-swept hovels, with their solitary little paper lantern at the door, and a couple of oranges, a few dried olives, a handful of red flowers, and a very thin smoking joss-stick on the household altar. Perhaps the only difference in the grandmother's patched clothes was that they had been washed for the occasion; but the faces of some of these Chinese peasant-women become absolutely beautiful in extreme old age, and they look a great deal nearer heaven than some dowagers to be seen elsewhere. There I would find coolies who had trudged from Hong-Kong or Canton to see their aged parents; and all the toils and troubles of the members of the family were related to each other's sympathising ears. I do not envy the man who can be moved to scorn at the sight of honest poverty striving to keep up the little formalities of its station, to be as respectable

"as the lave," and to offer up its humble acknowledgment of the Unseen Power. These things indicate respect for law, order, honesty, and good fame on earth, as they nourish reverence for that which is above.

At the first hour on New Year's morn the firing of crackers and gingalls commenced in earnest, and continued almost uninterruptedly throughout the day. Our host accosted us with a smiling face and a loud *kunghi*, meaning, "I wish you joy," but an equivalent to our "Happy New Year," and a phrase which, I remember, a gentleman on the expedition to the north, who fancied he knew Chinese, used constantly to all Chinamen he met, to their great amazement. Most of the respectable people we knew in the neighbourhood paid us visits, and those who did not sent their cards. Presents also were exchanged; and Wong Kum Sau, of course, made his appearance, and broadly stated, rather than hinted, that some of the foreign wine (meaning champagne), "which made this warm" (rubbing his abdominal region), would be acceptable. The great family party on New Year's Day was held at the *wai* of the elder Wongs; and a few days after A Shui gave his party, at which we were placed in the seat of honour, and where my companion, having so far recovered, was able to show himself for a few minutes. There were no less than eighty Wongs, all males and relations of A Shui, at that dinner, and we were the only outsiders present. The repast was

abundant, but not nearly so varied or refined as at the dinner given to the mandarin. Instead of sitting down, A Shui went about between the tables, pressing his friends to eat; and not a little wine was disposed of after the viands had vanished. The game of "morra" (*micare digitis*) was commenced; and as the forfeit was to drain a cup of *t'sow*, the fun soon became fast and furious. One old fat gentleman incautiously challenged me to drink against him, cup by cup, no heeltaps being allowed; but a Chinaman has no chance at that game with a foreigner at all accustomed to "tiger's milk," as the Chinese call some of the more potent liquids of the West, so my fat friend very soon became entirely obfuscated. I left him gazing in a state of helpless idiocy at the painting of a devil on the wall; and when I looked into the room an hour or two after, he seemed not to have stirred, and was still engaged in the same profitable occupation. If I was not mistaken, some of his relatives took advantage of his helpless state to "improve the occasion," to the younger members of the vast family of Wong.

As a general rule the Chinese are now very little given to the use of intoxicating drinks, though it is said they sinned a good deal more in that way before opium-smoking became general. Curiously enough, their poets, like those of most other countries, have been celebrated for their love of inebriation. "The bard," says one Chinese proverb, "prides himself on

his poetical and drinking powers." "Who is it," says another, "except the bard who daily returns home full of wine from the booths on the banks of the river?" A third proverb enters into the rationale of the subject even better than Anacreon and Burns have done: "The bard will put off his vests of fur to exchange them for wine. He seeks the wine-shop to soothe his passions. He always satisfies his poetical cravings with wine." Here the moralist appears to recognise the fact that it is something more than a mere sensual impulse which renders the poet peculiarly open to this species of dissipation. Intoxication is pleasant to him only because it "satisfies his poetical cravings," by transporting him, in its confusion, beyond the boundaries of the actual into his own peculiar ideal world, when the actual presses too close for him to escape unaided from it.

The occupations of the country gentry among whom we stayed were not very varied or exciting. They never appeared to take exercise for its own sake, and only rode out, on ponies or in chairs, in order to transact business or pay visits. They were fond of firing off gingalls and revolvers, and were pretty fair marksmen, but engaged in no kind of hunting. They took some superintendence of the cultivation of the land, and of the various little works going on about, or in connection with, their houses. Lengthy dinner parties, at which much conversation was held, appeared to be their chief amusement; and they were

constantly holding serious consultations on subjects about which we could learn nothing.

The word "Hakka" originally means stranger; and the people we were among are called that in opposition to the "Punti," or indwellers of the country. They came from the north, from the province of Kiang-si, and some of them from Fu-kien, and settled on waste lands in Kwang-tung, which they brought into a state of cultivation; but whenever strong enough to do so, they bought or beat out their neighbours from the older cultivated ground. They are a rude people, with much less politeness and education than the other Chinese; but this very defect enables them to get on better with foreigners, as their pride is not so easily alarmed or offended, and they are not so pertinaciously wedded to old customs. Nearly all the coolie corps, the "Bamboo Rifles," employed by us at Canton, and in the expedition against Peking, were Hakkas. The Punti despise them; but this contempt is mingled with some dread, as the Hakkas are sturdy fellows, and rather fond of fighting. A great deal of local conflict goes on between the two sections, and these fights sometimes assume formidable dimensions. I am almost sure that the Celestial younger brother, Hung Sew Tsuen, is a Hakka. At all events, the nucleus of his followers were and are so; and it will be found that the Tai-ping rebellion is quite as much, if not more, a Hakka movement than it is a religious one, though it is simply a mar-

auding one more than either. The language has been erroneously called the same as that of Fu-kien; but we had a Fu-kien dictionary with us, and found it was even more different from that dialect than from the Canton. There is no published dictionary of the Hakka dialect, but I believe that the Rev. Mr Winnes, a missionary residing in China, has one in manuscript, with the renderings in German, which it would be well if some society undertook to publish. Puntis and Hakkas scarcely understand each other, unless they have been accustomed to intercourse, from their villages lying close together; but I found that even my very limited knowledge of the Canton tongue was of use to me at Kum-tow-lek, and that the Hakka was much easier to pick up than that former dialect, from its not being so particular about the tones. It seemed to be half-way between the Peking and Canton dialects, as is illustrated by the following table of numerals; but of course there was much greater difference in other parts of the speech than between these :—

| Canton. | Hakka. | Peking. |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Yat | Yih | Yi |
| 2. Yi | 'Ni | Rh |
| 3. Sam | Sam | San |
| 4. Sze | Sz' | Sz' |
| 5. 'Ng | 'Ng or Woo | Woo |
| 6. Lok | Lok | Lu |
| 7. Tsat | Tsit | Tsi |
| 8. Pak | Pak or Pat | Pak |
| 9. Kow | Kiu | Kiu |
| 10. Shap | Ship | Shi |

Wong a Shui, as I mentioned, had a mandarin's button, and acted as a justice of the peace. The sale of these insignia is often accompanied by the understanding that the purchaser is to be at the trouble of exercising some judicial authority. They are sold to men of mark and influence in the country, who may not be disposed to compete at the examinations, but who strengthen the hands of the mandarin, and themselves perform some of the business of a magistrate. They are like our justiceships of the peace, which are usually conferred on tolerably wealthy persons. Our host held his courts of justice in the most free-and-easy manner. I found him engaged one day in standing in judgment on a miserable-looking wretch accused of petty theft, who kowtowed to anybody whenever he got a chance, and seemed to imagine that I was sure to exercise some influence over his fate. Old Wong appeared attending to anything except the case before him. He smoked, drank tea, spoke to me, went into a courtyard to give orders to some labourers, and finally went out of the house altogether to the fish-pond, with the whole posse of prisoner, constables, and witnesses following after. Suddenly he turned round and gave judgment, which was, that the accused should be locked up that night, and receive some strokes of a rattan in the morning. I could see, however, that he was attending attentively throughout, and that his object in moving about, and interrupting the proceedings every now and then,

was to keep in check the excitement and loquacity of the accused and accusers. After he passed his judgment, no demur whatever was made, and even the victim for the rattan appeared perfectly satisfied.

So soon as my patient was at all able to be removed, preparations for departure were made, and I really felt sorry at leaving our tower, and the interesting people around. The country in which it was situated had a strange charm. On the other side of the fields, in front of the house, were little white hamlets standing against a background of graceful bamboos and tall fir-trees. The trees dwindled in size and number on the rolling moorland beyond, which stretched away for miles, and at that season the grass upon it had a brown heathery look. The distant view was bounded by high mountain-ranges, with forests creeping up the glens, light and shadow wandering over the grey crags, and dark heavy clouds giving a gloomy grandeur to the scene. Two books that I had with me were imbued with the spirit of the kind of country which lay around. One of these was the poetical works of the Laureate of the Lakes, which, and especially the 'Excursion,' I read with renewed satisfaction and gratitude, as a voice from one who understood the life of the silent earth, the meaning of the melancholy moon, and of "the forms perennial of the ancient hills."

> "The spirit of nature was upon me there ;
> The soul of beauty and enduring life

Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused
Through meagre lines and colours, and the press
Of self-destroying transitory things,
Composure, and ennobling harmony."

The other book to which I refer expressed the moorland spirit in its gloomiest, wildest mood. It came from that Yorkshire parsonage where the bird of the life of Emily Brontë beat itself to death against the bars of her narrow cage. Speak of torture-chambers! There are things pass under the eyes of men which they can scarcely see, and cannot prevent, before which all physical pain is insignificant. But what must have been the strength, what the loftiness of that spirit which, in its unhappy youth, displayed the silent endurance which good and even great men learn to practise only in their later years? What the fate that made her

"brave,
Unawed, the darkness of the grave—
Nay, smile to hear death's billows rave?"

But our stay was ended. First A Shui's broad honest face and then our white tower disappeared in the distance, never, in all likelihood, to be seen again by me, except down the dim vista of the Past, where they will long be visible when many palaces have faded away. Carefully wrapped up, and stretched in his chair, my friend was able to get along easily; but we had a very trying night of it on Mirs' Bay. At Shah-ee-Choong we had to wait a day and a night

before we could get a boat, and at last had to content ourselves with the ordinary passage-junk, which was small, rotten, had a hole in its side, and was crowded with twenty-four bullocks, and one hundred and three Chinese passengers! All the space below deck was occupied by the bullocks, and how the passengers managed to dispose of themselves above, so as to leave room for the sailors to move, was one of those mysteries which it is impossible to understand without visiting the East. We established ourselves in a covered place on deck, something like the half of a barrel cut longitudinally, with the convex side uppermost. Anticipating what would happen at night, I placed the patient in the inner side of this den, and fortified the outside with our luggage and my own body. But unfortunately the barrel was capable of elongation by a cover which drew out, and when it came on heavy rain during the night, the passengers crowded under this cover, half suffocating us, and dispersing the most fearful odours from their damp dirty clothes. My poor companion was in a fainting condition till we got a board opened, which gave him some air. These hundred passengers added to the unpleasantness of the situation, by hustling and talking loudly and angrily among themselves, while a quarrel broke out among the sailors, in which some very bad language was used, as to whether they should stop or go on. The steersman, a rough character, swore he would go on even if Mirs' Bay were choked

up with rocks, giving the very weighty reason that he had sailed all his life between Macao and Canton; and he had to be dispossessed of the helm by force. The pressure of the crowd was so great that, if I had given way to it, or yielded to their entreaties, we should have run a very fair chance of being squeezed or suffocated to death; and I was only enabled to retain my position by the fortunate accident that there was a very strong coolie next me, whom I convinced, by sundry pricks with my bowie-knife, that it was more his interest to press outward than to press inward. As the morning was wet, we did not leave till the other passengers had gone, and noticed that they each paid two hundred cash (about tenpence) as their fare, and that each individual cash was handled and examined by the boatmen, so that twenty thousand coins were scrutinised that morning.

# REMINISCENCES OF A ROSS-SHIRE FOREST.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL HENRY SMITH.

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## I.

SOME eight or ten years ago I was asked to go up to Ross-shire to stalk deer, and I refused, to my everlasting shame be it spoken. I preferred shooting grouse, partridges, and other vermin, in a southern county. I had arrived at the conclusion, knowing nothing whatever of the subject, that deer-stalking was a delusion and a snare—a very much overrated sport. I had heard of men wading up burns for a few miles, crawling on their stomachs for a few more, lying behind a rock for an hour or two in a cold October day, and then nearly getting a shot at a stag; and I had made up my mind such sport wouldn't suit me. Next season, however, I got another chance, and thinking there might be something in it after all, I resolved to go. "And then you got to like it?"

Well, no, not exactly—the first season didn't quite convert me: I was too *ignorant* to enjoy myself. Half the pleasure—nay, more than half—consists in finding your deer with the aid of the glass; and to use a glass quickly and effectively is not to be learned in a fortnight's practice. That first season it was always the same. Before I had got myself into a comfortable position for "spying" the hill, before I had got my glass adjusted to a proper focus, a low whispering in Gaelic would divert my attention, and glancing over my shoulder, there I would see Donald and Duncan with their glasses pointed perfectly steady on the hillside in front of us. Before I could ask what they saw, I would most probably get the caution, "Don't move, sir, if you please—we're in sight of some hinds;" or, "There is a stag in the corrie, sir, away up near the top."

Thus, accepting the inferior position, I would eagerly ask, "Where is he, Donald? what's he like? is he a good one?"

Even when told where the stag is, a young hand will sometimes have great difficulty in finding him. He may be a mile away, with nothing but his head and neck visible; or a mist may be on the hill, and the light so bad, that even if you have the glass on him, you may not be able to distinguish him from his surroundings. Several times, after a long try, I have fairly given in; then Donald would come to the rescue.

"D'ye see yon big white scaur, sir, running straight

up the hill-face? follow that to the top, then aboot thirty yairds to the left you'll see three or four big rocks, and below them a patch o' heather: the stag is lying in the middle o' the heather, sir; you can see his head quite plain."

Determined now to find him, you take a long look. "By jingo, Donald, I've got him; he's a grand one—I can see nine points at least."

To which Donald, closing his glass and beginning to fill his pipe with great deliberation, will possibly reply very slowly,—they speak slowly, and never use superlatives,—"Well, sir, he's a very fair beast, and he's not in a very bad place whatever."

Yes, to use the glass effectively requires great patience and constant practice. Then, again, at first I didn't believe in the gillies, or "stalkers," as the Southron is pleased now to term them. I thought the precautions they took were ridiculous, and that I was being humbugged—a thought repulsive to the mind of a true-born Briton. I wanted to "go for" the prey in a less roundabout manner, somewhat in the fashion of a French nobleman, who, on being shown by his host, a well-known Highland chief, a large herd of deer in the plain below, pulled himself together, looked to his "priming," and exclaimed, "Eh bien, attaquons!" He proposed, risk or no risk, to descend and advance on them in line, even as the Highlanders with Hamley and Alison at their head advanced on the foe at Tel-el-Kebir. But a

man, if he's anything of a sportsman, and eager to learn, will soon master the rudiments of the art; then with a better knowledge of the sport a keener relish comes. Deer-stalking, like fox-hunting, grows on one: the more you get, the more you want, and as season after season comes round, you look forward to your month or six weeks in the forest with a school-boy enthusiasm easier to imagine than describe.

What can equal the delights of a journey up the Highland Railway in a lovely clear day—or in a beastly thick night? What does it matter, so long as you have the season before you? And then the arrival at "the lodge," and the welcome you get as you drive up to the door. All the gillies except those on duty are there,—for haven't they heard you were coming? And Duncan and Donald, Kenneth and Hector, appear in quick succession from the gun-room, and stables, and kennels across the burn. Then a hearty grip of the hand to all—as heartily returned (none of your Southern coldness here)—and in five minutes you are hearing all their jokes and getting all their news;—how "the captain" got two yesterday "doon the loch-side," and how "the colonel" missed a real good one the day before, feeding quietly broad-side on, "just aboot sixty yairds off." Then, with the darkness, in come your friends from the different beats in the forest, and you have now an account of the "colonel's miss" from that gallant warrior him-self. It differs in some material particulars from

what you had previously heard. Duncan's "sixty yairds" is now, "as far as I could judge, about a hundred and ten;" the quietly feeding stag is described as a "restless brute;" "the beggar was evidently suspicious, and just going to bolt," and "he wasn't much of a beast after all!" Those discrepancies in the evidence would puzzle any Q.C. that ever wore a wig. I remember a sporting parson coming up one season. I knew him to be a first-rate shot. At "rocketing" pheasants or "driven grouse" he had few superiors, but somehow or other he didn't answer in the forest; his nerve seemed to fail him in presence of the "antlered monarch." The first day he was out he came home very late—"clean," as they say of a Dundee whaler after an unlucky season. He told us he had had a shot. We commiserated him much, and asked for particulars. After hearing his narrative, I came to the conclusion that had he killed that stag, the deeds of Horatio Ross would have been utterly and absolutely eclipsed.

"I *am* disgusted, old chap," I exclaimed with effusion, "that you didn't get him: that *would* have been a shot!"

With the morrow, however, cool reflection came; and feeling that in a case of this sort corroborative evidence is very satisfactory, when you can get it, I thought I would walk up the glen and see "old Duncan," the gillie who had been out with him. I had been told off that day to shoot grouse, an occupa-

tion for which I had now no inclination. To go out with a couple of setters and a "fowling-piece" when the red-deer is roaring in the neighbourhood, borders on the contemptible. After a pleasant stretch of six miles I got to Duncan's cottage. I found the veteran at home, very glad to see me, but looking rather subdued. Eager to hear all about the parson's experiences, I plunged without preface *in medias res.*

"What a pity it was," I said, "that you couldn't get Mr B. a bit nearer yesterday. That must have been an uncommonly difficult shot."

Duncan looked me straight in the face, and seeing I was serious, "Did the minister say the shot was a difficult one, sir?" he asked.

"Of course he did," I replied. "And so it was, was it not?"

"If I had to choose a shot for a gentleman, sir," said Duncan, very deliberately but emphatically, "I would choose the shot I gave the minister yesterday;" and then followed a full and particular account of the day's proceedings.

"*Et tu, Brute,*" I said to myself as I walked home, apostrophising the absent divine,—"even you are not to be depended on." Now I don't mean to impute wilful misrepresentation to this estimable individual, —very far from it. It was only his first stag, and eagerness unnerved him; and when all was over, he scarcely knew what had happened. I proved this afterwards by asking him what the stag was like.

He had forgot to ask, and he hadn't the remotest idea! The animal, as Duncan told me, was lying quietly down. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the odds were that, if undisturbed, he would have lain there for two or three hours. The parson had time for an early luncheon, and a comfortable smoke thereafter; then he might have built himself a rest for his rifle with bricks and mortar, had such articles been handy—but no. As soon as he peeped over the rock he got the rifle in his hand, took a hurried sight, and fired, as he would have done at a woodcock in a thick covert. Most beginners, as soon as they see the quarry, do the same. They "let it off" at once, like Mr Tupman. Sometimes they kill,—the worst possible result for their future career, they get lots of praise: "The quickest thing ever you saw, sir; as soon as I showed him the beast he was down." The shot is extolled as a splendid one, it being in reality a fluke of the ghastliest possible description. Of course occasionally you must fire in a hurry, but in nine cases out of ten you have heaps of time. I recollect on one occasion I was lying with a good stag in front of me. There was only his head and neck visible, and although I was within fair shooting distance, I made up my mind to wait till he should give me a better chance. I waited till I got tired, and then determined to risk it as he lay. Just as I was getting into position I had a hurried and excited warning from the gillie who was with me.

"He's suspeecious, sir; he'll be ower the hill in a minute."

"All right, Kenneth," I replied, "let him go. It's a most difficult shot where he is. We've two or three hours before us. I won't fire now. I'll follow him up, and stalk him again."

And this advice I would give to any one under similar circumstances. Never take a very difficult shot as long as you have some daylight to come and go on. Wait till the stag shifts his position, even though there is a likelihood of his going out of sight, and follow him up again in the hope he'll give you a better chance next time. The stag on this occasion did not move, as Kenneth anticipated. I then thought of "whistling him on to his legs," but what little I saw of him seemed so very steady, that after waiting some time longer, I took him as he lay, and, I am ashamed to say, missed him clean.

Some years ago I was shooting at a "hot corner" with a Harrow boy on one side and an Eton ditto on the other, jealous for the honour of their respective eats of learning. "'Seats of learning!' that's good," says the "indignant father," who has just finished a column to the 'Times' on the length of the holidays, and what he gets for his money. Lord, that was a warm five minutes! Pheasants, male and female after their kind—for both youths shot "not wisely but too well"—fell on my head like the leaves in October. Hares—it was before the days of the present popular

and affable Home Secretary—hares writhed in the agonies of death within a yard of the toe of my boot. A favourite retriever, with a dismal howl, nearly upset me once or twice in an abortive attempt to get shelter. (When that dog goes to the majority, I mean to have a "post-mortem" on him. I've a curiosity to know the exact quantity of "No. 5" he absorbed that day.) Even in such an awful position I managed to retain my presence of mind, and, after dodging a "right and left" from either flank, to kill a bird now and then on my own account. Still I admit I could not at first keep my head in presence of the "monarch of the forest." Excitement completely got the better of me. And if you don't keep your head, depend upon it *he will keep his.*

And now a word about those Highland gillies with whom the deer-stalker spends in the season ten or twelve hours out of every twenty-four. Let us speak of things as we find them. I have found them uniformly first-rate fellows,—grand walkers, wonderfully patient under disappointment, with the keenest appreciation of a joke, whatever Sydney Smith may say of Scotchmen and surgical operations, and with a desire to show sport that no difficulties can overcome. I have heard them called greedy, and I have heard them called sulky. As to their greed, they are very badly off some of them, poor fellows, inhabiting cottages little better than those we read of in the "Joyce

Country," and a sovereign is acceptable now and then. Can you wonder at it? But that they think only of the "tips" at the end of the season, and don't care for the sport itself, is a very erroneous idea, the fallacy of which, on one occasion at least, I had brought before me in a most unmistakable manner. An Englishman of large property took a great fancy to a Rossshire gillie with whom he had spent many a long day on the hill, and being in want of a head keeper, he offered him the post. Here was a future of tips looming in the distance, and of luxuries to which all his life he had been a stranger, but Murdoch wouldn't have it. Next year, to my unbounded surprise, when I went North, there I found him located in his cottage on the edge of the forest, a most miserable place six miles from anywhere.

"Why, Murdoch," I said, "I thought you were comfortably settled in Warwickshire."

"No, sir," he replied. "Mr S. was very kind to me. He took me to the South, and paid all my travelling there and back. I was anxious to see the sport, and he showed it to me—the partridge-shooting, sir (you should have heard the tone in which he mentioned this popular pastime); and I would sooner"—giving me a sort of "I-don't-care-what-you-think look"—"see one stag killed than all the partridges in the county of Warwick."

What could I say? The sentiments were my own. What I did say was this:—

"Well, Murdoch, I only hope you'll see a stag killed to-day;"—and he did, and a good one too.

Offer a man like this—and there are many of the same sort—the alternative of going out with a really sure shot or with a very bad one, the former a man of few sovereigns, the latter of many, he would choose the former without a moment's hesitation.

How about their bad temper? Well, they are jealous of one another, very—exactly as their betters are; they regard the deer they stalk as theirs. In the dining-room it is yours or mine; in the gun-room, remember, it is Donald's or Duncan's. Looking at it in this light, what can be more disappointing or trying to the temper, after miles and miles of walking and hours of patient waiting, sometimes in awful weather, than to see a grand stag clean missed at sixty yards? Why, it would demoralise a bishop, let alone a Highland gillie; and such disappointments I have known an unlucky man meet with on two or three consecutive days. The worst I ever heard of, by the way, befell "old Duncan," of whom I have previously spoken. He was out one day in September with a gentleman in a part of the forest not generally much frequented by deer. Some months previously a wire fence had been run across from one hillside to another, one end terminating in a ledge of rocks, and forming with them a *cul de sac*. What did they see huddled together in the corner but seven good stags! The wind was all right, and, some big rocks interven-

ing, enabled them to get within about eighty yards, when Duncan counselled opening fire. He had, poor old beggar, by this time mentally bagged the whole covey! The sportsman took aim and pulled; but beyond letting the deer know that he was in the neighbourhood, nothing particular followed. The second shot had a like result. A horrible suspicion now flashed across Duncan, even as it did across Cameron of "The Standard" on the Majuba Hill, that "the day might yet be lost," and creeping close up to the sportsman he whispered, "Take plenty of time, sir, and fire low,"—excellent advice, whether you're firing at man or beast. It was followed, too—for the third shot or fourth, I'm not sure which, hit a stag about the shins, but (that part not being in the red-deer, as in the negro, the most vulnerable) didn't bring him down. How many shots were fired I am not prepared to state, but the grand total of this battue was one stag wounded. Patience in the lower animals, as in ourselves, has its limits, and the deer feeling no doubt they had given the sportsman chances enough, prepared to bolt. Lowering their heads, and led by a fine old ten-pointer, they ran the gauntlet, rushed along the fence, and were off, wounded one and all, a parting shot at about twenty yards' rise being fired over their backs to speed them on their way. This story is almost incredible, but it is a fact, and "facts are stubborn things." I had it from Duncan himself; and if ever you wish to see a despondent man, or a

face of anguish seldom seen off the scaffold, just you lead quietly up to it again. It always ends the same way: "He is a nice gentleman, sir—a very nice gentleman; but he is not a good shot." Capable men as those gillies undoubtedly are, a sportsman, especially after a season or two, ought to have an opinion of his own. Callum Beg averred that the Sunday seldom "cam aboon the pass of Bally-Brough." I am not quite sure where the pass of Bally-Brough is, but it appears to me that many men leave their intellects annually—to be recovered on the homeward journey—far south of where I imagine that classic spot to be; Donald's decision, "You missed him, sir," or "He's hit," being accepted without a murmur. On three different occasions I have been assured—by gillies of experience too—that my stag was clean missed. Each time I stuck to my own opinion, and all three stags found their way to the larder. The following is a case in point: One cold wet October day, some years ago, I was out in the forest with old Duncan, and a very young gillie answering to the name of Rory. Youth and inexperience, coupled with a very imperfect knowledge of the English language, were Rory's only failings. To the pedestrian powers of Mr E. P. Weston or "Blower" Brown, he added the eye of a hawk with the strength of a Galloway bull. That day I saw more deer together than I ever saw in my life before; and from that very reason—that there were so many

of them, and that they were scattered over a flat piece of ground like a Lowland grouse-moor—they were almost impossible to approach. It was, without exception, the coldest, wettest, and most difficult stalk I ever attempted; and it was not till late in the afternoon, about four o'clock (we had been at it since eleven), that I found myself within reasonable distance of what we had decided was the best beast. The shot was not a nice one either, but I was perfectly certain I was on him. Both gillies, however—experienced and inexperienced—promptly decided he wasn't touched. I didn't say much, but I didn't think the less. Walking forward to a ridge over which the herd had disappeared, and followed reluctantly by the men, I cast my eye to the westward. There stood the stag, not a quarter of a mile off, poor beast! deserted by his friends, on the lone hillside, motionless, with his head between his legs, in the attitude of an old cab-horse after having taken a "four-wheeler" with a family for Margate, and a corresponding amount of luggage, from the salubrious St John's Wood to Victoria.

"He's hit, sir,—he's hit!" exclaimed Rory, intensely excited.

"Rather so, my man," I replied. "Keep your head down. Take your glass, Duncan, and tell me where."

To show yourself to a wounded stag, however badly he may appear hit, is of all fatal mistakes the most

fatal. I was just thinking how best to get up and finish him, when Rory, actuated no doubt by the best possible motives, and thinking to put us all, stag included, out of suspense, went off at his very best pace with the rifle in his hand and a pocketful of cartridges!

"Stop, man!" I called as loudly as I dared. It was no manner of use; he was clean away, like a fifty-guinea "pedigree" retriever with a hare in front of him. My feelings were now, I fancy, very similar to those of the late Lord Ullin when he saw his daughter disappearing from his gaze "across this stormy water." "'Come back, come back!' he cried in grief;" but his lordship's efforts were unsuccessful on that occasion, as were mine on this. The more he cried, the less the erring young lady heard; and the more I hallooed after Rory, the faster the beggar ran. There was nothing for it but to follow, which Duncan and I did as fast as age and infirmities would permit of. Rory kept well out of sight of the stag till he got tolerably close; then dropping on one knee he fired right and left, the second barrel being put in with the rapidity of Dr Carver's at Hurlingham or Shepherd's Bush. On went the stag, and on went Rory. The ground was rough, and both very soon were lost to view. Blowing like a grampus, and in a towering passion, panting and perspiring, I stumbled along, making superhuman efforts to catch him up. Presently another right and left, a long way farther

off, and still I staggered on. Old Duncan, a very indifferent third almost from the commencement, was now hopelessly tailed off. In other five minutes I had to call a halt, and sit down on a stone, done to a turn, and feeling very much "amidst the ruins of Carthage." "If I only had you, you bloody Highland thief," I soliloquised, "I'd mur——" Bang! came a solitary report, reverberating over the hills, and all was silent as the grave. "He's either shot himself this time,"—and at this conception I chuckled with delight,—"or he's got the beast, or he's come to the end of his ammunition." Of those three surmises, two were, as I presently discovered, correct. With his last cartridge he had smitten the stag on the head, stopping him at last, but breaking one of the antlers off by the roots. I thought I'd have something to take home now,—in my present state of mind quadruped or biped was immaterial to me,—so getting on my legs, I made for the high ground, whence I knew I should have a clear look in front. Seating myself again, with trembling hands I adjusted the glass. Two white, or, comparatively speaking, white, objects in the far distance—Rory's shirt-sleeves. A slaughter-house-looking mass in the immediate vicinity—the entrails of the "noble animal." "Faith, he's got him—no mistake about that," I said to myself, as I strode down the hill, preparing an address which, for impassioned eloquence, would contrast favourably with the happiest efforts of the right honourable

gentleman, the member for Mid-Lothian. That address, like others we have been promised lately, was postponed till a more convenient season. Rory never heard me till I was standing over him: then looking up, his face beaming with smiles, he pointed with his blood-stained knife to the rifle at his feet. "It's just seven shots I fire oot of her," he said, triumphantly, evidently thinking that, considering the amount of ammunition expended, the result had been highly satisfactory. I tried hard to be angry with him, but broke down in the attempt. "You'll be a grand shot one of those days, Rory," I said, clapping him on the back, and we were as good friends as ever; *but* that stag was uncommon nearly lost.

And now, after all this talk of disappointments, misfortunes, and youthful indiscretion, gentle reader, will you follow me to the wilds of Ross-shire for three days' stalking? You will? Then I'll show you that stags are well killed occasionally, as well as wounded and missed. I choose these three days because they were consecutive, because on one of them I killed by far the finest stag I have ever got near, and because I think they are fairly representative of a deer-stalker's life. Imagine then Thursday, the 5th of October, no longer ago than the year 1882. On that morning—a lovely morning it was, and positively as warm as summer—having breakfasted at seven, after a drive of six miles "down the loch," through scenery unsurpassed in Scotland, I delivered myself

at "the stable," a convenient hut capable of sheltering two ponies and half-a-dozen men if necessary. Many an hour have I spent there on those tantalising mornings when a thick mist was on the hills, and when even the most experienced gillie could not decide what it was going to do—clear off as the day advanced, or remain utterly hopeless for sport. At the stable I found "little Duncan,"—not to be confounded with "old Duncan" above mentioned,—a Sutherlandshire man, and as good a one as ever trod the heather, awaiting me, and a younger gillie with a pony for the deer, should I be fortunate enough to get one. Duncan gave him his directions, I gave the groom mine—to be back at six o'clock—after which we started, as we had many and many a day before, on our lonely walk through the forest. We began badly. At the top of "the path," five miles from the stable, we looked the hill, and found two stags very far up among the rocks.

"We'll have to go to the top and come down on them, sir," Duncan said.

"So I feared," I replied. "I believe that infernal hill gets steeper every year."

It was a climb and no mistake, in some places almost dangerous. After getting to the top and making a very long circuit, we began, with a gentle breeze blowing in our faces, to come down slowly and cautiously. I was just beginning to think we were close on them, when, looking at Duncan, I saw he

was in difficulties. His usual decision had deserted him, and he was turning anxiously round in all directions. He had brought me straight as a die to the place, but the deer had moved. We thought we had them well on our right. They were close to us on our left; and while Duncan was looking in rather a bewildered way at where they had been, they were inspecting his curly head, and very much puzzled thereby. I was close behind him, with the rifle in my hand, but they were too quick for us. Having satisfied themselves that our intentions were far from friendly, they turned their heads down hill and were off before I could get the rifle out of its cover.[1]

"Never mind, Duncan," I said; "it's not the first time you and I have been served that trick, but we'll be upsides with them yet. *Tout peut se rétablir*, as the third Napoleon said after the 'set-to' at Saarbruck; we've the best part of the ground in front of us yet."

[1] "And serve you right, too," I hear some one say. "Why didn't you have your rifle ready?" Why? for the following sufficient reasons: We were not, as we imagined, very near the deer, and it is far safer to keep the rifle in its cover till you think you are. It has often to be handed over rocks in all sorts of positions, and dragged along soft ground muzzle first; and a gleam of sun across your barrels will not improve your chance of getting near a stag—take my word for it—any more than will a quarter of a pound of peat in the muzzle your chance of killing him when you are near.

Duncan is not a French scholar, but the latter part of my remark he did understand, and shouldering the rifle, he made off down the hill at his best pace. After half an hour's work, we came to a very likely place,—a beautiful glen, with high hills on either side, down the middle of which ran the river, being the march between ourselves and the forest of G——. Having got to a convenient place, with great confidence we turned our glasses on the hillside. Not one solitary beast, stag or hind, could we discover.

"The game's up now," I said, morosely; "there's nothing for it but home."

Duncan, not having any consolation to offer, prudently held his tongue.

"They must be somewhere," I remarked, after a pause; "if they're not on this side, they're bound to be on the other."

"Very likely, sir," replied Duncan, as he turned his glass on the opposite side.

Yes, there they were, three good stags, quite visible to the naked eye about half a mile down the river, and, what made it more provoking, only about two hundred yards over our march.

"Perhaps they'll cross?" I eagerly asked.

"I'm afraid not, sir," was the reply.

However, we had something to look at now, and all ideas of home were promptly abandoned. Lighting our pipes, we lay down comfortably among the heather. An hour went past, and yet another; the

"Bristol bird's-eye" was getting low. I'll wait till four, I said to myself, and then I'll try it. With the arrival of that hour I reached out my hand for the rifle.

"As there's no sport to be had, Duncan," I said, "I think I'll have some practice. I wonder if I could hit that rock there," indicating one a good five hundred yards across the river.

"You would never fire the rifle off, sir," said Duncan, taking the pipe out of his mouth, horror-struck at the idea.

"That's exactly the operation I mean to go through," I replied, extracting the implement in question from its cover. Duncan watched my movements intently, and at last a gleam of intelligence came over his good-natured countenance. With his head and shoulders against the rock behind him, and his glass stretched out over his knees, he looked up as if to say "I'm ready." Taking aim at the rock, I fired. Whether I hit it or not, doesn't much matter. The deer heard the shot, and were off in an instant.

"Well, Duncan?" I said, hurriedly laying down the rifle and taking up my glass.

"They're clean down the river, sir; they're coming our way. No, they're not! Yes, they are! It's all right."

We were now both intently watching them. They ran down parallel with the river, about half a mile, stopped, hesitated, — then turning at right angles,

made straight our way. Just as the leading stag was plunging in to cross to our side, round he turned, and back they all went whence they came. Duncan gave vent to a Gaelic oath. I solaced myself with an English one.

"What turned them, Duncan?"

"A wild duck, sir; the—ahem—female dog rose from under the bank, just as they got to it."

But the deer, thinking the danger was on their side, had determined to cross, and cross they did in another quarter of an hour. Duncan closed his glass as the "great Duke" did on that June afternoon, but the day wasn't won yet. I looked my watch; we hadn't an hour of daylight. Jumping into the bed of the river, the banks of which gave ample cover, we ran down to where the deer had crossed, and looking cautiously over the bank, we saw them not five hundred yards up the hill. In a very few minutes we had reduced that distance to about ninety. The ground was rather bare, and the wind, what little there was, very "catchy." The best stag was broadside on—a beautiful shot; but just as I was getting ready, he turned and faced us. Very grand he looked, with his head in the air, his nostrils giving him, I fancy, just a slight indication of danger.

"No time to lose, sir," whispered Duncan.

Taking a steady aim at his chest, I fired. Round he swung, galloped about thirty yards, fell on his knees, and rolled over stone dead. A fine stag he

was, with a fair head of eight points, and very exultant we were at the way we had got him. There was nothing for it but to leave him out for the night, so after "cleaning" him, covering him over with heather, and tying a pocket-handkerchief to his horns to scare the vermin, we made for the stable.

"I'll tell you what it is, Duncan," I remarked, as we walked along, "that was just a little like poaching."

"Oh no, sir," he replied; "better we should get him than other folk. They're terrible greedy ower the water, and he might have crossed himself to our side—whatever."

"So he might—of course; I hadn't thought of that. But, I say, Duncan, some people want to know far more than is good for them, so we'll just keep this story to ourselves."

Next morning, Friday the 6th, I got to the stable in good time. Duncan jumped up, and we drove on other four miles to the river, where we found a gillie who had been sent on early with a pony. We followed the river up for a couple of miles, till we came to our stag of yesterday. Him we lifted up, laid across the pony, and sent home, after which we started on our travels. We hadn't walked ten minutes till we saw in front of us a very large wild goat, only the second animal of the kind I had ever seen in the forest. I wanted to leave him alone, but Duncan was bent on slaughter.

"He has a splendid head, sir,—he'll look grand

stuffed: we'll run down the brae, get that bit hill between him and us, and we'll have him in ten minutes."

Down the brae we went, and soon got to the bottom of the hill: it was only a mound, not twenty yards high, on the other side of which "Billy" was feeding. This old gentleman, like most of his genus, was of a suspicious character; and just as I was crawling up one side of the mound, he was walking up the other to have a look at the adjacent country, and see that all was safe. We met face to face on the top, not six yards from one another.

"Shoot him, sir," cried Duncan.

"Not exactly," I said to myself. At that distance I should have blown his head off, or more probably have missed him altogether. No; I let him run down the hill, and as he was making off at his best pace—it wasn't very fast, poor old beggar!—I bowled him over with a shot in the ribs. Duncan was quite delighted, but a little shy of going near him.

"I never cleaned a beast like that in my life, sir," he said. "I suppose he's just like other beasts."

"You'll find him constructed much on the same principles," I replied, seating myself on the windward side at a respectful distance ("quite the same, but with a material difference, as you'll find out presently," I thought); "get to work, and we'll be off."

At the first insertion of the knife Duncan drew back, and shook his head. That goat made him sneeze; but although he had to leave off half-a-dozen

times, he stuck to it like a man, reminding me much of a Skye terrier engaged with a hedgehog, conscious that the job he has on hand is a nasty one, but determined to finish it at whatever personal inconvenience. When the obsequies were over, Billy was stretched out behind a rock, and left "to be called for."

"We have wasted just an hour over that stinking brute," I said, acrimoniously; "do come along."

"He has a fine head, sir," said Duncan again, "but he has a very bad smell."

"Not an uncommon thing with the he-goat," I replied. "You're not particularly sweet yourself now, Duncan; if we get near a deer to-day, I shall be a good deal surprised. Why, *I* could wind you half a mile off."

Duncan took a sniff at his coat-sleeve, which had been in close proximity to the deceased, and looked rather ashamed of himself. Meanwhile we were getting up the hill again, and having reached the top we made straight down the centre of the forest. We walked for the better part of an hour, when Duncan pulled up.

"There were some hinds here, sir, the other day,—we had better have a look." Almost as soon as he put the glass to his eye it stopped steady as a rock. "The hinds are there, sir," he said.

"Anything with them?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said Duncan slowly, and breathing very hard; "there is a stag."

"A good one?"

"He's your own stag, sir," was the reply. "I see the mark on his haunch! Oh, sir, you will be careful?"

(Two years previously, almost to a day, and within a couple of miles of where we stood, we came on a stag, which Duncan unhesitatingly pronounced the finest he had ever seen. I had a bad chance at him, but thought I had wounded him mortally. The result proved, however, that it was only a deep flesh wound. He made his way over the river, and was missed at thirty yards by a sportsman in the forest of G——, who came on him suddenly as he was hobbling along, looking very sorry for himself. Nothing more was heard of him for fully a year, when he returned to his old haunts. I was told he had been seen, and here he was prepared to give me another chance.) I had shot many a good stag "over" "little Duncan," but I never saw him half so excited before. Almost equally eager, I turned my glass on the place. Yes, there was the big stag—there was no mistake about it—not half a mile down the hill from where we stood, and to our intense satisfaction he had only four hinds with him.

"He's in a good place, Duncan."

"Couldn't be better, sir," he replied.

We were standing under a dark perpendicular rock.

Keeping this as a background, we cautiously crept down a short way; then being out of their sight, we got on our feet, and made for them. Easier work couldn't be imagined till we got within about three hundred yards, when caution became the order of the day. Getting on our hands and knees, we insinuated ourselves round the corner of a rock, and began to crawl, in single file, quietly ahead.

"You will stop when I stop, sir?"

"All right, Duncan; no fear."

"All-fours," albeit a favourite mode of progression with those who have dined well, is more conducive to safety than speed, and that hundred and fifty yards took a good deal of time. Then under the lee of some high heather I crept up alongside, and abreast we lay contemplating the scene.

"If I don't get him this time, Duncan," I whispered, "I'll make straight for the Atlantic Ocean, hail a passing steamer, and land myself at New York or the Broomielaw. I don't care a damn which, but I'm not going back to the Lodge." Duncan was always ready with a smile, and he produced one on this occasion as usual, but it was a good deal on one side of his mouth. He had put his cap in his pocket, —a sure sign with him when business was meant,— and the drops of sweat were standing on his forehead.

"Take a pull at the whisky," I said, "and get along."

Duncan took the proffered alcohol, but showed no

symptoms whatever of getting along. Instinctively I felt he was going to "jib."

"We can't get a yard farther, sir," he whispered.

"Now, Duncan," I replied in the same tone, "I never take a shot at a hundred and fifty yards when I can get one at a hundred and ten. You ought to know that by this time. Do you see that stone forward there,"—indicating one quite forty yards off—"that's where I mean to shoot him from; so get along, and I'll follow."

He gave me an appealing look, but I was inexorable, and off he crawled. It *was* rather risky, that last forty yards, but he got to the stone all right, and I was soon by his side. Here was the situation: about seventy yards in front of us was a small ravine, say forty yards across, on the other side of which, and exactly opposite us, the stag was feeding, the hinds being some little distance above him. He didn't disappoint us on a closer inspection. I had never seen anything to compare to him. He had a head of only eight points, but these points—like the plums in the sailor's pudding—weren't "within hail of one another." I've seen "royals" that would have gone comfortably inside his horns. He was making noise for half-a-dozen, roaring continuously; and as he put his head in the air to bellow out his challenge, his horns fell over his arched back, stretching half-way down it—reminding me, as it did vividly, of one of Landseer's glorious pictures. After admir-

ing him for a few minutes I put my hand on the rifle, but at that very moment he turned away from us, "end on." He was not even then a difficult shot, but I determined to make sure, and wait patiently till he was inclined to give me a broadside, or something like it. I had scarcely formed the resolution when he turned up the hill again to look at the hinds, raised his head in the air, and roared his challenge.

"Now, sir," said Duncan in an agonised whisper.

Taking steady aim, I sighted him behind the shoulder, and almost before his roar was finished the big stag fell over as dead as Julius Cæsar. With a yell like a "scalp-hunter," Duncan was upon him, feeling in his pocket for his knife as he ran, and ere I could get up it was in his throat. He was indeed a splendid beast; and as I gazed at him I almost felt as if I should like to end my stalking career with him. Not an hour afterwards Duncan and I were once more on "all-fours," stealing on our prey, and just about as eager as before; but I am anticipating. After cleaning him we came very reluctantly to the conclusion that it was impossible to get him home that day, so we sat down beside him for a bit.

"There's no hurry, Duncan," I said—"we've done a good day's work;" and we talked, and smoked, and "fought the battle o'er again."

"I wouldn't have seen him missed, no, not for ten pounds," said Duncan; and then I found he had been suffering for some weeks from a kind of night-

mare. "I was always feared, sir, that some one else would get him."

"Just a wee drop more, Duncan, and we'll be off;" and taking one fond look at the "muckle hart," we went on our way. We walked perhaps for a couple of miles, when something caught my eye in the rocky ground above us.

"Uncommon like a beast that," I remarked.

Sinking back in the heather, Duncan pulled me down beside him. As soon as I spoke his quick eye had satisfied him I was right. We lay as still as mice,—so far so good. Evidently they had not seen us.

"Get back to that rock, sir, if you can; there's a lot of deer above us."

Back we crept feet foremost, and getting our glasses out, turned them up the hill. "One, two, three, four." We counted nine hinds and a stag,—a really good one, too.

"Why, he's got twice the number of wives the big one had; that's a queer thing, Duncan."

"He's a determined-looking customer that, sir," was the reply, "with a fine strong black horn. I shouldn't wonder if he was a real good fighter; but I wish I was sure we saw all the wives he has got. It's terrible rough ground up there."

We saw this was going to be a more difficult job than the last, but the morning's work had given us confidence.

"Get me up to him, Duncan," I said, "and I'll make cold meat of him, as sure as the Lord made Ribston pippins." At this horticultural simile Duncan grinned.

"Wait just a little, sir; it's best to make sure."

It was curious to watch the stag. No wonder they get thin. He wasn't quiet for two minutes at a time —running first after one hind, then after another, as they showed symptoms of straying. Lying still for ten or fifteen minutes, we satisfied ourselves that the nine hinds in sight were the full strength of his harem; and in as many minutes more I was within sixty yards of him. Like the big stag, he gave me an easy broadside.

"Missed him, by all that's wonderful!" I exclaimed, as I jumped on my feet.

"You have that, sir," said Duncan.

And from the shoulder as I stood I put in the second barrel. That stopped him with a vengeance. Over he rolled like a rabbit; but had I known the position of the first shot, I should never have fired the second, for both bullets were within a foot of one another. It was only the "death run" that carried him on. Before we had cleaned him and "laid him out" it was nearly dark, so we made for the stable at our best pace. Thanking him heartily for the grand sport he had given me, and listening with becoming modesty to a warm eulogium on my shooting, I bade Duncan good night, and in an hour and a half there-

after was seated comfortably at dinner, at peace with all mankind.

Next morning, determined to bring home my deer in daylight, I was early astir. Picking up Duncan at the stable, I was driving quietly down the road to the river, when he laid his hand on my arm.

"Deer above us, sir, quite close; don't stop. Drive on till we get round the corner."

When we got out of sight we jumped off, and not twenty minutes afterwards I was back in the trap, having missed a stag "right and left."

"Did that hind wind us or see us, Duncan?" I inquired.

"She winded us, sir, I'm sure. I was very doubtful of the wind as we were going up the hill."

"Did you see the stag at all? I'm blessed if I did, bar his haunches, and he certainly gave me a very good view of them."

"He wasn't a bad beast at all, sir; he had six or seven points."

"And a hind for every point, Duncan?"

"That's just about what he had, sir."

Driving on other three miles, we left the trap, and taking the ponies with us, made our way up the banks of the river. We were intent only on bringing home our game, when what should we come on but the very same stag I had missed not an hour previously! In-

stead of making into the heart of the forest, he must have run down parallel with the road.

"He's determined to be killed, sir," said Duncan.

"Well, we won't disappoint him," I replied; and killed he was before he was half an hour older. Here we were ten miles from home, with three dead stags disseminated over the forest, and "Billy" yet a mile in front of us, and only two ponies to take home the lot.

"We must leave *him*, sir," said Duncan, indicating with a jerk of his head our odoriferous friend—a proposal to which I readily assented.

We then sat down and matured our plans, and eventually, by aid of the dog-cart and the two ponies, reached home about nine P.M., Duncan deserting the family circle to spend Sunday at the lodge.

"What will the wife say?" I asked.

"Oh, she won't mind, sir," he replied. "And the head, sir"—here he dropped his voice as if talking of a departed relative—"the head, sir, will be off to Inverness early on Monday morning."

He spent most of the Sunday in the larder.

That was a long, hard day's work, and both of us were thoroughly tired; but when we saw our three stags laid out on the grass in front of the larder door—in their death they were not divided; when we saw every one flocking up to the inspection by the light of the midnight oil—or tallow, by the way, I think it was; when we saw the big head turned over

again and again by every inhabitant of the lodge —ladies, gillies, footmen, and all, down to the gardener's boy; when we heard the deep admiration expressed in English and in Gaelic,—then we had our reward.

## II.

One day in October last I was told off to the "home beat" to remain at the lodge, and shoot the "drawing-room window stag." This sounds pleasant and domestic, but the term requires explanation. In the home beat was comprehended a hill rising in front of the lodge to over 3000 feet in height, a favourite resort of deer. All one side, except the "big burn" and a deep corrie over "the shoulder," was visible from the drawing-room windows, hence the term; and by aid of a powerful telescope, fixed on swivels, we could sweep the whole hill, and make up our minds how to approach the deer, should any be in sight, before ever leaving the lodge-door. That morning, without much difficulty, we made out a fair stag with some hinds lying half-way up the hill; but although four other glasses besides the big telescope were brought into requisition, we failed to discover anything else.

"He's good enough for me, Donald," I said—"we'll be off;" and accompanied by Donald and other two men, off I went.

The wind could not possibly have been worse, but by making a wide circuit to our right, going to the very top of the hill, and coming down some hundreds of yards beyond where the deer lay, we were confident we should be too many for them. We left the lodge about half-past eight in a sweltering hot morning, and in an hour and a half thereafter we were on the top of the hill shivering in two or three inches of snow. Several times on the way up we halted and spied the hill most carefully ; but it was evident—so we concluded—that the deer we were stalking were the sole representatives of their species in the neighbourhood. Crawling gently over the sky-line we began to descend the hill in single file. We hadn't gone far till, to our intense surprise, we saw the stag with his hinds coming into view from behind a dark ledge of rocks far away to our right.

"What has moved them, Donald?" I asked.

"I cannot make out, sir," was the reply.

We did not wish to disturb the ground they were making for, so we determined to give it up. We looked the "big burn" carefully on our way back, but discovered nothing, and got home again, very much disgusted, about three o'clock. Entering the drawing-room, I found "the lady of the forest" engaged in the study of the 'Morning Post.'

Looking up from her paper, she remarked, "Well, you've made a pretty mess of it,"—a pleasant greeting to the baffled deer-stalker.

"Might I ask how?" I replied, bringing myself to anchor in an easy-chair.

"You went too near the deer—that's all; and they winded you."

"Pardon me, madam," I rejoined, acrimoniously; "they did not."

"Why, I saw them bolt," she said. "When you disappeared over 'the shoulder,' I kept my eye on the deer (through the telescope, of course), and not five minutes afterwards up jumped the big stag."

"The what?" I said, imitating the animal in question and jumping on my legs.

"The big stag," she continued, "and the one below him, looked in your direction, and were off; then the deer lower down bolted too."

Now, as the reader has no doubt ere this discovered, we hadn't an idea that those two stags were there at all. They were not visible from the lodge when we started, nor from any point of the route we took to reach the top of the hill. They winded us without doubt, although we could not have been within three-quarters of a mile of them.[1] The other deer, I am confident, did not wind us; but seeing the stags above startled, the hint was quite sufficient,

[1] MacRae puts a mile as about the limit of a deer's scenting power; but, as he says, a great deal depends on the nature of the ground, and how the wind is blowing. If steadily and strongly, with nothing to interrupt its passage, you would not, I am sure, be safe at that distance.

and *sauve qui peut* was the order of the day with them also. Unless a lovely blue eye at the end of a telescope had been watching the proceedings, we should never have known from that day to this what had happened. How tame those deer are, and how easy of approach, the reader may judge for himself.

Had "Scotus" written against deer "driving,"—more particularly as practised by one man in the Highlands, who has made for himself a most unenviable reputation,—I should have endorsed every word he wrote; but that sport—if sport it is—is as much to be compared to deer-stalking as "bobbing" for eels at Lea Bridge to fishing for salmon in "Sprouston Dub."

Reluctantly I take leave of this elegant writer of fiction, and turn for a moment to the columns of the 'Spectator.' In August last a contributor—suppose we call him "Spectator"—writing of the Highlands, delivers himself as follows: "No fence or boundary meets the eye, and the unaccustomed tourist, thinking no wrong, joyfully starts to climb a hill and enjoy a larger prospect, when suddenly, like the followers of Roderick Dhu, a gamekeeper starts up with the unwelcome information—No road this way; this hill is preserved. Formerly, the unenclosed hillsides were open to every comer, and no damage was done; *in fact, it was not possible to do any damage to mere stone or heather.* (The italics are my own.) Quite right, "Spectator;" your conclusion is logical; and,

as far as stone and heather are concerned, you would, by walking across the hillsides, do about as much damage as the boot of the "masher" out for a stroll does to the pavement of Piccadilly. There are many hillsides I am acquainted with across which you might march the 88th Regiment of Foot—now the "14th Battalion, 13th Brigade, South-Western Irish, Teck's Own Territorial" (Ballinasloe Bounders)[1]—and no one would ever discover they'd been there, barring they left a few empty whisky-bottles on the road—not an improbable contingency. The selfishness and narrow-mindedness of sportsmen in preventing tourists and others from crossing their forests—on which, presumably, "Spectator" is descanting—has been written of *ad nauseam* for the last twenty years; and here we have a gentleman contributing an article on the subject to a presumably widely read weekly paper, the editor of which appears satisfied therewith, or it would have found its way to the waste-paper basket, and he absolutely does not know what the argument all these long years has been about. An evening paper made its appearance some time ago,

[1] The simplicity of such a title must recommend itself to every one. We are credibly informed that there is not now a colonel in the service who could not, if requested to do so, give the correct designation of his regiment without a moment's hesitation—a marvellous improvement on olden times, when no one ever knew the difference between the 41st and 42d, and when we always mixed up the 71st with the 74th.

purporting to be written "by gentlemen for gentlemen." Most papers are written by a class for a class —the 'Morningside Mirror,'[1] for example; and on the hypothesis that the production of "Spectator" is by an imbecile for imbeciles, it is quite comprehensible, but on no other, for greater trash printer's devil never put together. If you walk across a forest, my dear "Spectator," you won't, as you very sagaciously observe, hurt the stones or heather—who out of Hanwell ever said you would?—but you will frighten the deer off the place; they will see you or smell you—you or any one else, I mean—a tourist by any other name would smell as strong,—not only that, but they won't cross your track for hours together. You stop them as effectually as if you built a stone wall. "Gross exaggeration." Oh no, it isn't. I've proved it time after time. I've seen a stag so terrified by a track that, rather than cross it, he preferred coming back to where a shot had been fired not twenty minutes before; and he came back once too often too.

Some years ago, the box-seat of a coach running

[1] Morningside is one of the suburbs of Edinburgh, where a pleasant retreat, similar to that at Colney Hatch, is situated. It is here that the Modern Athenians, who, from putting too much water to their whisky, or from some other reason to the author unknown, have gone wrong in the head, are taken care of. A small magazine, ycleped the 'Mirror,' is written and published by the inmates.

on a well-known Highland route was occupied by a gentleman tourist and his wife.

"What is the vast extent of barren waste lying on either side, coachman?" asked the lady of the driver, an old ex-gillie.

"That, mem, is his lordship's deer-forest."

"What lord, coachman?"

Old Donald, after driving fifty yards in silence, jerked out in a "I-thought-every-one-knew-that,-anyway" sort of tone, "Breadalbane!"

"But, coachman, there are no trees."

"A forest, mem, is a place where there is no trees," was the reply.

Not so laid down in "Walker" or "Johnson," but true, nevertheless. The remains of trees are there; the trees themselves are conspicuous by their absence.

Lady, after a consultation with her consort, "But —er—ah—coachman, there are no deer. We don't see *any* deer, coachman."

"The deer may be there, mem, though you do not see the deer."

Old Donald having mystified his hearers very considerably, and finished the flask handed to him in a moment of weakness, became pleasantly communicative.

"It was just here, mem," he observed, "that she was upset last year, at the corner forrit there. It was that horse on the near side, mem, that fell doun

—(whack!)—he's a nesty prute—(whack! whack!) There was a gentleman, he wad com frae aboot London, he had his leg proken, mem; and me and Mr M'Spinach,[1] that's him o' the inn, we wad carry him up and doun the stairs thegither. He wad lie for aboot fower months, mem; he was a nice gentleman whatever."

That was a thoroughly enjoyable drive, and the scenery was much appreciated.

"The deer may be there, mem, though you do not see the deer."

And this is my contention. At that time of the year when tourists most do congregate in the Highlands—say, from August first to September twentieth, they—the deer, not the tourists—frequent the tops of the hills, and are quite invisible to inexperienced eyes, and generally to experienced ones too without a glass. Say that the "unaccustomed tourist," with a few friends, starts to climb a hill, the deer may be retreating before them, and they may be in total ignorance of the fact. On that day when I went out after the "drawing-room window stag," two deer retreated before us, and two dozen might have done the same. Yet there were four of us, each with a glass over his shoulder, going out with the sole object of looking for them, and carefully spying the ground as we advanced. "We assured him we had seen no

[1] The clan M'Spinach (tartan, dark green, with yolk-of-egg yellow stripes) is now extinct.

deer," writes another indignant Briton. Conclusive, certainly!

The Highlands, and the condition of their inhabitants, are now engrossing public attention. The whole question requires a very much abler head than I have on my shoulders—or, I am bold enough to say, than "Spectator" has on his—to solve. Whether Highland proprietors are acting wisely or properly in "foresting," to the extent they are doing, I am unable to determine; but as long as forests are to let, and the laws of the land remain as they are, I fail to see why "Spectator" has any more right to enter my forest in the north, than I should have to enter his coverts in the south; or any more right to drive the deer off my ground, than I should have to drive the pheasants off his. But to follow him still further, "liberty to stroll through the forests, to climb the mountains, freedom to roam over barren moors without being checked and bullied by the underlings of the shooting tenant, will give contentment." This is very beautiful; but until those halcyon days arrive, I recommend "Spectator" to stick to the roads, and tempt the fates no more. He may get some rough handling from the underlings he writes of, and his "16s. trousers" torn—possibly in an unromantic spot,—I am not writing of the scenery,—or the unmentionables in question may take leave of him altogether. He may find himself converted into a ready-made Highlander, cut

off from his "'appy home at Maidar 'ill or 'ighbury," and stuck up at the snuff-shop door—a warning to all ignorant tourists of advanced principles.

But we have wasted too much time over these gentlemen. Let us travel up to Ross-shire again, and do a little business together in a sportsmanlike way. Come on, "Scotus," and "Spectator"; step out and see the fun; leave your venom and ignorance behind. Highland gillies are grand weight-carriers, but a camel himself would shy at such a cargo.

My first day's stalking last year was in the beautiful forest of——, not far from where they riot of a Sunday. I knew nothing of the ground, and nothing of the men who were with me—the head forester and a young gillie, named respectively Murdoch and John. It was my first appearance in that part of Ross-shire. We had a long tiring walk before seeing anything, then we came on a good stag; but, to my disgust, I was told he was over the march. "He seems a real good beast that, Murdoch," I remarked; "I should like to see more of him;" and forthwith, getting hold of a large stone, I sent it rolling down the hill. We rolled down stone after stone—some of them started by young John being of tremendous dimensions; but beyond raising his head now and then, the stag took no notice whatever. This is not so surprising as at first sight it may seem. Rocks are constantly rolling down the hillsides, especially

in winter after a hard frost, and the deer get quite accustomed to the noise, and evidently regard it as nothing unusual. We altered the face of nature very considerably. You would have thought there had been a second edition of the recent commotion in Java; but it was all of no use, so we decided on sending John round to give the stag his wind, trusting that when started he might eventually come our way. Deer, if they catch a glimpse of you, or of anything they don't understand, invariably stop and look, perhaps for a couple of minutes—it may be much longer—till they reassure themselves, or till they decide there is danger. When they wind you they scarcely pause one second,—they know their enemy is there, and they are off like a shot. This deer was no exception to the rule. As soon as John crossed him he went with a will, and went the wrong way too; so with a faint curse I turned my head homewards, or rather after the men, for in what direction homewards lay, I knew not. Seeing, as I though, that sport was pretty well over for the day, as soon as I descried "the shepherd's house" in the distance, I forged gradually ahead, and was beating "record time," I fancy, over that part of the hill, when I was pulled up by a "Hist!" in rear,—a sound somewhat similar to that affected by "Knights of the Napkin" when they wish suddenly to arrest the career of a professional friend with the mustard-pot. When one has passed season after season in

the forest, one gets tolerably "'cute" at seeing or hearing signals. Down I dropped in the heather, with my head twisted over my shoulder in the attitude of a well-broken pointer, when he suddenly finds himself on the very top of birds where he least expects them. Both men had dropped also close together, and were now directing my attention to a deer—stag or hind, I couldn't make out which with the naked eye—far away down below us, feeding by the burn. Carefully retreating two or three hundred yards, we turned our glasses down the hill. Three stags and ten hinds met our view. Still retreating some six or eight hundred yards to get the wind right, at last we turned and made for the prey. Before we had progressed very far—"Ye had better be getting her ready," I heard Murdoch whisper to John.

"Keep the rifle in the cover," I said; "we're not within three hundred yards of the deer."

A short way farther on there was another whispering and another fumbling with the cover. Again I put the veto on their operations. At length, after some careful crawling, we got within easy shot. All three stags were together not eighty yards off, down rather a steep hill-face. Crawling forward with Murdoch I took a look at them. Shivering with excitement, he handed me the rifle.

"Shoot, if you please, sir," he whispered.

"If I put the rifle over that rock, the stag—the

best one, at which I meant to fire first—will see it instantly," I said.

"If you please, shoot, sir," was the reply.

"A nice sort of a cove you are," I said to myself, "to keep an elderly gentleman, tottering on the verge of two score years and ten, cool under trying circumstances,—a lot of Boers you would hit if they were coming up the hill in front of us;" and totally disregarding the rifle, I crept forward again leisurely to make up my mind which stag I should take next, in the event of my killing the first. Having decided, and seeing there was no other rock available for a good rest but the one in front of me,[1] I took up the rifle, and cautiously pushing the barrel over the rock, prepared to take aim. Instantly up jumped a hind; but I was too quick for the stag, for I shot him dead before he could get on his legs. Turning my attention to the next, I rolled him over as he was making off at his best pace. Good stags they were both, of sixteen and fifteen stone respectively.

Now I claim this to be an instructive anecdote. Had I allowed myself to be bothered and bustled by Murdoch—head man in a well-known forest too, forsooth—these deer would probably be feeding in that forest at the present moment. If you can only reach the stage at which I have arrived (my trumpeter, never a robust man, and whose office for many years

[1] No one who knows anything of gunnery would rest the rifle actually on the rock.

back had been almost a sinecure, succumbed to the severe winter of 1879-80, since which time I have had to do the work myself)—if you can only reach the stage of having a quiet talk over the deer, making up your mind how you will shoot them, and never taking the rifle in your hand until you have made up your mind, you ought to kill about nineteen out of every twenty you fire at. It is very difficult—in a forest where you find yourself for the first or second season, almost impossible—to stalk deer yourself. Let the men do their part of the work—and most admirably they do it—take you up to the quarry; but as soon as you are there—if you have any confidence in yourself—take the "head of the column." My experiences may be peculiar, but I have never yet met but one "common man" who could keep absolutely cool in presence of a good stag—they all take "the shakes"; nothing is so catching, except the measles, as nervousness. A sudden panic comes on. "He'll be off, sir!"—the rifle is thrust into your hand, and the only chance you may have during the day most effectually spoilt. I say the only chance advisedly.

"The Hon. A. B. went into the forest and killed five stags." Such is the sort of announcement one occasionally meets with in the columns of 'The Field'; and a very pleasant and entertaining day the honourable gentleman must have had. Now we don't do that sort of thing where I learned to stalk. "Have

you got him?" is the inquiry of your anxious friends as you deliver yourself, cold, wet, and weary, and late for dinner, at the lodge-door. You reply in the affirmative, and the news is instantly in the dining-room. If you can only add, "and another good one also," the excitement is intense. Instantly "the wires are set in motion"—I mean they are removed from the necks of the bottles; pop! pop! go the corks, and "harmony, conviviality, and good-fellowship," as in the old days at Jemmy Shaw's "reign supreme."

A celebrated physician was once on a time troubled with a lady patient who was inordinately fond of cucumber. She ate cucumber by day and cucumber by night—made a regular cucumber-frame of herself—till a constitution, originally vigorous, began to be seriously impaired. The doctor tried entreaties, then threats—it was all of no use. At last an original idea struck him. "If you will only follow my receipt for the preparation of your favourite vegetable—or fruit, is it?" he said to the lady, "you may use as much as ever you like." "If you think it would be better for me," said the patient; and this is the receipt he gave her: "Cut the cucumber into thin slices, pour some vinegar over it—not too much; put it before the fire till the slices are thoroughly heated through, then open the window and—throw it into the area." Now this is not a desperately funny story—I admit that—and I don't think I laughed over it

quite as much perhaps as I ought to have done; moreover, it is not particularly new, for, if I mistake not, you will find it among the writings of Joe Miller; but it has given me an idea. Say that I was teaching a young hand to stalk, here's the advice I should give him.

Before starting in the morning, look your rifle very carefully over. Don't trust this to any one else. See that it has been properly cleaned, and that the breech-action is right; then put it in its cover, and—leave it at home. Go out at first with your glass alone, in company with a good man. Try how near you can get to the deer; lie and watch them, and study their habits. Deer, when feeding, will often raise their heads suddenly, and look, it may be quite accidentally, in your direction. Watch them steadily, which you'll be able to do if you have left your rifle at home, and in another minute or two you'll probably see them begin to feed again. Follow them up all day; try to stalk them in sight—not such a difficult thing as many people imagine. If you are dressed properly, and always keep a background of rock or heather, you'll be surprised to find what you can do. By following such tactics for a while, you will shoot like a sportsman when the time comes, and very many fewer noble beasts will be left to hobble about on three legs in the forests of Scotland, or to linger out a miserable existence behind some ledge of rock whither they have crept, sorely stricken, to die.

And now, whilst I've been giving all this good advice, "little Duncan" has been waiting impatiently at "the stable." Pacing up and down in front of the door, every now and then he raises his glass, and takes an anxious look down the road.

"They're terrible late this morning," he mutters; for Duncan had been up at daybreak and already knew *where they were.*

The day seemed further advanced to him than to me, for I was punctual almost to a minute. About half-past eight I jumped out of the trap.

"Well, Duncan," I asked, "any chance to-day?"

"There is a good chance, sir," he said, quietly.

I saw he was not disposed to lose any time; so, giving him the rifle, I put my sandwich and cartridge case in my pocket, and taking my stick, we were off in a couple of minutes. I was sure by his manner he had something definite in view; and going up the hill, he gave me the information I knew would be forthcoming before we had gone far.

"I have seen some deer this morning, sir," he said, "near the march; we will not lose much time." And spying the ground in front and on either side, to see that we were leaving nothing behind or driving anything before us to take those we knew of off our dominions, we made for "the river" as rapidly as possible.

"Could you see what the deer were like, Duncan?" I asked, presently.

"No, sir, I could not; it was too early in the morning. But there were a good many hinds, and two stags with them."

I knew exactly from his description where they were; and after a walk of four miles, we stopped, by mutual consent, at the top of the brae leading down to the river. One deer only was visible from where we stood, and his head was not in sight; but the instant I got the glass on him—"If that's not a good stag," I said to myself, "I never saw one." Moving carefully down the hill we brought his head into view.

"He's the very stag, sir!" said Duncan.

"What stag?" I asked, eagerly.

"The one I was telling you about, sir, that Mr C—— and I saw a fortnight since; there's not another like him in the forest!"

Little did I then imagine the day's work this gentleman was going to give us; as little did I imagine the bad counsel and bad temper I was going to have a specimen of. Yes; I'll show you up, Duncan. A worse counsellor, or a sulkier little beggar than you were that day, it has never been my misfortune to meet. But to proceed. We soon made out, as we thought, all the deer he had seen in the morning—six hinds and another stag,—a very good beast too. They were restless and suspicious—why, we could not discover; but by careful generalship we very soon got, say, to within 130 yards of

the big stag. He was standing behind a low rock looking straight in our direction, and I could only see his head and a bit of his chest. To my surprise, Duncan handed me the rifle.

"I'll miss him to a moral certainty," I whispered.

"No fear, sir," was the reply; "you've killed many a worse chance than that."

"Never take a very difficult chance as long as you have some hours of daylight to come and go on."[1]

Here was an opportunity again of putting my theory into practice. "I won't fire at him," I said, decisively. Taking the rifle in his hand, without a word, Duncan began to creep forward. I followed. We hadn't gone ten yards till a hind—there were seven, unfortunately, instead of six—caught sight of us and ran down the hill.

"The hind has seen you, sir," said Duncan in a most unchristian-like tone of voice.

"Possibly," I said, "after she saw you."

Duncan hadn't the slightest idea the hind was there any more than I had. The stag didn't quite know what had happened (there were large rocks all over the ground). I am not sure that he saw the hind at all; but he saw or heard something, and began to move off slowly, constantly looking back in our direction. Presently he stopped full broadside on. "Now, sir," said Duncan, again handing me

[1] Those words of wisdom I spoke in my first Reminiscences —see *ante*, p. 114.

the rifle. Again I refused to fire. I am confident I could have hit him even at that distance, a very long 200 yards I should have called it; but that wasn't the "pint," as Mr Biggar says,—the "pint" was this: Was I likely to kill him? I thought the chances much against such a result.

"He won't stop short of 'The Sanctuary' now," (about five miles off,) said Duncan, looking as black as thunder.

"He'll not go a quarter of a mile," I replied; and I was right. In a very few minutes we were up to them again—to the two stags and six hinds; the other hind did not reappear on the scene. Scarcely startled at all, they were preparing to lie down, which they did while we were looking at them. I was desperately eager to shoot the stag straight off, make a pulpit of his carcass, and preach a sermon to Duncan on the art of killing red-deer in the Highlands of Scotland; but it was not to be yet awhile. It was the 29th of September, a very cold day, with a bitter north wind, and now about half-past eleven o'clock. The deer were quite unapproachable where they were; so imitating their example, we lay down together. Twelve o'clock came, and one—two, three, and four—and we were still in our respective positions. It was awfully cold work, but Duncan's bad temper had left him,—that was one comfort. We lay close together, every now and again taking a longing look at the big head just

visible above the heather about three hundred yards off, discussed her Majesty's Ministers, individually and collectively,—we soon disposed of that lot,—and then took to the old familiar theme—"stag talk," which we stuck to for the remainder of the day. "D'ye mind the ten-pointer in '79, Duncan?" I asked. Duncan laughed. (That gentleman we came on about 9 A.M. on the last day of the season, the 10th of October. He had seventeen hinds with him; and after trying twice, without success, to get near him—at ten o'clock and about two—I shot him at 5 P.M. After missing him right and left, I rammed in another cartridge, and rolled him over stone-dead, just as he was disappearing from view. A very close shave indeed.) About five o'clock things began to look better. Up got the hinds and stretched themselves. "We'll get a chance soon now," said Duncan, as we rose with difficulty, chilled and stiff from our long lie; but our troubles weren't over yet. Led by a frolicsome old virgin, they began to move away at a great pace, cantering up the steep ledges of rock, stopping, then cantering on again (I never saw deer undisturbed go so fast), followed reluctantly by the stags a hundred yards behind, Duncan and I, dodging in and out among the rocks, and bringing up the rear. They all halted on the sky-line in front of us. Magnificent the big stag looked in such a position! "We'll find them in the corrie, sir," said Duncan, as they disappeared from

view. But no; when we got there they were nowhere to be seen. We made several short casts to no effect.

"All is lost but honour," I said to myself. "And the question is, whether that hasn't gone too."

This story will improve in the telling, I thought, and I began to fear I had immortalised myself in a very undesirable fashion.

Duncan was fairly puzzled. "They can't have turned and gone down the hill," he said, bringing his glass to bear as a last resource on a little gully half a mile below, to our left rear.

Closing it almost as soon as it reached his eye, he seized the rifle. "Come on, sir," he said, "we'll have him yet!"

This time, as before, the big stag was the only one of them in sight; had he gone twenty yards further we could not have seen him. It was a wonderful piece of luck, more especially as it was now nearly six o'clock.

The sides of this little gully were very steep, almost perpendicular, but I knew we could get close up to him; and as we went along I made up my mind how I should shoot him. It would be impossible to get a rest for the rifle, I saw—no opportunity for a talk over him this time—nothing but a quick shot from the shoulder will serve. Taking the rifle from Duncan when we got near, I saw to the stops, then motioning him to creep forward and ascertain exactly where the stag was, I stood ready

for action. Putting his cap in his pocket as usual,[1] Duncan crawled along very cautiously; inch by inch he pushed his head over the rock, then almost immediately shrinking backwards, I knew at once that the stag was just below him. Imitating his movements, I crawled forward till I got beside him, when, giving up his place to me, he drew back a few yards. Holding the rifle ready, I rose to my feet on the edge of the cliff. The stag was not forty yards off, feeding, with his head down-hill. Instantly catching sight of me, he turned it over his shoulder. What a head it was! Scarcely inferior to *the* stag of last year. An earnest look he gave me, but he hadn't much time to satisfy his curiosity—in went a bullet behind his ribs, crashing right down through him, and at ten minutes past six I was master of the field. *Never trust a stag that falls suddenly to the shot;* and not knowing then where the bullet had entered, I kept my eye on him for a few seconds till Duncan's cheery voice, "He's all right, sir," showed me the precaution was unnecessary.

Thus ended in a very satisfactory manner a very trying day.

That night I was called upon for a full, true, and particular account of the events of the day. When I was about the middle of the narrative——

[1] Not a prudent thing to do. No *chevelure*, unless of a very peculiar hue, can be half as good a colour to raise over a rock or a sky-line as a neutral-tinted cap.

"You should have fired at him when first you saw him. I should have done so most certainly," spluttered a youth of four-and-twenty summers through a mouthful of filberts.

"Really, my lad," I replied; "now that's exactly the course I believe you would have adopted."

Not knowing exactly whether this was intended to be complimentary or the reverse, the youth held his tongue, and I was allowed to finish my story. I thought perhaps his powerful brain was at rest, but such was not the case: he was cogitating deeply.

"But," he suddenly ejaculated again, after a considerable interval, "if you had killed that stag at eleven, you might have got another afterwards."

Seeing the quarter whence it emanated, and that it was filtered through a couple of pounds of nuts, six or eight apples, and a water-melon, the remark showed a considerable amount of intelligence; but whether or not I was right in refusing to fire when I had little or no hope of "bringing off" the shot,—in again holding my hand, when a wounded stag and a long stern-chase—Duncan first "and the rest nowhere"—would, I anticipated, be the result (try that once or twice, gentle reader, and tell me how you like it),—in judging for myself when I felt assured bad advice was being given me—in waiting patiently, hour after hour—in following up the stag and killing him in what I claim to have been a sportsmanlike manner,—I leave to my readers to determine.

Next morning the youth above mentioned, full of confidence and cold grouse, marmalade and "mild York," started about 8.30 A.M. to slaughter the red-deer in the forest. About 8.30 P.M. he returned a sadder, and, let us hope, a wiser youth.

"You didn't get a shot, then?" I asked, sympathetically.

"Oh yes, I did," the youth replied; "but, just like my d—d luck, the brute bolted behind a rock as I was firing, and I missed him."

"How very unfortunate!" I said. "And you saw nothing else?" I asked, pursuing my inquiries.

"Yes, I had another shot," was the reply; "but, just like my d—d luck, it was in the dark—couldn't see the sights on my rifle, and of course I missed him."

"Of course," I chorussed, more sympathetically than before.

"We watched the brute for a long while afterwards," continued the youth. "He went like the very devil at first; then we saw him stop in the corrie; but, just like my d—d luck, he went on again."

The lights and shadows on the Scottish hills have often been depicted. What would a landscape-painter have given for such a scene! the stag almost invisible to the naked eye, yet seen distinctly through the glass more than a mile off. You think the youth exaggerated, or made some mistake in the time? I

am very glad indeed to be able to give you a satisfactory explanation. We have all of us heard of animals wonderfully fleet of foot, especially on the other side of the Atlantic, doing a distance in "less than no time." This stag went, as we have been informed, "like the very devil." He left the youth's company at six, and he got to the corrie at half-past five.

"Never trust a stag that falls suddenly to the shot." Remember that, if you take my advice; and thereby hangs a tale. There was a man at the lodge who answered to the name of "old John." John had a lean head, well set on, as they say of a colt by Stockwell, and excellent legs (none of your fatted calves—they're no good), like most colts by such a sire. He wasn't within ten years of the age he looked; and between you and me, there were few better men about the place. He seldom got out on "the hill"—much to his disgust, for he was very keen—his duties consisting in attending on the children when they went fishing, helping in the deer larder, finishing the fag-ends of the bottles as they came out of the dining-room, and making himself generally useful. He was fond of snuff and stimulants; for the "Blue-Ribbon Army" he had a sincere and sovereign contempt; and our ideas coinciding—except the snuff—we used to be as happy when we got out together as if we'd been at Rosherville; and if we didn't kill anything else, we always killed the day to our mutual satisfaction.

One year, when I arrived from the south, every one was out fishing, grouse-shooting, or deer-stalking; but a message was left for me, saying, if I cared about it, I might take "old John" and go out on Ben S——. I didn't feel up to much that morning, having been travelling all night with a convivial sportsman, whom I picked up at Perth. Still I got ready with alacrity, and so did John. (A more perfect specimen of the "travelling companion" than that was, it has never been my good fortune to meet. He had with him a plentiful supply of the cup which cheers but doth not inebriate — I allude to the "Perrier Jouet Sec"—and the way that journey slipped by was quite wonderful. Blair Atholl, Kingussie, and Aviemore were left behind in rapid succession. We sailed past the Boat of Garten, and found ourselves on the platform at Inverness before we knew where we were. Then the parting came. Both were "visibly affected." "You'll look me up, old chap," I said, as I wrung his hand, "when you come my way?" "You may rely upon my doing so," he said with a gentle hiccup; and "he went on his way, and I saw him no more:" but never having told him, as it occurred to me afterwards, where "my way" was, he has not yet made his appearance. Should these lines meet his eye, let him know he is still remembered with affection—though "lost to sight," he is indeed "to memory dear.") The way you and I, indulgent reader, hop from parenthesis to

parenthesis, reminds one of the gyrations of a jack-snipe in a peat-hag. (What a wonderful little bird is that small *Scolopax gallinula*, or jack-snipe! If you're fortunate enough to miss him once or twice in the morning, he'll afford you a very fair day's sport.) (Another parenthesis, by Jupiter!) (and that's another!) Period.

As far as I recollect, when we got off the line—or on to it, rather—"old John" and I were just starting on our little holiday together. As we were walking down to "the loch,"—"Is there any chance to-day, John, do you think?" I inquired.

"Well, sir," said John, very slowly, "there might be a chance, or there might not,"—a answer which would do credit to a Cabinet Minister at an international crisis. It didn't give me much information, but I saw from the way he was stepping out, that he was pretty confident. Reaching the loch, we jumped into the boat and pulled across, then after a stiff walk of four miles up "the burn," we commenced business. In half an hour's time I had killed a stag: knocking him over with the right barrel, I finished him with the left. He was a wretched, rubbishy, "rotten-topped" brute, barely twelve stone weight; but as he was the first of the season—"the first pale primrose of the coming spring"—I was very glad to get him. John was perfectly delighted. Throwing off his coat, and turning up his sleeves, he "gralloched" him in an incredibly short space of time; then resuming his

tattered garment, he swallowed at one gulp a large dose of alcohol, which I prescribed, and with a "pech" of satisfaction eagerly inquired—

"What time would it be, sir, if you please?"

"It's not three o'clock yet, John," I replied.

"We'll have another whatever," he said; and shouldering the rifle, he stepped out with all the elasticity of youth.

It did not look like it for a while; but at last, about six o'clock, John, who was twenty yards in advance—I was getting pretty well done—suddenly drew back, then lying down on his face, he peered cautiously into the depths below. He lay perfectly still till I got up to him, then rising, he shook the snuff-drops from his mane,—I'm getting poetical—but nose is the word I wanted,—and gracefully wiping the member in question with the back of his hand, he quietly drew the rifle from its cover.

"He's a good beast," he whispered, with a chuckle.

Crawling quietly forward, I looked over. There, about eighty or ninety yards below, in a pretty little grassy basin, lay a stag. Glancing over my shoulder at John with a reassuring smile, I put the rifle over a rock in front, took a steady aim, and missed the beast as clean as a whistle! Up he jumped, much surprised at the noise, when in went the second barrel, slap into the middle of his back, and down he fell.

"What a shot!" said John. "Splendid!—two

stags in one day! What a shot!" and seating himself on the rock, he pulled his flask from his pocket —an old medicine-bottle, holding about an imperial pint—and extracting the cork, he "elevated his elbow" with quickness and dexterity. The vessel was empty, as he well knew, but the hint was sufficient, and I handed him mine. "What a shot!" he repeated. "Splendid! If it wasn't that late we'd have anither—splendid! He's very near a royal stag." The brute wasn't much better than the first, and had only six points; but the day was far advanced, and twice six, as most of us know, make twelve.

Meanwhile, like a couple of idiots—I beg your pardon, John—we had taken no pains whatever to keep out of sight. The stag, poor beast, began to drag himself along the ground, like a wounded hare, his hind legs being quite paralysed. I stretched out my hand for the rifle. "Don't spoil him, sir," said John. (Oh, John, John!) He then came to a perpendicular rock six or eight feet high, down which he fell, and lay at the bottom with his legs in the air, like a sheep. When next I turned my eyes on him he was going round the corner at a very fair trot, and we never saw him from that day to this![1] I am sorry to conclude with such a tale of imbecility.

On reading over what I have written, I find I have

[1] He was found afterwards quite dead fully three miles from the place I shot him.

used the word "tourist," it may be thought by some in a disparaging sense, and I may have given offence when I certainly did not mean it. If so, I am heartily sorry. I have heard, I am ashamed to say, men who ought to know better sum up the whole class much as "Scotus" summed up deer-stalkers—as "d—d snobs of tourists"—a piece of silly unmannerly impertinence, redounding only on the utterer thereof. Year after year I meet many tourists in the north in search of health and relaxation. May they get what they go to seek! Keen fishermen, keen naturalists, men of education, and good fellows, they would be equally keen with the gun and the rifle did their time and circumstances admit of it. Such are not the men who insist on trespassing and spoiling the sport of others. They would no more think of doing so than they would of posting you an ounce of dynamite, cutting your cow's tail off, or—writing to the 'Scotsman.' It is your Billious Birmingham Beauty, under whatever *nom de plume* he may choose to write, who does so. Cock of the walk at home, where he spends eleven months in the year sanding his sugar and overworking his operatives, he finds himself nobody in the Highlands. Starting some fine morning on the "I'll go where I please" theory—selfishly indifferent whether he spoils the sport of better men than himself, ay, and harder-working ones too—he gets bundled "neck and crop" out of the forest, and vows vengeance. He'll "show up the

whole infamous system," not having the remotest idea what the "system" is, or in what its "infamy" consists.

Gentlemen of this type, whose whole lives bear testimony to the fact that they live but for others, without one solitary thought of personal aggrandisement, would—were the North of Scotland handed over to them—soon cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, as they have done, or are doing. Here's the programme: Exterminate the deer and grouse; then stock plentifully with sheep—or rather, first of all, give every one a vote—that's the thing "to make you happy"; then stock with sheep—Leicesters for choice. How fat they would get in the Ross-shire corries! The rest is easy. As the population increases—which it is sure to do where mutton is cheap—establish board schools, and—there you are! What a bright future is before us! Instead of the "abomination of desolation" which now everywhere meets the eye, a country densely populated with a happy, prosperous, and contented people. Streams of omnibuses running to and fro, reminding one vividly of the traffic in the Clapham Road on the Derby Day. Rows of children, well fed and well clothed, sitting on the "knife-boards," thirsting for information; the flocks, panting from obesity, thickly dotting the hillsides; the gentle shepherd tending them and playing his pipe. What a picture! Why, the Garden of Eden, in its palmy days,

wouldn't be "in it." But I didn't mean to write of sheep. *Revenons à* NOS *moutons.*

Whether or not the Highlands of Scotland would be benefited by turning the Southron out *en masse*, will be discovered when the experiment is tried. Meanwhile let me observe: In the forests with which I am acquainted, the landlords, non-resident of course, as in the beautiful island of Ireland, seldom, if ever, go near the place. The shooting tenants look after the old and infirm, the poor and the sick (I have known medical men brought from a great distance and at great expense in urgent cases), and subscribe to local charities. The great event of the year, looked forward to with the keenest delight, is the arrival of the family at the lodge; their departure at the end of the season is anticipated with grief and anxiety,—the termination of the lease with feelings of absolute dismay. Are deer-stalkers quite as black as they are painted?

When the right honourable gentleman, having floored the sole remaining tree in Hawarden Park, has distributed his last birthday chips to the admiring spectators, and the metropolitan police have discovered the perpetrators of the outrage at "The Fishery"; when Mr Anderson has won the "Derby Handicap" at the Gun Club, and the deceased wife's sister is made an honest woman of; when the "unfortunate nobleman languishing in prison," having

finished the oakum, has "got his own again"; when the lion lies down with the lamb, and the member for North Warwickshire sits down with the junior member for Northampton; when "Scotus" learns manners,—then, and not till then, may deer-stalking be disestablished!

# AN ADVENTURE DURING THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE FINLAY.

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TWENTY years ago I was studying at a German University. The Greek insurrection excited a good deal of attention at the time, and many of the professors, as well as the students, were enthusiastic in the cause of the regeneration of Greece, for so the struggle between the Greeks and Turks was then always called. I conversed much with the Germans who returned from Greece; they had invariably lost every spark of enthusiasm, and uttered dire lamentations over the ingratitude of the Greek race: this ingratitude they owned was more deeply insulting in a country which afforded such execrable commons and bad lodgings as the classic Hellas. Their conversation ended by producing in me a conviction that their accounts were coloured with a sombre hue, in consequence of their absurd expectations of becoming heroes in six months, or rich men in six weeks,

having been disappointed. A German who goes abroad to make his fortune is always far more impatient and insatiable than any other adventurer. I have all my life sought after truth in the fantastic mirror of history. The fancy struck me, that the Greek revolution would afford any one, who could venture to live in the tumult, an interesting view both of history as it really is, and of history as it is represented in the reflection of the historian's mind. Awake to the folly of the German heroes who returned with empty stomachs, but blind to my own, I resolved to terminate my university studies in "the tented field."

In order to arrive on the scene of action only half *a griffin*, I determined to acquire some little knowledge of the language and habits of the people I was about to visit. There was one Greek studying at the university; he was older than I was, and went little into society, for he was silent, and his manners were repulsive. I became acquainted with him, communicated my project of visiting Greece, and engaged him to give me lessons. In a few months I thought myself qualified to venture into the land of heroes. On the morning before my departure from the university, this Greek, whom I shall call Alecco, informed me that circumstances required him to visit Leghorn without loss of time, and that I should meet him at Rome.

Next day saw me on the road, accompanied by

several friends (some of them were choice spirits, whose names are now not unknown to fame). I could say much of my visit to Munich—not then a city so renowned as it is to-day. King Ludwig had not covered it with gilding and glory—nor had Lord Palmerston enriched its liberals with the peculation afforded by loans to Greece. Palmerston himself was still a Tory, and his beloved Armansperg was the half-starved led captain of the Prince-royal, not the envied illustration of Whig benevolence; or, as Maurer calls him, Palmerston's nabob. At Venice I met two Greek princes (Caradja and Cantacuzene were their names), quarrelling bitterly concerning their respective pretensions to the sovereignty of the State which was to arise out of the Greek revolution. I left them as they had almost resolved to sign a partition treaty: somebody advised them to settle their quarrel in Greece by aiding the people, but both the princes agreed that Prince Soutzos would then overreach them both, for nobody can succeed, quoth the princes, who comes on the field too early in a revolution. I have since heard that these princes, Caradja, Soutzos, and Cantacuzene, all came too late, and did too little, to become great men in the land.

At Rome I met Alecco. His appearance was changed for the better, and he proposed accompanying me to Greece. We took the road by Naples, Bari, and Otranto, where we embarked for Corfu. The short

sea voyage converted Alecco from a gentlemanly Italian into a shabby-looking Frank Greek. The terror of King Tom was great, and Alecco disappeared. Before my departure, he returned to tell me that the Greek for whom he had a letter of credit was utterly ruined by the revolution; but he had not absconded, like a Corfiote count who had been made treasurer of a charitable institution, with its chest full of dollars. Alecco proposed to continue the voyage as my servant. The story appeared very probable—for I then knew nothing of Corfiote counts or Corfiote patriotism—and we proceeded together. Many of my readers have travelled in barbarous lands; some have served in the ranks of a revolutionary army; both know that in such circumstances there is little which distinguishes the manner of living of the master from the servant. Alecco lived as I did, and was just as much my companion as he had been before his misfortune. We never appeared to have any very decided relish for one another's wit, but we never had a difference of opinion or a dispute—perhaps as we had no sympathy, we never agreed in any thing, and consequently were what people call "the best friends possible."

We arrived at Argos some time before Nauplia fell into the hands of the Greeks. A young Englishman, named Abney, attended by his physician, had arrived a few days before me, and armed a body of fifty men. I found him encamped in one of the most dangerous

positions of the blockading army; he had placed himself under the orders of Niketas, and occupied the road between Aghionoros and Chilimodhi. The Turks, from Corinth, constantly made attempts to force this pass, in order to convey provisions to Nauplia; and the Turks of the garrison of Nauplia, pressed by famine, repeatedly broke through the Greek lines, and escaped to Corinth. It was suspected that these attempts were rendered successful by bribery—many Greeks were said to be willing to receive the money of their enemies and abandon their posts—but suspicion never pointed out the agents of this treason. Niketas, Andreas, Londo, and several of the Greek chiefs, frequently urged Abney not to remain in the position he had occupied; and when he persisted in retaining it, they sent him a few chosen soldiers to strengthen his little band.

I remained in the camp, but hardly as a soldier, rather as

> "One who saw,
> Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
> But mingled not; and 'mid the din, the stir,
> Lived as a separate spirit."

Alecco remained with me, but I employed a soldier named Demetri as my personal attendant; no gayer, braver, or more active man ever breathed. Demetri and I grew attached, and he was always by my side; even at night he rolled himself up in his capote and

slept at my feet. Alecco and Demetri disliked one another, which was perfectly natural, but neither ever made a complaint to me of the other.

It happened that I went to pay a visit to Abney one morning, as his physician returned from Zante with a considerable sum of money. It was a beautiful day in a Grecian autumn ; we walked and talked, and rode and shot, until fatigue compelled us to remain quiet ; and then we enjoyed our supper of barley cakes and salt Moreote cheese, with as much gaiety as if we had feasted on every delicacy. Rarely is it the lot of any one to spend such a day, and fate never permits a repetition. I hoped that it was possible, for I felt a strange interest in the gallant young man, of whom, however, I knew little more than the name. Before lying down to sleep in our capotes we took a few turns in the moonlight, and the autumnal air had a feeling of northern coolness, that made our minds naturally recur to England. After a long silence, Abney abruptly addressed me—"You propose going to Smyrna as soon as we get possession of Nauplia. I have a favour to ask. I have a portrait of singular value with me, which I wish to send to England, for I fear it may get into danger by remaining with me ; allow me to give it to you, with the address of my bankers in London, to whom you must send it in a packet, sealed and delivered to Messrs Lee and Sons of Smyrna." I promised to execute the commission, and received the

portrait. Abney promised to recount a very singular and interesting history, relating to the connection of the portrait with himself. The miniature was that of a most lovely girl, richly set in diamonds of great value ; but the story could not have related to anything Abney could have personally known ; for nearly a century must have elapsed since the portrait had been taken.

We soon retired to rest, and in a few minutes were sound asleep. It must have been about two hours after midnight, when we were roused by a sudden storm. The lightning and hail were terrific, and we were hardly on our feet before a cry was raised that the Turks were in the camp. A severe skirmish took place in the dark ; but it lasted only for a few minutes. The enemy retreated, carrying off their own dead, and taking our horses and baggage, with all Abney's money, which had arrived from Zante. Assistance had arrived quickly ; Niketas himself among the first, and my faithful Demetri, who had come to see why I had not returned to my usual quarters, though they were several miles distant. When the fires were lighted, it appeared that both Abney and myself were severely wounded, and we were laid on a rude bed of carpets together. His wound prevented him from speaking, but he put his hand to my breast to ascertain if the portrait was safe, pressed my hand, and almost

instantly expired. His grave is in a little chapel at Aghionoros.

My own wound compelled me to retire to the village of Aghios Georgios. I brooded much over the singular circumstances of Abney's death, and resolved, as soon as my health would permit me to travel, to carry the portrait over to Smyrna to fulfil my commission, even should I return immediately after to Greece. Demetri always affirmed that the assailants by whom I had been wounded were robbers, not Turks, and many circumstances led me to adopt the same opinion. The mystery kept my mind fixed on the events of that sad night. Abney's physician was soon after attacked by fever, and escaped with some difficulty to Zante.

During my illness, Alecco displayed great attention to my wants; he brought me the best foreign doctors who visited the camp, and kept me well informed on the politics and intrigues of the day. He had gradually become a person of some political importance; but though he was certainly no coward, he kept aloof from military action. I had not seen him for several days, when he came to me in a great hurry the morning after the Greeks entered Nauplia. The Greek government, at his intercession, had destined me a house in Nauplia, and he urged me to take possession immediately, or it would be impossible to keep the soldiery from occupying it. My horses had

been stolen when I was wounded, and I was very indifferent about the token of national gratitude offered to me. Alecco, however, had horses ready, and I set off. In the evening I found myself established in a very dilapidated and dirty, but not inelegant Turkish house. The gates of the fortress were closed before Demetri could enter with my baggage; Alecco had disappeared to pass the night with a conclave of politicians, and I was alone in my palace with a couple of muleteers. I paced the *musifir oda*, with its gilded but tarnished roof, and looked out of my windows on the port, with something of the feelings with which Andrea Doria must have walked the streets of Genoa before.

"The ocean waves his wealth reflected;"

and I smiled as I mumbled, not without vanity,

"It is a nation's gift to her deliverer."

It was late ere I went to sleep, but as usual, before I closed my eyes, I ascertained that Abney's miniature was safe. Demetri awoke me in the morning entering with the baggage, and I perceived that the portrait had been stolen during the night; the two ribbons which bound it round my neck and across my breast had both been cut. I communicated my loss to Demetri; we sent to the police; examined the muleteers; I summoned Alecco, and he had every

*telali* and jeweller examined. Large rewards were promised if the miniature should be found, and it became the subject of general conversation. The search was carried on with unrelaxed activity, and Demetri, seeing that it was the sole object of my thoughts, devoted all his energies to the inquiry. His sagacity, cunning, and activity astonished me; and he more than once undertook little excursions to find out some of the soldiers who had served with Abney. We discovered more than one robber, but not the one we sought.

Alecco, in the meantime, had grown a person of consequence, though he continued to wear a black German student-looking coat, covered with brown braid and an infinity of browner buttons. He sometimes invited me to his quarters to meet the most distinguished men of the revolution, and though I had conceived a great dislike to my old companion, I often accepted his invitation. I attributed my own dislike to the aristocratic insolence which feels a repugnance at dining with a man of education who has been a servant.

It happened one day that while Demetri was absent at Hydra in pursuit of a man whom Alecco pretended had heard something about the portrait, Alecco invited me to sup at his house. I intended taking a bath before supper, and Alecco urged me to try a small and elegant bath in a splendid Turkish

house, in preference to the large one I had been in the habit of frequenting. When I visited the bath, I found only one person, whom I recognised as a Polish Philhellene lately arrived at Nauplia. The ceremonies of the Turkish bath are generally known. The bath-keeper found an opportunity of seizing me by the throat—the feeling of strangulation was instantaneous, but I saw a woman enter with a dagger in her hand and a large towel. After an interval, I found myself stretched on a cold marble floor, and felt the blood trickle from my side; as I opened my eyes, they fell on the dagger I had seen in the woman's hand lying on the floor, and I heard two persons moving beside me. In an instant I sprang up, seized the dagger, and darted forward through an open door. I found my way to the street door, which was locked, but I saw the key hanging beside it; as I was reaching it down, the man and woman both arrived armed with Turkish sabres—weapons utterly useless in such untutored hands, so that I easily defended myself with my dagger until I had opened the door and gained the street.

The first person I met, as I rushed naked and bleeding into the public street, was George Mauromichalis, who, after filling the office of president of Greece, was executed, at the age of twenty-six, for the assassination of Count Capodistrias, his succes-

sor. I seized him by the arm, told him my name (for I perceived that a naked man was not easily recognised by his acquaintances), and begged him to secure the bath-keeper who had attempted to murder me. He had always a kind and gallant heart. On this occasion he immediately shouted to the soldiers in sight to follow, and rushed into the bath. As I turned to follow him, I saw the face of Alecco in the gathering crowd; the expression it wore struck me even at that moment as very singular.

The bath was long searched in vain for the culprits. I pointed out the spot where the attempt to strangle me was made, and traces of blood were visible on the lately washed floor. When the search became tiresome, many of the spectators expressed doubts of my veracity; some thought I had wounded myself to raise a subscription to get away from Greece; others seemed to fancy I might have killed the bath-keeper. I stood naked and almost fainting—even my clothes could not be found, and many seemed to doubt whether I had possessed any worth finding when I entered the bath. George Mauromichalis took my part warmly, and the Maniotes silenced the crowd by asserting I was a great man, for I was the friend of their chieftain. A concealed door was at last discovered and broken open, but though a few drops of blood were visible on the floor, no trace of any human being could be found, until a Maniote soldier pointed

out to his chief a stone in the floor which seemed to have been lately moved. The marble was soon raised, a large vault was seen below, and crouched in a corner we beheld the bath-keeper and his wife. The cavern contained a heap of putrid bodies covered with quicklime, and the scarce lifeless body of the Polish Philhellene I had seen on entering the bath. My clothes were found tied up in a bundle; and I own, that even amidst the horrors that then surrounded me, I felt some satisfaction in putting on the richly embroidered dress, which caused my instant recognition by many of the crowd, who exclaimed, "It is the Englishman! Why did he come here without Demetri or his *tchiboukge?*" The culprits were dragged away by the police.

The wound I had received was so trifling, that it is strange it should have been inflicted, since to it I owed my life. I returned home, but the party met at Alecco's. He had been himself compelled to set off for Athens on some public business, and left a message for his guests not to mind his departure. In the days of war, such events are too common to be remarked; and when George Mauromichalis mentioned this to me next day, I could not help saying that I had seen Alecco's face, with the expression of a hungry wolf, gazing on me as I rushed out of the bath, and that he had not thought fit to come in to help a friend in such a scrape.

I shall not attempt to describe the loathsome discoveries which were revealed at the examination of the bath-keeper and his wife. Many singular robberies were discovered; the bodies of many young Greeks and Philhellenes, who had arrived from Europe to assist in the war, flushed with enthusiasm, were identified amidst the remains in the cavern. They were generally persons having valuable property about them, and who were murdered very shortly after their arrival. The body of a young Englishman, who was supposed to have joined the camp before Corinth, was also recognised. While the police was following up this examination, and endeavouring to trace out the stolen property, in the expectation that it might aid me in recovering the lost miniature, Demetri returned from Hydra. He had secured the person Alecco had sent him to meet; and, by his inimitable sagacity, had discovered that there was an understanding of some kind between Alecco and this man. He at last extracted the secret, that Alecco had planned the attack on Abney's post, and that Alecco entered my house and robbed me of the portrait.

I now felt certain that there was an understanding between Alecco and the bath-keeper, and I burned with the desire to bring him to justice, as well as with the wish to recover the portrait. Accidental circumstances had evidently induced the villain to fancy

that he was watched, both by Demetri and myself. George Mauromichalis was now summoned to my councils, for his power and political influence might prove necessary to aid me in my plans. After a careful and secret cross-examination of the bath-keeper in the presence of the chief of the police and a distinguished Greek statesman still living, he confessed that Alecco was his accomplice—that Alecco had planned the whole business—and that, the day after my assassination, they were to have sailed to Smyrna together. Next day George Mauromichalis was compelled to visit Argos on political business. A slight indisposition, and the pain of my wound, kept me in the house. On that very day, the police, urged by some powerful personage, whose name is even now only an object of suspicion to me, hurried over the trial of the criminals. The bath-keeper was condemned to be hanged next morning, and the woman to be strangled in prison at the same hour. I heard nothing of all this until Demetri came in breathless from the coffee-house — to which he regularly repaired at daybreak — with the news. I hurried to the gate of the town, and reached the glacis between the putrid marsh and the magnificent fortress of Palamedi, just in time to witness the bath-keeper hung up on a low gibbet, composed of a triangle formed by three short beams. I hastened to address the chief of the police; he told me he had received

his orders suddenly, and that the woman had just been strangled in prison. Alecco, it was evident, had found powerful friends, and not a moment was to be lost if I was ever to recover the portrait. To think of bringing him to justice was clearly ridiculous; he was a far more powerful personage than myself.

I walked slowly along the road towards Tyrinth, and sent Demetri back to Nauplia, to bring out our horses for a ride to Argos, where I spoke of passing the night with George Mauromichalis. When he arrived, I struck to the right, and gained the road to Ligourio, beyond Aria. Embarking at Piadha, I reached the Piræus before midnight. I requested the custom-officer to send off instantly one of his men to inform Alecco that a messenger had arrived from Nauplia, who desired to see him at the earliest dawn, and to speak with him alone in the house of the custom-house officer. My plan removed all suspicion; Alecco seemed to expect a messenger, and the spot did not raise a doubt, so he sent word that he would meet me. I removed the custom-house officer, and every other person, except Demetri, asserting that our meeting must be private. When Alecco entered the room, he found there was no retreat, for Demetri and I were both in the Albanian dress, with our hands resting on our yataghans. I told him that I had obtained proof of his possessing the portrait, of his having been the accom-

plice of the bath-keeper, and of his possessing friends so unprincipled and powerful, that my only chance of obtaining justice was by taking the law into my own hands; adding coolly, that there might be danger in sparing him, but with my position, and supported by the friends I had secured, there was not the slightest in stabbing him on the spot. He attempted to speak, but I drew my handgiar, which was the signal for Demetri to unsheathe his yataghan, and lay his powerful hand on Alecco's shoulder. The villain was no coward; he looked calmly first at one, then at the other, as if calculating the chances of an attempt to escape; he saw it was hopeless, and without uttering a word, he took the portrait from his breast. His caution awakened mine; before receiving it, I returned my handgiar, and cocked one of my pistols; then I examined the diamonds to see if he had purloined any. When I had secured the long-sought treasure, we called the custom-house officer, and sat down to drink coffee and smoke together. I kept Alecco in my presence until Demetri had secured a boat, nor would I allow him to take leave before our sails were spread with a fair wind for Hydra.

My intention was to have proceeded, without loss of time, to Smyrna. Circumstances detained me for many days at Hydra; and one night as I returned to the monastery where I lived, from the house of Jacomaki Tombazi, an attack was made on me by

two soldiers. They suddenly left me, but my friend Dr Dumont (now a distinguished medical officer in the service of King Otho) was that very evening assaulted by assassins, and received four wounds, but was spared when the villains saw his face. It was conjectured that I was the person sought after, and that a change in my dress had deceived the assassins. Demetri was furious; he declared that Alecco must have bribed the assassins; and he left me, in spite of all my entreaties, to punish the attempt which had been made to murder his master. From Smyrna I sent the portrait to England. Years after, I became acquainted with its romantic history.

In the spring of 1823 I returned to Greece. Demetri soon joined me. He owned that it had been his intention, when he left me, to slay Alecco the moment he saw him. On his passage to Athens, he found himself in the boat with Dumont's assassins. Everybody was delighted with Demetri; even these banditti were charmed by his careless wit. They became his tools, confessed that they had been employed by Alecco to murder an Englishman, and owned that they were not ignorant of Alecco's communications with the Turks. Demetri then conceived the idea of a rich revenge; the delight of having Alecco executed seemed greater than that of executing him. Demetri watched him, surprised his

correspondence with Omer Vrioni, revealed his treason to Odysseus, who condemned him to death in a very summary manner; and my former college companion, Alecco, was hung over the empty tomb of Themistocles. A satire, I suppose, both on the classic and romantic schools, for Odysseus detested equally Maurocordatos and Colettis.

# A RUN THROUGH KATHIAWAR.

BY ANDREW WILSON.

[*MAGA.* Aug., Oct., and Nov. 1876.]

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## JÚNÁGHAR.

BOMBAY, I admit, is a delightful place of residence if you can take it on the conditions enjoyed by its governors, commanders-in-chief, and members of council. Granted that you are at liberty to spend the hot season, from the middle of March till the commencement of June, in the forest shade of the cool table-land of Mahabaleshwar at a height of 4500 feet; that you can pass the time from the commencement of June to the end of September at Poona or Nasik, on the elevated plains of the Deccan, where the great rains of the south-west monsoon (which at that season make Bombay like the bottom of an old well) do little more than screen off the sun and moisten the arid air; that in the unhealthy season of October and the commencement of November you can place yourself high above the decaying vegetation

of the plain, at such isolated hill-forts and sanitaria as Singhur and Poorundhur; and that, in the cold season, you can take a two months' tour in Kathiawar, Sind, or Rajpútana, in order to get a little real cold weather and brace yourself up after your fatiguing residence in Bombay, — then, I frankly admit, a residence in the capital of Western India is not only endurable, but has great advantages of its own. Admirable as this arrangement is, it does not appear to leave much time to be spent in Bombay; but then a very little time spent there goes a long way, and also goes far to impart a pleasing consciousness that you have been an unrewarded and unacknowledged benefactor of your fellow-creatures. It may be well, however, not to impart any whisper of this conviction to your fellow-citizens of Bombay; for now that the Indian element has got the upper hand there, nothing is regarded with more dislike and distrust than any expression of dissatisfaction with the climate of that great city. Admit at once that it is simply perfection, and that your sole duty in life is to devote all your capacity and all your means to the benefit of its population, and then you will soon become a popular character, even though you may labour under the serious disadvantage of never having been twice born or circumcised, or bowed as a worshipper of the sacred fire.

It need not be denied, however, that the climate of Bombay, though debilitating, and favourable only

to sub-forms of human life, is a pretty safe climate, and that Bombay has the advantage over the other Presidency towns in the easy access which it affords to immediate changes of climate at all seasons of the year. It is supposed to have a very delightful climate in what, by courtesy, is called its cold season; and, no doubt, visitors at that season, contrasting its sunny air and brilliant skies with the cold and fog and darkness of an English winter, have good reason to be delighted with the change: but those who have had some years' experience of tropical climes will perceive that a winter on the coast of Western India may do them much harm, while it is not likely to do good. The weather is not cold enough to brace, or to allow of warm clothes being worn with any degree of comfort; but the dry, desiccating wind of the north-east monsoon so rapidly cools the body as to be a real source of danger. When protected from that wind we are in a tropical climate; when exposed to it we are cooled almost as rapidly as were the bottles of beer and sherry which, wrapped in wet cloth, used to be exposed to its influence before ice was imported into India.

Hence it follows that for those who have to reside in Bombay it is quite as important to get out of that place in the cold season as in any other; and fortunately, in the provinces lying to the north, but in not distant neighbourhood, really bracing weather is to be found at that season, besides many objects of

interest, and an entire change in one's habits of life. Of these provinces the little-known peninsula of Kathiawar is the most interesting; and I had for long had my eye on it, as a sort of Indian *bonne bouche*, before a favourable opportunity occurred of taking a run through it. Some little time has elapsed since that visit was made; but, happily for itself, the Kathiawar peninsula has not yet been overwhelmed by the intolerable rushing tide of modern events; and, beyond a steady improvement in the action both of the English officials and the Kathi chiefs, to which I shall allude, there has been little or no change in it since my visit. There I had the privilege of seeing a large province entirely, or almost entirely, under the rule of native princes, with its population in a feudal state, and little affected by the progress of English ideas and rule. Many warlike tribes were met with which, it is true, were no longer permitted to indulge in war, yet retained all the traditions and feelings of a not distant period when they constantly did so. And this province presented also antiquarian remains of the highest interest and importance, together with great series of elaborate temples sacred to the religion of the Jains, a corrupt form of Búddhism which still survives and flourishes in that part of the world. Thus I had the opportunity of seeing much of the interior working of Indian native states; of mingling with their princes and ministers; of combining an

examination of antiquities with a round of gaieties; of passing from the society of dancing-girls to that of the statues of the twenty-four Tirthankaras or holy saints of the Jain religion; of exchanging the presence of princes for that of ashy devotees; and, above all, of obtaining admission to the Amijhara or Perspiring Statue of the holy mountain Girnar, and of sleeping at the foot of Kalika, the Dread Mother, among the Aghoras, or carrion-eating devotees, by which it is invested.

Kathiawar can be reached from the Presidency town by the railway which runs through the Northern Konean and Gúzerat to Ahmedabad, and by the extensive line from that place to Vírumgaum; but as easy and rapid a way is by the well-appointed steamboats of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which run from Bombay to Karachi in Sind, touching at Vairawal, the chief port of Júnágher, and at various other places, by the way. That preliminary part of the journey was very easy. It was only after being turned out of the railway at Vírumgaum, or landed at Vairawal, that the incautious traveller who had not made sufficient preparations for the journey found himself in a difficulty. Kathiawar, I need scarcely say, was not, and is not to-day, a land of hotels, or drawing-room cars, or public conveyances of almost any kind. It was not a land where private conveyances, or even the means of subsistence, could be had in many parts except as

a matter of favour. Between Vírumgaum and the English station of Rájkot, where the political resident has his headquarters, something like public traffic now goes on; but in most parts of the country the traveller may have the greatest difficulty in getting a worn-out camel or donkey to ride on, and one egg to appease his hunger with, unless he is welcomed, and almost as a guest, by the chief of the district. In Kathiawar there still lingers the idea that all visitors should be guests; and though this, of course, does not imply that travelling there is really very much cheaper than anywhere else, yet those who attempt to proceed on any other footing will find great, though almost intangible, difficulties rising in their path—for nothing that they require will be forthcoming when they want it, or perhaps at all, if they get irritated.

Personally, I had no experiences of difficulties of this kind, having been invited to visit the country by one of its greatest princes, and having introductions to the political agent and other English officers, who can see that travellers are well cared for; but, even with such advantages, many things have to be provided for, and a run through Kathiawar is not less expensive than a run from Bombay to England and back. Servants, cooking-pots, bedding, liquors, preserved provisions, and many other things, have to be carried with one; and though a tent and a riding-horse are not absolute necessities, yet they will be

found very useful. The chiefs of Kathiawar are really exceedingly hospitable, after their own time-honoured fashions, but these do not meet all the wants of an Englishman: a sense of propriety forbids one drawing upon that hospitality more than the circumstances justify; and it needs no satirical turn of mind to be aware that, in all parts of the world, hospitality is most freely accorded to those who are most independent of it.

It is pleasant in the cool month of January to find one's self running up the coast of Western India in a comfortable steamer, with an entirely new district of country in prospect. Three weeks, in old times, would have been a very fair run at this season in a *pattimar* from Bombay to Surat, on the mainland entrance of the Gulf of Cambay; but now in less than twenty-four hours we find ourselves anchored on the other side of the gulf, beside the little Portuguese island of Diu, close to the great Kathiawar peninsula. There is something attractive to some minds in these decaying remnants of the Portuguese colonial empire—such as Diu and Goa on the Indian coast, and Macao on that of China. They are dear to the same tone of mind which made Byron find a congenial home in Pisa, Venice, and Ravenna. Something of the heroism and glory of the past still lingers about them, affects the very air, and prevents the meanness of their present becoming the meanness of poor places which have had no past. But probably,

of all such places in the world, the Indian remains of the Portuguese empire are the least calculated to afford that meditative repose which we seek amid ruins; their life is too far gone and too much mingled with the still more advanced decay of ancient Indian races.

There is much of interest in these shores of the upper portion of the Arabian Sea, stretching up by Kathiawar, Kutch, and Sind, formed on the north by the coast of Beloochistan, and coming down, on the Arabian side, in the shores of Oman and Hadramaut. It is a coast-line for the most part desert and sparsely inhabited, but it has wild beauties of its own. Its summer sea is not much ruffled by storms, and strange, picturesque-looking people live upon it, or at no great distance inland. Emphatically, it is a region of blinding sunlight by day, and brilliant skies by night. Its palms and mimosas, and thinly-scattered human beings, do not oppress its naked deserts and flame-like mountains. But Kathiawar is midway between this arid region and the rich fertile shores of the Northern Koncan and Southern Gúzerat. It partakes of the nature of both zones, and illustrates the change between them.

As we approached Vairawal, the chief port of the Kathiawar state of Júnághar, the great isolated mountain-mass of Gírnar was visible in the distance, in the clear, cool, evening air, a great tract of cultivated plain stretching up to it; while on the right, or towards the southern side of the peninsula, lay the

thick jungly hills and forest of the Gír, which is still the habitat of many lions, but is so unhealthy that it is almost never visited except in the depth of the hot season, and even then but rarely. This peninsula of Kathiawar—the ancient Saurashtra—is surrounded by the Gulf of Cambay, the Arabian Sea, the Gulf of Kutch, and a continuation of the salt-covered Runn of Kutch, by which and a neck of firmer land it is attached to the mainland of Gúzerat. Thus its position is somewhat isolated; and, until recent years, it has had almost no external trade, except that carried on by pirates and slave-dealers. Roughly speaking, it is about 160 miles in breadth, by 200 in extreme length, and has an area of about 22,000 square miles, and a population of under 2,000,000. Thus it has an area of rather more than two-thirds that of either Ireland or Scotland; and, socially and politically, it has not a few points of resemblance to the condition of those countries a few centuries ago. Physically and climatically, however, it differs greatly from them both. Here are no great chains of mountains, or deep fresh-water lakes, or long arms of the sea. The coast is compact; and by far the greater part of the peninsula is a plain, broken only by low rugged undulations and the beds of streams, dry during more than half of the year. The mountain-mass of Gírnar rises from nearly level plains in the south-east of the country to a height of 3500 feet; but

there are no other high mountains, unless we call the isolated 1500 feet peaks of Palitana such, and one of the Burda Hills near Porebunder, which is a little higher. But there are wild hills in the north-east, and stretching from Girnar in the direction of the sea, with a few peaks of about 1000 feet. The plains are in great part under pasture and the cultivation of Indian cereals and cotton. There are large stretches of jungle and of barren land; and in the north, where the salts of the Runn of Kutch encroach, the plain is white, as with hoar-frost, except during the south-west monsoon, when Kathiawar becomes an island.

Very different, too, is the climate from that of either Ireland or Scotland; but as an Indian climate, it may be said to be delightful. *Ag ka gurm*, or "hot as fire," in March, April, and May, that season is not an unhealthy one; the hot winds are not bad, and the nights are usually tolerable. Still this is a hot season. Lieut. Macmurdo, in his report of the 2d Oct. 1815, remarks naïvely of it: "The climate of the peninsula is, in general, pleasant. In the hottest weather the thermometer is seldom above 110° in a tent, although generally above 104° or 102°." Within reach of the south-west monsoon, but not exposed to its full force, the heats of summer are tempered by clouds and rain; and, though steamy September and October are very unhealthy, there is a long delicious cold season, extending from

October to March, when scarcely any rain falls, when the sky is clear (except occasionally in the mornings, when there are thick fogs), the air pure and bracing, and the cold is sometimes great enough to cause the formation of ice. In its great characteristics the climate is not different from that of Western India in general; but except in the hot season, it has these characteristics in a vastly superior style to that of by far the greater part of the Bombay Presidency. In a country so partially cultivated, fever and dysentery of course abound, but they can be guarded against. Numerous herds of black buck and of *nilghai*—the large Indian elk—spot the plains of Kathiawar, and are easily approached, though the aversion of the people to their being killed renders the pursuit of them often inexpedient; but the same objection does not apply to hunting the lions, leopards, wolves, and deer with which some of the jungles are full.

Kathiawar may very justly be called the Scotland of Gúzerat; and, in accordance with that comparison, its hardy, muscular people contrast strikingly with the fuller-bodied, more placid, more English-like inhabitants of the adjoining mainland. The great social peculiarity of the country is its division into an immense number of small states, the chiefs of some of which exercise the power of life and death, and most of which are governed by their own chiefs, who are semi-independent, although feudatories of Great

Britain. There are about four hundred of these chiefs altogether; and though some of them are no better than petty proprietors, others, such as the Nawab of Júnághar and the Jam of Naoanágar, have really small kingdoms, and what would have been counted as such even in Europe ten years ago. In addressing these chiefs in 1867, Sir Bartle Frere, the then Governor of Bombay, said: "Some of your chiefs can show pedigrees which run back for nineteen centuries and extend over forty generations. And this at least is certain, that you have in Kathiawar landed proprietors who tilled land in that province while the descendants of the Cæsars still ruled over the Roman empire; and many who believe, with some show of reason, that their ancestors had fields of their own to till in the same province when Porus met Alexander on the frontier of India." I saw some very ancient-looking individuals in Kathiawar, but whether they had actually tilled land there a thousand years ago, I am not prepared to affirm. There is no doubt, however, that many of the proprietors can show credible genealogies of immense antiquity; and the antiquity of the land settlements of the peninsula must be taken into account in order to form an idea of the character of the people. It must be noted, also, that there has been a great infusion of races into Kathiawar, not only of Negroes, Arabs, and Beloochees from the shores of the Arabian Sea, but also from many parts

of India, from Tartary, and perhaps from Europe; and it has a share of the wilder jungle and nomadic tribes of India, such as the Bhíls and Jats. Colonel Tod has even gone so far as to say that, "for diversity of races, exotic and indigenous, there is no region in India to be compared with Saurashtra." It swarms, moreover, with many pilgrims, besides those of the Jain religion, who repair to the shrines of Gírnar, Palitana, and Túlshishama. Kathiawar has a most interesting ancient history in connection with the Yadevas, the great Buddhist emperor Ashoka, the Sinha or Lion-kings, and Mahmúd of Ghazni; but great conquerors have not much disturbed the relationships of its landed proprietors; and it was only with the advent of the paramount power of Great Britain that their incessant feuds had to be exchanged for lawsuits. It has only to be added that *bhairwuttia*, or going into a state of outlawry —or, in fact, becoming robbers, descending for their prey from the fastnesses of the mountains—is an ancient Kathiawar resource for the oppressed, and still lingers in the peninsula.

The above remarks may serve to give a rough general idea of the country on which we are entering at Vairawal. I fancy steamers sometimes touch at that port all the year round without landing a single European; but it so happened that on this occasion there landed, besides myself, a civil engineer and his assistants going to Júnághar, in connection with a

projected railway which still remains a project, and two young merchants of a leading Bombay house, bent on a run through Kathiawar for purposes of pleasure combined with an eye to the extension of commerce. I was the only expected guest; due preparations had been made for me; and I received every attention from Durga Prasaad Hurridas, the Vahivatdar or collector, and Maharanidas Vidzaman Anderji, the Nazir or sheriff of the town; but the wholly unexpected arrival of the others took Vairawal by surprise, and threw its officials into a state of perplexity and sulkiness. The Nawab's bungalow, about a mile from the town, was quite roomy enough for us all; but considerable difficulty was experienced by the rest of the party in making their way through the country. The engineer eventually rode into Júnághar on an ass; and the two young merchants, at the end of their first day's ride inland, were kept waiting for two or three hours before any supplies were brought to them, though of course they were quite willing to pay; and at the end of that period, the Foujdar of the village appeared before them holding up *one* egg in triumph, alleging it was all the food he had been able to procure. There was surely satire, and not of a very covert kind, in thus offering one egg to two hungry young Sahibs after a ride of thirty miles; but this did not deter them from carrying out their enterprise, and afterwards they got on better. Probably the officials had directions not to act so as at all to

encourage the visits of uninvited Europeans, or at least of travellers who did not give due previous notice that they were coming.

Vairawal, we found to our surprise, had one European inhabitant, and he was a young Scotchman, established there by some mercantile house. He bore the name of the hero of Aytoun's most celebrated comic ballad. We travellers (drawing fearful but entirely imaginary pictures of the reasons which had brought him into the land) used to speak of him as "the Phairshon"; and this phrase having been misunderstood by the captain of the steamer, the latter remarked to us that really the Persian spoke English remarkably well. If you do meet a solitary European in such a place, he is pretty sure to be either a German or a Scotchman. One of our party had a very characteristic story of two Scotchmen whom he heard conversing together under a banian-tree. They were not exactly European loafers, but were railway *employés* out of work, and were pushing their way—a long and dreary one—from Ahmedabad towards Agra or Awgry, as they called it. Their remaining funds had been invested in a large stock of *chapátis*, or girdle-cakes; and though *chapátis* are exceedingly palatable when fresh from the girdle, after being kept a few days they assume the consistency of leather. This the unfortunate Scotchmen soon found; but instead of damning and cursing the scones, as Englishmen of their class would probably have done, the following

was all the conversation that passed between them under the banian-tree:—

"Awfu' teueh, John!"

"Ay, it's teueh."

Vairawal, euriously enough, reminds one of the Latin grammar, for *ver* or *vir* in Sanscrit means a hero, and the translation of the name is "Line of Heroes," rather a misnomer at the present day. It was formerly a great haunt of pirates and slave-dealers, but is now more noted for its export of cotton. But its great attraction is the world-famous temple of Somnáth, which stands about two miles off on the peninsula of Pathan Somnáth. This place is known to my readers by the story of the Gates of Somnáth, which were carried off to Kaubul by Mahmúd of Ghazní after his sacking the temple (with a force of 300,000 men, of whom, say the historians, 50,000 were slain) in 1025 A.D., and which were brought back into India with great pomp by the late Lord Ellenborough when he was Viceroy, and are now in the fort at Agra. Tod has called it "perhaps the most renowned of all the shrines of India," and one of its names denotes it as the chief dwelling-place of the great god Mahadeva or Shiva. It contained one of the twelve *lingas* of this god which are believed by the Hindus to have fallen from heaven—rather a curious place for them to come from. To go into the associations of this temple so as to render intelligible the feelings which

it is calculated to excite, would involve a small volume on the history and mythology of India. Suffice it to say, that both the position and character of the ruin make it a most striking object, though it has been much changed and disfigured by the Muhammadans, and is now quite a ruin. It must emphatically have been a sculptured temple; and the richness of Hindu sculpture is seen to better effect in the built than in the cave or rock temples. Even as a ruin it is beautiful, and it must have been a wonderful place when its fifty-six pillars were inlaid with precious stones; when pilgrims flocked to it from all parts of India; when the rise and fall of the tide was adduced, and readily received, as a proof of Ocean's adoration of it; and when thousands of priests, musicians, and dancing-girls were engaged in its service. There are also other and very interesting antiquities and sacred places in its neighbourhood. Among these may be specially mentioned the Súrya Kanda in the town of Pathan, which presents a colonnade of over two hundred elaborately-carved pillars; and farther off the Devasarga, where Krishna, the Indian Apollo, yielded up his life.

It occurred to a certain merchant of Bombay, after he had resided for twenty years there, and was about to return to England, that he had seen nothing of the interior of India. Fired with a laudable ambition to repair this defect in his education, he went as far as he could get by rail in his time, and then betook

himself to the only available means of conveyance—a bullock *gárhí*. The result was, that the Bombay merchant returned home without seeing the interior; for after advancing ten miles in a bullock *gárhí*, he precipitately returned on foot to the railway and fled from India. Now the conveyance provided for me, in which to go a short four days' journey from Vairawal to Júnághar, was a bullock *gárhí*—and a very superior one it was, cushioned, gilded, and ornamented, as became the vehicle of a Nawab. The bullocks, also, were very superior bullocks, not requiring to have their tails twisted, and quite willing to go much faster than suited the convenience of the opium-eating old driver, who spent most of his time in tipsy slumber. But notwithstanding these advantages, I did not become reconciled to that method of transit. I could stretch myself at full length on soft cushions, and was well protected from the sun by an arched and quilted cover; but what avails that when you feel as if the screw of a steamboat were working below, flapping your person and the ground alternately? A bullock *gárhí* has either no springs at all, or springs which only imperfectly protect the vehicle. It is a very long affair—sometimes eight feet long—placed upon only two wheels. The result is a combination of motions which it is easier to remember than describe. There is a rotatory motion, a lateral motion, a perpendicular motion, and a nondescript motion, such as occurs in the tail of a water-

wagtail. This combination of motions is quite bad enough; but it is far from the worst. The roads are not good—in fact they are execrable. There are great ruts and hollows in them, and they go down unexpectedly into the dry beds of water-courses. The consequence is, that there comes every now and then the most tremendous series of bumps and crashes, which no pillows can render tolerable, and which are almost as bad as a railway collision. You are going on quietly enough, only your brain feeling rather confused by the above-noted mysterious motions, when suddenly you are bumped and dashed about in the most violent manner. You are tossed off your couch for a couple of feet, and, as you descend, the couch rises to meet you with a violent blow, and knocks you up to the roof of the *gárhí;* while, an instant after, you are nearly knocked through the side, and brought into violent contact with iron stanchions and wooden boards. After a little more of this sort of business, you subside into the mysterious motion again, but bruised, bewildered, wondering where you are, and what crime you have committed. Such sufferings the traveller has to endure in even a well-appointed bullock *gárhí;* and I never heard any Englishman say a good word in favour of that vehicle except a Scotch member of Parliament, who, on his visit to India, declared in favour of it, on the ground that "at least you have it all to yourself." But what are all these sufferings compared

with those of the man who is obliged to have recourse (as we sometimes have in Western India) to one of the ordinary cultivators' bullock-carts, which might be thrown over a precipice without sustaining much harm, and the wheels of which are segments of solid wood! All Gúzerat is famous for its cattle, and certainly my bullocks had a largeness and calmness about them which was delightful to contemplate, and made them contrast beautifully with the shrivelled little opium-eater, their nominal superior.

At the small *gaum* or village of Bhandúri, where we stopped for the night, I found a chamber above the gateway prepared for me; but it was so full of loopholes that I preferred to sleep in one of the half-open houses below, my cot being stretched facing a large wood-fire which was kindled in the court. But the houses of Hindus, especially of Brahmans, are *défendu*. In India one does not see the house-life as in China and some other countries of the East. Only among the poorer classes, and on occasions like this, we get glimpses of it, and perceive its meagreness. What a contrast the starry heavens presented that clear, cold night of January to the meanness of my human surroundings! There are nights when the earth's position on its orbit, our place on its surface, the position of the larger planets, and the clearness of the atmosphere, all combine to afford, nearly at the same moment, a view of the more magnificent constellations and individual heavenly bodies. Such a

glorious night was this, in the perfectly clear air of Kathiawar. Towards morning Venus was rising as Jupiter was setting, and near the latter planet were all the splendours of Orion, the great white light of Sirius, Procyon's more modest brilliance, the dazzling Capella, and the milder radiance of Castor and Pollux. Towards the zenith, the most prominent objects were Regulus and the stars of the Sickle, followed by the great triangle of Denebola, Arcturus, and Spica. The baleful red fire of the rising Antares contrasted with the soft blue light of the Northern Vega; and a little above the horizon, nearly on the meridian, there shone the Southern Cross, followed by the two most brilliant piercing stars Alpha and Beta Centauri, and all the galaxy of Argo Navis. Watching such a sky, one begins to understand the fixed position of the stars—to feel and see that it is the earth which is slowly moving round amid the vast concave of heaven; and we also realise most vividly that this earth, with all its endless variety of self-destroying sentient life, with its mighty burden of joy and agony, is but a revolving grain of sand in the midst of a boundless universe of stars.

On this journey I was always accompanied by a mounted trooper or two; and at my next halting-place, Kussodi, there were a number of these men about, and other police of the Nawab. They and the Foujdar occupied a large square court, in which were various buildings. I was again allotted the room

in the tower over the gateway; and this I occupied, as it was comfortable and had been carpeted for me, though the whole concern was in a great state of decay, and looked as if it might collapse at any moment. There was much excitement in this place about a rising of outlaws in the neighbouring forest of the Gír, and this was one of the reasons why I was not allowed to pay a visit to that haunt of lions as well as of outlaws.

*Bhairwuttia*, or going into a state of outlawry, was, and to a less extent still is, a highly respectable institution in Kathiawar; it was the safety-valve of society. When a chief or a *Grassia* felt himself oppressed beyond endurance by a powerful neighbour, he took to the jungle, and from thence made predatory excursions upon that neighbour's territory. The expedient was perfectly respectable, and served as a real safeguard against oppression. The most powerful chief knew that if he pushed matters beyond a certain point, those he oppressed would betake themselves to parts of the country where there would be the greatest difficulty in getting at them, and from whence they might cause his subjects serious loss and trouble. He also had before him the possibility of these outlaws so increasing in number and banding together that they might entirely overthrow his power and put him to a cruel death. The outlaw of to-day might become the prince of to-morrow, but there would be very little chance of the overthrown prince being

permitted to escape into a state of outlawry. General Legrand Jacob has related how some of these outlaws once carried off an English officer and kept him a prisoner for months in their retreat among the mountains. A year or two before my visit, two English officers of the Federal *Sebundi*—the force kept up at the expense of the principal chiefs to deal with these outlaws—were killed by them. Fighting was going on with them when I was on my way to Júnághar, but they made submission before I left that town. In the immediate neighbourhood of Júnághar itself, when I was there, another band of outlaws gave some trouble. At Wadwan I found that Mr Jardine, the then Assistant Political Resident of the district, kept horses ready for him to start, on a moment's notice, in pursuit of outlaws. On the way between Saila and Múli I was warned that there were *bhairwuttia* on the road, and in the early morning came suddenly on a party of mounted men armed with spears. Suspiciously enough, at this moment the horse of the *sowar* who accompanied me ran off with him, and I had an opportunity of perceiving that in a *gárhí* one might be speared with a good deal of ease. However, I had no need to use my revolver, for the leader of the party salaamed to me politely, and passed on; and though I am by no means sure, it is possible that this was not a party of outlaws, but a patrol guarding the road against them. Even if outlaws, it was extremely unlikely that they would aggravate the diffi-

culties of their position by meddling with an Englishman. The *sowar* turned up a long time afterwards, with marks of earth on his dress, and complaining of having had a severe fall from his unmanageable steed. Thus it will be seen I found *bhairwuttia* by no means extinct in Kathiawar. That noble institution still exists there, though in diminished vigour.

Colonel Alexander Walker—the first, and, considering his great work, the most prominent of our officials concerned with Kathiawar—has referred to this subject of *bhairwuttia* in his Report to Government of the 7th October 1807. He derives the word from *bhar*, "outside," and *wat* or *war*, "a road," which evidently indicates people who are outside existing arrangements, and have taken to the road as a means of subsistence; but Kathiawar gentry of this kind are a much more justifiable class than our own Dick Turpins and similar "knights of the road." Among its collateral supports, he mentions the personal independence characteristic of all the Rajpút tribes; the right of avenging personal wrongs, as also the wrongs of relatives; and the recognised duty of affording refuge to fugitives and criminals of almost all kinds. When a proprietor goes into outlawry, all his dependants go with him, and his village and its lands are left waste, as a sort of protest and standing justification of his conduct. As the outlaw only attacks his enemies, and the system is well understood in the country, he receives a great deal of information

and quiet protection from the neutral bystanders, who do not want to make an enemy of him, and who feel that they may some day themselves have to take to *bhairwuttia*, and will stand in need of similar tolerance.

I made so many inquiries about the great forest of the Gír, with a view of spending some time there afterwards, that I know a great deal about it, though it still remains for me a sweet unvisited woodland. Its hills, as can plainly be seen from the sea, are a low continuation of the Gírnar group, notwithstanding General Jacob's objection (which has no geological validity) that there is a plain of twelve miles between them. The Gír is not a plain, but a vast succession of ridges and low hills, covered by forest-trees and the densest jungle. Jacob, in his report of 4th October 1842, says that he marched twenty miles in it without finding room to pitch a *bechova*. It covers a distance of about fifty miles by thirty, and would be almost impenetrable were it not for two valleys which fall through it from north to south, and the numerous streamlets which enter these valleys. Its hills rise on the south to about 1000 feet, and descend from that towards the north into mere undulations. Its malaria is so injurious, and its water is so poisoned by the decaying vegetation, that it is not considered at all safe to enter it except between January and the commencement of the rains in June. Every way the best season for a hunting excursion in

it is in April and May, when the heat, as Major Le Geyt described it to me, is something tremendous, and yet is neither oppressive nor unhealthy. It was in that season that Sir Seymour Fitzgerald made his excursion into it, when he was Governor of Bombay, and bagged several lions; and he is almost the only Englishman I have heard of as having visited the Gír, except two or three of the civil and military officers employed in Kathiawar. Here is a fine playground for the sportsmen of Europe; but it would be vain for them to attempt to hunt in it without the cordial assistance of the Júnághar Durbar.

Tents would be required in this wild district: there are many half-open dells in which small ones might be pitched under great teak-trees, ebony-trees, or wide-spreading peepul and barr; and there are even large amphitheatres surrounded by the wooded hills. Around all the yellow, withered vegetation, and in the burning sky above, there quivers a furnace-like air; but on the banks of the poisonous though limpid streamlets, and climbing up every rock and precipice where moisture remains and dews fall, there blooms the gaudy luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Among these wild rocks and thick glens there is the very savagery of nature, both in vegetable and animal life. The great maneless lion of Gúzerat abounds, and comes down in the moonlight nights to the pools to drink, or to watch for the beautiful antelope and the splendid sambar. Large serpents twine, scarce distinguishable,

among the creepers, or lie coiled in the hearts of decaying trees. Herdsmen with splendid cattle are found on the more open borders of this enchanted land; but no one penetrates into its jungly depth except rude Kolís and Bhíls of the more primitive races of India, large African Sídís, descendants of runaway slaves, and a few hunted and desperate outlaws, who have betaken themselves to the fastnesses of its mountains.

I saw a very fine specimen of the Kathiawar lion at Júnághar, in the garden of Bhauaddín, the brother-in-law of the Nawab. It was an enormous creature; and though the almost entire want of mane detracted somewhat from the dignity of the king of beasts, it served to display the gigantic proportions of the chest and shoulders. It has been surmised that the thick jungle of its habitat has, by the law of natural selection, deprived the Kathiawar lion of this appendage, which it retains only in a very modified and scanty degree; and the surmise that each individual lion may be denuded of its mane by the thorny thickets through which it has to pass, is disproved by the case of this lion of Júnághar, which had grown to full size in its cage, where there were no thorny thickets. Occasionally the lion makes excursions to the base of Gírnar and the walls of Júnághar, but that rarely happens now. The usual way of hunting it is to watch for it in a tree, beside some drinking-place it is known to frequent, or above a dead bullock, which

has been placed to attract it. The lion, on seeing the bullock, begins licking its jaws, and gives unmistakable indications of its appreciation of a good meal, when the poor fellow is rudely undeceived as to what is in store by the crash of a shell or conical bullet into him. Mrs Postans says that in her day (1838) the noblest of the lions frequented the plains, and were hunted on elephants; but very seldom do they venture on the plains, now that firearms are so abundant. They require to be sought for in their sequestered haunts; and there elephants are useful, but hardly for the purpose of hunting them, the jungle being so high, and the forest so thick.

At Bantli, my next halting-place, I was put up in a palace of the Nawab, surrounded by gardens, and with a fine view over the plain from the upper rooms, which were of great height, and covered with a very fine, white, close chunam, which looked almost like marble. Ladibhai, the Vahivatdar, was very gracious, and mutton-chops were produced which would not have disgraced a city of London dining-house. On the first part of the way up from the sea, the soil had been very thin, light, and cretaceous. It did not seem to be more than a foot or a foot and a half thick, and rested upon gravel; but about Bantli, and between that place and Júnághar, there was more of a black soil about three feet in depth. The rock everywhere was cretaceous sandstone, which seemed here and there to have been exposed to plutonic action.

Close to Júnághar the land became still richer, and the road lay between mango-trees and fruit-gardens.

At Júnághar I found the bungalow for travellers occupied by the Assistant Political Agent for the district, Major Le Geyt, and his lady; and commodious tents were pitched for me on the other side of the city, under some mimosa and large banian trees, just inside the walls of the city at the north gate, above which there were some fine airy rooms that would make a pleasant residence in hot weather. The walls of Júnághar enclose a vast circuit of open land occupied by kitchen-gardens and scrub-jungle. My tents were about two miles away from the city; and though there was an *octroi* guard of about twenty Arabs and Belooches at the north gate, a special guard of eight sepoys, with rifles and sword-bayonets, and under an officer of the Nawab, was sent down every night to guard my tents. Possibly this may have been to protect me, not so much from ordinary thieves or from *bhairwuttias*, as from the guard at the gate. These latter were certainly exceedingly pious men, so far as outward forms went, but neither their visages nor their demeanour were calculated to inspire confidence. Regularly every morning and evening, and sometimes even during the day, they engaged in long devotional services, kneeling with their faces towards Mecca, and uttering their prayers and chants in a sonorous way which would have delighted the ear of a ritualist. Their piety, however,

was very little appreciated by the old women who passed through the gate, whose bundles, and even whose persons, they searched in a most unceremonious way, and who in return cursed them from head to heel, and otherwise treated them to a profusion of the most abusive language.

I enjoyed life in these tents exceedingly, but nothing exciting occurred there except one day when a *sowar* galloped down and told us that one of the Nawab's elephants had gone wild, had broken loose from its keeper, and was coming down upon us. The skedaddle which immediately took place was most amusing. The guard of Arabs and Belooches disappeared instantly, leaving the gate to take care of itself. The old women threw down their bundles and made a rush for some huts outside the gate. My servants and attendants fled for the gateway tower, and never stopped until they attained the highest positions possible. And, curiously, a number of pariah dogs which had been lying and playing about seemed at once to understand that some danger was near, and ran into concealment in the jungle. In half a minute the whole place was deserted. There was a very large half-uprooted and sloping trunk of a banian-tree close beside me, and it at once occurred to me that (with the aid of the trunk of a mad elephant behind) I could walk up that banian-tree with sufficient alacrity to place myself out of danger; so, keeping a keen look-out in the direction

of the elephant, I continued smoking quietly in my chair, notwithstanding the entreaties addressed to me from the tower, especially by my Portuguese cook, who cried, half pathetically half indignantly, "S'pose that *must hatti* (mad elephant) come, Sahib not can eat that roast mutton." Before getting quite close to us, however, the elephant halted in some jungle, and its keeper, stealing behind it, clapped a half-opened iron ring round one of its hind ankles, and this not only closed with a spring, but had sharp spikes on its inside surface, which checked the huge animal's further progress, and made it submit to its mahout. To do justice to the cook, he only mounted the wall connected with the gateway tower, and returned to his beloved mutton before any one else ventured down.

This state of Júnághar, at the capital of which I spent a fortnight, is the largest and most important of the states of Kathiawar, excepting, perhaps, Bhaunágar. It is a Muhammadan state; and its prince, the Nawab, is a Muhammadan, and so are one or two of his principal advisers, but its affairs are administered chiefly by Nágar Brahmans. The city is renowned as a most ancient place, even in a country so abundant in ancient places, and is believed to have been the capital of princes of the Yadu race, the Yádevas of the Mahábhárata. According to the "Mirat-i-Secundri," the Chúrasma dynasty had ruled in it, as over all Soruth, for nineteen centuries

previous to the Muhammadan conquest. After resisting several very formidable Muhammadan attacks, conducted by such great conquerors as Sultan Muhammad Taglak of Delhi, and Ahmed Shah, the founder of Ahmedabad, it succumbed, A.D. 1477, to Sultan Muhammad Begra of Gúzerat. It afterwards became a dependency of the Mogul empire, and hence arose the present title of its prince—Nawab, originally meaning a deputy. Here the history becomes intricate, and the details would be uninteresting. Suffice to say, that about 1735 Shere Khan Babí, a soldier of fortune, displaced the deputy and founded the present dynasty. Its ruler, when I visited it, Nawab, or Nabob Sahib Mohobutkhanjí, was between thirty and forty years old. His jurisdiction, under the paramount power of Britain, was a first-class one—that is to say, he had the power of life and death over all but British subjects; and in many other respects he had the entire control of his state, subject only to the advice of the British political agents and of the Bombay Government. His state comprised 890 towns and villages, 62,300 houses, a population of 249,200, and afforded him an acknowledged land revenue of Rs. 1,300,000, or about £130,000. But most of the states of Kathiawar paid him annual sums ranging from Rs. 20 to Rs. 5000; and if I am not mistaken, these payments, which form a very considerable aggregate, are not included in the above revenue. They go under the

name of Zortalabí or black-mail, literally "taking by force," and that, no doubt, was their origin; but by custom, and being guaranteed to the Nawab by the British Government, they are now legitimate sources of revenue; and not a few of the nobles of Europe became possessed of property by a similar process. I need only add that the Nawab has about 3000 soldiers, horse and foot; for the character of his state, in so far as I can give any idea of it, will come out best incidentally in the descriptions of what I saw.

Much of the gaiety of Júnághar consisted in evening parties of a kind unknown in Belgravia, and I was a guest at several of these, given by Bhauaddín, the brother-in-law of the Nawab, Lakshmi Shankar, the son of a former Dewan, and others. Some of the principal men of Júnághar were always present at these parties, and the conversation turned on subjects both trivial and important. The chief amusement was singing, in Persian, by Nautch girls, and their dancing, if slight and measured movements could be called by that name. There was not even impropriety in the performances I witnessed, and to have watched them long would have been tiresome in the extreme. No doubt Nautch girls are capable of highly improper dancing as well as improper singing, and possibly, later on in the evening there may have been something of that kind; but, as a rule, the nautching an Englishman sees in India is excessively dull, and one would re-

quire to be born to the amusement in order to appreciate it. Some of Bhauaddín's Nautch girls were dressed in the costume of Scotch Highlandmen, with the addition of trews fitting tightly at the ankle; and their solemn movements resembled those of dancing-dervishes at the commencement of a dance. The fruit and sweetmeats provided for the guest are either given at parting or sent over to his residence next day, and betel-nut to chew was all we had to support exhausted nature. As the Assistant Political Agent, who knew the people well, was present with me at these parties, it was not for me to suggest that a "peg," as Anglo-Indians call a glass of brandy-and-soda, would have been much more refreshing than chewing betel-nut or being sprinkled with attar of roses and adorned with garlands of sweet-smelling yellow Mogrí flowers; but I was told that after our departure, *kusúmba*, a decoction of opium, was introduced, and that the singing of the dancing-girls and the conversation of the guests continued till near morning. Nothing can be more absurd than the practice of giving *pan supári* or a leaf-full of pounded betel on leaving; but the chewing of betel in India, though a disagreeable practice to the onlookers, from the way in which it reddens the teeth and fills the mouth with saliva, has undoubtedly its advantages, where vegetable diet so much prevails, from the very astringent qualities of the nut. The Nautch girls were far from beautiful, and, to an English ear, they

screamed rather than sang, sometimes raising their voices in a most ear-piercing manner, but always keeping time to the music with the motions of their limbs and bodies. On leaving one of these parties the Civil Engineer expressed a wish that our friends could see us, adorned as we were with garlands of Mogrí flowers. A more objectionable practice was that, on our departure, of daubing our hands, handkerchiefs, and the sleeves of our coats with attar of roses, sandal-oil, and other—I cannot say always sweet-smelling, but certainly always strong-smelling —oils. Indeed the higher up in society we went, the more awful and prostrating was the perfume which was graciously rubbed on our coats. At least, however, we had hookahs, the smoke of which was tempered by passing through rose-water, and were at liberty to smoke cheroots.

I was first introduced to the Nawab at an elephant-fight, which he invited me to see after the other Englishmen had departed from Júnághar. He had about twenty elephants of all sizes, and I had examined the stud. The fighting was between both men and elephants, and elephants and elephants. The balcony in which his Highness and myself sat, accompanied by Bhauaddín, Salahindi, and other Muhammadan nobles of his court, opened on the large walled arena in which the fighting took place, and was by no means out of reach of an elephant's trunk; but to guard against any accident from that

cause, we were provided with long spears, and Bhauaddín showed himself particularly active and courageous when one large elephant did threaten us. The fighting was by torchlight, which added to the extraordinary character of the scene. A large elephant in an excited state was let loose into the arena, and surrounded by a number of men, each holding a torch in one hand and a very long sharp spear in the other. First one man would give the elephant a prog with his spear, and when it turned upon him another would arrest its attention by progging it on the other side. When hard pressed the spearmen had apertures in the wall of the arena into which they could escape, and accidents seldom happen, but one or two of them had rather narrow escapes. If the elephant was excited when he entered, he became ten times more so under this system of progging, and some difficulty was experienced in getting him out of the arena by exploding fireworks behind him, which also did not tend to soothe his mind; but he seemed to enjoy the thing in a way, and it can hardly be said that there was any cruelty in the amusement, or that it was as bad as fox-hunting, in which men run the risk of breaking their necks, and the fox suffers not a little. It was a moonless night, and a curious effect was produced by the infuriated animal rushing about with a swiftness rendered remarkable by its vast proportions, amid the flickering light of torches, the glare of fireworks, or the steady blue

light of some magnesium wire with which once or twice I lit up the arena. The bejewelled Muhammadan nobles around me were very picturesque figures; and so, in another way, were the wild-looking spearsmen; while the top of the walls of the arena was alive with the population of Júnághar.

The fighting of elephants with elephants was a mere trial of strength; and they were placed with a thick low wall, about three or four feet high, between them. This was in order to prevent the victor going to extremities, and killing his opponent. As it was, they only pushed against each other with their foreheads, and pushed each other's trunks aside, or entwined their trunks, and so tried to bend each other's heads down. I was curious to see a fight between an elephant and a very fine rhinoceros which the Nawab had, and the quickness of whose motions was quite astonishing; but was told that every time the rhinoceros had been brought into the arena it had killed either a man or an elephant, and so it was no longer brought out to do battle.

The Nawab himself impressed me favourably in some respects. He was evidently a man of good disposition, and not wanting in natural shrewdness of mind; but the circumstances of his training had unfitted him for taking much part in the cares of government. In a native state so isolated and left to itself as Júnághar has been, and yet with the corrective of revolution suppressed, great abuses must

exist; but it is difficult—almost impossible—to know to what extent they do exist, and how far current stories may be the invention of discontented persons who have been justly deposed from influential positions, and of native *employés* of the English Agency who seek to serve their own private ends. I shall say nothing on this and similar subjects, on which I do not feel competent to form an opinion. It was evident, however, that considerable efforts were being made in Júnághar to improve the administration of the state, and to fashion it in accordance with modern ideas. In its courts of justice, its schools, and its jail, great reforms had been effected; and its Khábraris struck me as able, well-meaning, and, judged by an Indian standard, honest men.

For instance, I assisted Major Le Geyt in the examination of the principal school; but in order to appreciate that establishment, we must bear in mind what an exceedingly out-of-the-way place Júnághar is, and how little it is directly affected by the modernising agencies at work in the Presidency towns of India and throughout great parts of the Mofussil. This head-school had over 300 scholars, and 70 of these were learning English; and it was noticeable that of these 70 only two were Muhammadans, though the state is a Muhammadan state, the rest being almost entirely either Brahmans or Jains. The higher class in English read fluently, and explained easily in English the meaning of the words

they were asked to explain. They also wrote wonderfully correctly from dictation, and showed a good knowledge of the geography of Europe. Major Le Geyt put the whole school through a very sensible, testing, and fair examination, which brought out the actual proficiency and the deficiencies of the scholars very well indeed, and I am bound to say that the result was highly creditable to them. On the whole, they showed great intelligence and eagerness. The chanting in Gúzerathí and Urdú was very melodious, with a pathetic cadence, and was executed apparently with much feeling. A large girls' school, which we also examined, was a novelty in such a state. The girls were almost entirely the daughters of Brahmans, some of whom were high in the Nawab's service. They were exceedingly quick, clever, and eager; and it was curious to notice the great and unaffected delight with which even such an astute old official as Narsing Prasaad looked upon the success of the little performers.

To improve the administration of justice, efforts had been made to establish courts, with regular forms resembling those existing in British territory; but there did not seem to be sufficient appreciation of the importance of having well-paid judges placed in a position to be at least somewhat independent of the Nawab's court. One of the gravest accusations brought against native states in India is, that the ruler and his favourites can do exactly as they please; that they can crush all opposition, violate the honour

of any woman, ruin any man, and, in general, gratify their wishes, however unwarrantable these may be. Though a step in the right direction, the mere creation of courts of justice does not meet this evil so long as the judges can be displaced at will; and to place native judges in very independent positions might be to make them independent fountains of corruption and oppression. I saw that the chief court of Júnágḥar followed a regular course of procedure, but cannot vouch for it in other respects, nor do I know of anything against it. The advantage which has been conferred on India by the fair administration of justice by Englishmen of high character is incalculable; but I doubt if the value of that administration is at all properly appreciated by the natives of India. They distrust native judges altogether, and never like personally to go before such an administrator unless he happens to be of their own caste; but still very many of them would prefer to see native administrators of justice appointed in preference to English ones. In almost the same breath an educated native will betray a desire that all the judicial appointments of India should be filled by his own countrymen, and express his profound distrust of every native who is in such an appointment. By his own countrymen he really means himself, and gives vent to his very natural desire to obtain for himself (at any cost to the country) a place of what to him would be high emolument. But when he speaks of

his brethren in office he draws on his own knowledge, and sometimes on his imagination.

The jail in Júnághar was quite a model affair; but I have noticed of late years that jails in India usually are, whether in native states or in British territory. A jail is a very easy thing to keep in a nice showy condition; and as visitors almost always look at it, even the worst prince likes to have his prison in that condition. The late Guikwar of Baroda had a beautiful jail, and I saw there the ex-prime-minister of that state, Bhau Sindiah; but a few weeks afterwards Bhau Sindiah died under rather suspicious circumstances, and, according to popular rumour, he was pressed to death in a *sikunja*, or contracting wheel. A much better indication of the progress of modern civilisation in Júnághar was the Alfred Hospital, which had been founded in commemoration of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to India, and was relieving hundreds of patients, under the superintendence of Anundass Morji, a licentiate of the Bombay Medical College. The splendid specimens of *Bothriocephalus latus*, *Tænia solium*, and *Filaria medinensis* which he had extracted from his patients were particularly striking, and showed that tape and guinea worms flourish in Júnághar. I made some interesting notes regarding this hospital, but unfortunately (or fortunately) for my readers I cannot lay my hands upon them. A similar fate has overtaken other Júnághar statistics which I collected; but probably my general

impression will be quite sufficient for the British reader, and it was that a slow but steady improvement was going on in Júnághar.

The principal men of this state were either Muhammadans or Nágar Brahmans. After the Nawab himself, the chief noble was his brother-in-law, the Jemadar Bhauaddín, a very handsome and active but somewhat dissipated-looking man, who, both by reputation and in appearance, struck one as a sort of oriental Earl of Rochester. His influence with his Highness and in the state generally was very great. I should not think he was a man to do much business that he could get any one to do for him, but that was from love of pleasure rather more than from lack of capacity; and, indeed, to uphold his position must have required no little tact and ability. His right-hand man was Salahindi, a pure Arab, of large strong frame, who alone of the Muhammadan nobles appeared to take much interest in public affairs, and who acted as a sort of Minister of Public Works, that being the department to which he chiefly devoted himself. In Bhauaddín you came in contact with a polished and agreeable courtier, who probably could be something the very opposite of that if occasion required; in Salahindi you had a soldierly, practical man of visible shrewdness and good sense.

The Nágar Brahmans are an exceedingly powerful caste in Júnághar, as in all Kathiawar, and have monopolised the political management of by far the

greater part of the peninsula. There are about 1500 families of them in Kathiawar, and three-fourths of these are devoted to secular pursuits, especially to the art of government; while the remainder, who devote themselves to religious duties, are specially called Brahmans—but all are of Brahmanical caste. As a priesthood they have no weight in the country; but they have a great deal of importance from their ability as administrators, and from the way in which they have got the affairs of the chiefs into their hands. The Kocaní Brahmans, or those of the Southern Koncan, are considered the cleverest and the most restless and pushing of the Brahmans of Western India; many of them have light-coloured eyes; and they have a tradition which might be interpreted as indicating (though they would utterly repudiate such an interpretation) that at some former period their blood had mingled with that of shipwrecked European mariners. But Vishnú Venayek, a very clever young Kocaní Brahman whom I had with me, and who was very desirous of obtaining some more permanent employment in Kathiawar, soon found that there was no hope for him there, so closely was everything held in the hands of the Nágars, and so averse were these to any other caste finding employment in the country. There are, however, a number of Kocaní and Deccaní Brahmans in the employment of the British Agency, and in states administered by officers appointed by the Bombay Government; and I noticed that these

regarded the Nágars with much jealousy, and took every opportunity of finding fault with the condition of states under the charge of these latter. The enemies of the Nágars derive the name from *nág*, the Indian word for a cobra, the most venomous of all snakes; but they themselves have a more complimentary derivation. No doubt they have a good deal of the wisdom of serpents; but they also struck me (and I have had a great deal of intercourse with them) as having something of the harmlessness of doves, in so far as manners and kindness of disposition go.

Runcharjí, the celebrated former Dewan of this state of Júnághar, was a Nágar Brahman; and his praises have been sounded by so many persons of very different character, that he must have been a man of high qualities. Mrs Postans, describing him in her 'Western India in 1838,' spoke of his "purity and high-mindedness," of his dignity and grace, of his liberal opinions, and of his remarkable acquaintance with Eastern history. General Jacob, in his General Report of 1842, said that Runcharjí was "the nearest approach to an educated native gentleman the country contained; his tastes and habits of thought were above his age." He was one of the first in giving effectual aid to the suppression of infanticide; and Dr Wilson, in his 'History of the Suppression of Infanticide in Western India,' says of him that he was one of the best-informed natives whom we have met in India. He had even a know-

ledge of Arabic, a language to which few of his caste ever pay any attention."

The Dewan of Júnághar, when I visited Kathiawar, was also an exceedingly courteous, dignified, and intelligent gentleman. This was the Azum Gokuljí Sumpatram, also a Nágar Brahman. At this time he was absent at Rájkot, in attendance on the young prince, the Nawab's son and heir; but I met him at Rájkot, and had before made very friendly acquaintance with him. His disposition was very kind and pleasing, his knowledge great, his piety unaffected; and, in the course of much intercourse with him relating to business affairs, in which there was some temptation to depart from strict rectitude, I never saw in him the least shadow of guile, or anything which would be deemed unworthy of the highest class of English gentlemen. Even those who found most fault with the state of Júnághar had nothing to say against his personal character; but they alleged that he was only nominally Dewan, and was put forward in that position in order to give respectability to an administration that otherwise would not bear looking into. In a certain sense this was no doubt true. Gokuljí saw evils existing around him which he was powerless to remedy, as Runcharjí had been before him, and every man in high position is similarly placed in all parts of the world; but I do not believe, and have not the least reason to believe, that his dewanship was a nominal one, or that he

held it on any other than legitimate conditions. I also had much genial intercourse with, and formed a high opinion of another Júnághar official, Narsing Prasaad, who was also a Nágar Brahman, and had the advantage of having previously served in the English agency. No one can accuse me of an undue regard for native states or native officials; and, for many reasons which cannot here be entered into, I look with disapproval on the whole process, as now pursued, of pushing forward natives into Government employment in British India; but in Kathiawar, if some of the native states were backward, and showed an undue adherence to time-honoured vicious customs, there were quite as serious faults in the method of dealing with them pursued by the Rájkot agency and the Bombay Government. This is a subject, however, which belongs to Kathiawar in general, rather than to Júnághar in particular.

Mr Kinloch Forbes, of the 'Ras Mala,' who both knew the natives of India and loved them well, has said that "we should recollect, in regard to the Hindus as a people, that they are almost as different from ourselves as the laws of nature will permit one set of men to be from another." This was a true enough statement for his time, though an extended knowledge of the Chinese and of other races has since indicated that there is a wider and deeper (though still by no means an impassable) gulf between ourselves and many peoples than there is between us and the

Hindus, or any members of the Aryan race. Yet undoubtedly, there is sufficient difference between us and the Hindus to form a serious difficulty in the way of that understanding and relianceship which is the basis of all friendly and happy intercourse. I would not say that the fault is theirs, and still less that it is ours; rather it rises unavoidably from the intractability of human nature, and its incapacity for making rapid transitions without losing much of what is most admirable in it. But Mr Forbes wisely puts in the qualification that it is "as a people" that the Hindus are so different from us; and, making due allowance for superficial differences of manner and mode of thought, there are among them admirable men, who can be met with a feeling of perfect confidence on that somewhat indefinitely bounded yet very real elevation of calm good sense, of unselfishness and kindly sympathetic feeling, of enlarged and unprejudiced intellect, of devotion to immediate practical good combined with a desire to further the higher possibilities of the human race, of a natural unaffected courtesy, and of all the collateral qualities which create the real nobility of the human race,—that nobility which it is one of the peculiar glories of England to have heartily recognised as an ever-enlarging circle which can be entered from every quarter, from every clime and condition of life, and whose golden gates, though they may occasionally for a moment admit the gilded lackeys of civilisation, and other

pretenders of higher or lower origin, and may also be held closed for a time against suspicious-looking wandering strangers, who would possibly be at once admitted into the courts of heaven, yet are unalterably closed—persistently from the beginning, or at last in the end—only against the hopelessly unworthy.

### THE SCYTHIAN KATHIS.

I must not leave the city, or rather town, of Júnághar, without noticing its most remarkable feature—the Uparkót or Ooparkót. This is the ancient fort of Júnághar, elevated a few hundred feet above the town, and jealously guarded as if it were a sacred precinct. Were Englishmen in the possession of the state, this high sandstone plateau, with its magnificent view over the country towards the sea, would be at once chosen for their residences; but I found it to be entirely uninhabited, though adorned by ruins of various kinds. A small side-gate, where a guard was stationed, gave admittance to it, and no one is allowed to enter without a special order from the Nawab. The place was overrun with jungle. Its sides—bounded by ditches and walls, with high towers interspersed—are two miles, one mile, 800 yards, and 700 yards in length respectively, as measured by Colonel Tod. In some places the walls are 100 feet in height; and in old times this

citadel must have been wellnigh impregnable if resolutely defended by a few thousand men with a sufficient supply of provisions. It is overshadowed by the mighty peaks of Gírnar, and commands the city below. The buildings above ground are Muhammadan, though évidently built out of the remains of ancient Hindu temples and palaces. The place of honour is occupied by what must have been a really splendid mosque, a Jumma musjid, of about 150 feet in length by 100 in breadth, with nearly 200 granite pillars. It is in a half-ruined state, but its dimensions and beautiful shape are clearly apparent; and the granite columns, arches, and pulpit (the latter made from one block of veined granite), excite admiration.

But more interest attaches to the older remains of the Uparkót, especially its wells and excavated temples. One of the former is of vast dimensions, with both a large perpendicular shaft and a slanting slope of steps cut down to it through the most uncompact sandstone, which in some places is little harder than sand of the sea-shore. The water is very good, as might be expected from its percolating through such strata, forming a great natural filter. This gigantic well is 120 feet deep, with a diameter of about 100 feet. Another well appeared still deeper, and has an excavated pathway running all round it with windows looking into the well. Still more curious were the underground rock-excavations

which had recently been laid open. In many places the hill of the Uparkót sounds quite hollow. Striking even an ordinary stick on the ground, and still more one with a metal ring upon it, we may easily detect that there are excavations below, or, at least, great hollows of some sort. Those which have been laid open are rock-excavations, mainly Búdhistic in character, and resembling the more famous rock-temples of Elephanta, Karli, and Ellora. One of them is clearly a Búdhist Chaitya or temple, with the Búdhist cross sculptured all round on the cornice, with the heads of elephants on some of the pillars as in the great cave-temple of Karli, and with human figures, the heads being of the ordinary Búdhist type. This temple has evidently been the more private temple, or prayer-room, of a fraternity of Búdhist monks, dormitories having been excavated all round it. Similar, but smaller, excavations exist on the outer slopes of the old fort; and the whole place is well worthy of a more systematic examination than I could give to it, and of further excavation being carried out on a large scale.

Without going deeply into antiquarian matters, certain large glimpses, as it were, of the past come upon us as we ascend from these ancient underground rock-temples, and, seating ourselves on the base of one of the pillars of the Jumma musjid, look over the plains of Júnághar towards the sea. In the outcast pariahs who act as coolies or porters,

and are to carry us up to Gírnar, we have representatives of the older and *quasi* aboriginal race which seems to have peopled India before any Aryan invasion, and who must have had a hard time of it in establishing the divinity of humanity in face of the hostile and then unterrified wild-beast world. In its Yadú princes we have a connection with the first of the Aryan invasions, and many special connections with the earlier legends of Hinduism. Before the famous sculptured edict of Ashoka, we stand beside the establishment of Búdhism — that wonderful religion. which seems dying out in the East, and yet (if not directly, yet in the writings of the German philosopher Schopenhauer, and his disciple Von Hartmann) is to-day again challenging the attention of the thought of Europe. Then follows the corrupt Búdhism of the Jains, finding its most magnificent development in the temples of Gírnar and Palitana; and finally, the last wave of Muhammadan conquest sweeps from the north over the land, and the keen, cruel, unfruitful light of the Crescent glitters over it.

This sequestered little kingdom was well fitted for displaying these developments in a simple yet complete and powerful manner. The Yadú princes and their followers could look back reverentially to the slopes of the Himálaya and cherish the traditions and the habits of their forefathers undisturbed, to an extent few of the communities of their race were in India, by modifying circumstances. The Búdhists

had here a seclusion more complete than among the basalt cliffs of the Sayadri mountains; and Jainism found for itself a quiet backwater from the great current of Indian life in which it could prolong its existence despite the destroying pretensions of Brahmanism and the obligation of Muhammadanism to exterminate the infidel.

There are many other objects of interest in and around Júnághar exclusive of the holy mountain Gírnar, which demands a paper for itself; but these have been sufficiently described by previous travellers, and I must proceed to give a more general idea of Kathiawar. On leaving Júnághar, I stopped for the night at the village of Chaoki, and passed, on the way, a herd of semi-wild cattle, which are sometimes taken and broken in for draught, and sometimes hunted by the Muhammadans. Close to this place I observed a small erect stone with characters on it resembling those of the great Gírnar Ashoka inscription, and afterwards asked the Júnághar officials to have it copied; but, so far as I am aware, this has not been done, and I regret exceedingly not having myself delayed to make a copy of it. Next forenoon I left the state of Júnághar and entered into that of the Kathi chiefs of Jaitpore. Though my stay here was very brief, this was not the least interesting part of my journey; and when a traveller has got among the Kathis he has got quite as close as he is ever likely to get into the heart of Kathiawar. But I

was in a particularly disadvantageous position for making friends with the Kathi chiefs, because they had a long-standing feud with the state of Júnághar, of which I had been a favoured guest, and in the carriages of which I had arrived at Jaitpore.

The story is a curious one, and may well serve to illustrate the relationships of the states of Kathiawar, for it is only one of a thousand on which the present state of the peninsula turns, so far as that is a matter of finance and litigation. Soon after the British Government established itself in Kathiawar, and when it was making arrangements for the pacification of the country, these chiefs gave such refuge and assistance to some notorious outlaws that the British Government occupied their fort, and held their persons and possessions as responsible. This difficulty they got over by the Nawab of Júnághar becoming responsible for their good conduct, and he agreed to do so on the condition of the Kathis allowing him to establish a force of his own in their territory, and of their agreeing to pay him a yearly sum for the expense which this measure involved, and for the responsibility which he incurred in becoming security for them. The force thus established (judicially speaking) in Jaitpore was a small number of horse and foot, but it never was actually established there; and though the transaction commenced in the year 1822, the force never has been in Jaitpore, but (legally speaking) it always has been supposed to

have been there, and a house and grounds have been retained for it to occupy whenever it might be necessary that it should do so. The Nawab contended that so long as he was responsible for the good conduct of the Kathis, and could move a force into Jaitpore whenever their conduct should require it, he was fulfilling his part of the compact, and had a claim on the Kathis (up to the present date, so much longer as the arrangement remained unchanged, and into eternity, for that matter, if it did remain unchanged) for the support of that body of horse and foot. The chiefs, on the other hand, contended that, as they had never seen the force, and it had never required to be put into use, and was a wholly imaginary thing, they were not bound to pay a farthing towards its support. This was a pretty case as it stood, and it was further complicated by there being a very nice sum of arrears claimed on account of the expense of supporting this body of horse and foot which the Kathis alleged they had never seen and wholly disbelieved in.

Now it was in the airy residence of this imaginary force of horse and foot that I was established by my friends of Júnághar, so it can be imagined whether I was likely to be received with open arms by the Kathi chiefs of Jaitpore. Through all their litigation the Júnághar people had always been careful to retain their premises in Jaitpore, and it was in these I was now established, with the particular and dreadful

weight lying upon my mind of having once prepared a very able legal memorandum in support of the claims of Júnághar. It had too much an appearance as if the whole force—horse and foot, past, present, and to come, with the arrears of half a century and the future proceeds to all eternity—had at last been brought into Jaitpore in my single person.

It can easily be understood, then, that I was not in a fair way of being introduced to the *vie intime* of Kathi life. No one came to see me, though I arrived in the forenoon; and such neglect means a good deal in native states of India, whatever it may mean in the West, where it causes no inconvenience and is not always a bad thing. I wandered through the streets, and no one spoke to me, or even looked at me except occasionally to scowl at me. I went down to the river, the Bhadur, and occupied myself (as an ethnologist) with observing the well-formed Kathi women who came down for water, but they were ware of the stranger and adjusted their robes *lajak-adhani*, "to keep off shame." The streets were exceedingly dusty and tiresome; some of the small shopkeepers ostentatiously barred their doors in my face, as if the whole imaginary body of horse and foot were going to fall upon their premises to ravage them; and I sauntered back to my premises feeling very much tired and not a little amused.

But I have great faith in the *mens conscia recti;* and that faith, with its corresponding demeanour,

perhaps aided by some hints from my Kocani Brahman, soon wrought a change. In the evening a number of the Kathi chiefs came to call upon me with the usual presents of fruit and sweetmeats, and made themselves exceedingly communicative and agreeable. Next morning they showed me all that was to be seen in Jaitpore (which was not much), and then we settled down to a long talk and friendly entertainment over their national drink.

The Kathi chiefs are really very fine friendly fellows; but if I might venture to hint at any alteration in their ancient hospitality, I would suggest that a prolonged symposium with them might be enjoyed with a greater sense of safety than at the top of a wooden tower six storeys high. Even on that point, however, I would not speak positively. There is a certain advantage in being aware that you have to go down six storeys again; and perhaps, if the symposium were carried on upon the ground-floor, an inadvisable sense of perpetuity might prolong it beyond what is expedient in these bustling times. The staircases leading up to the top of this tower are of rather a perpendicular kind, and are so fearfully and wonderfully constructed that the aid of a hanging rope is necessary in ascending and descending them—particularly in descending, after having partaken of the national drink. Having got up to the top you have a fine large airy room overlooking the whole country, with couches, hanging bedsteads,

bedsteads with silver legs (which is a common but unintelligible form of luxury among Indian princes), and the society of all the principal Kathi chiefs.

The national drink referred to is *kusúmba*, or *kusoomba*—a decoction of crude opium. As it was prepared on this occasion, and as the Kathis usually drink it, *kusúmba* was made by pounding crude opium in a species of mortar, and then pouring water over it. The water thus medicated was poured over it again and again, until a very strong tincture of opium, not materially different from laudanum, was produced, but (it is to be hoped) an extract rather more diluted than, and not quite so strong as, the laudanum of our pharmacopœia. At all events, there was no attempt at measuring it in drops. It was drunk either in small cups, or, as a mark of particular favour, out of the hollow of the administrator's hand. To drink *kusúmba* out of the hollow of a Kathi's hand is the proper way of doing so; and to do so out of cups is regarded very much as the meanness of private tippling, if you do so of your own accord, or as eating below the salt, if it is presented to you. But this drinking out of the hollow of your neighbour's hand has an ancient meaning attached to it. It signifies that you and he become sworn brothers, though the pact has lost much of its force in late years, and perhaps may be considered as meaning little more than an expression of jovial goodwill. Whether it is because the Kathi chiefs are Scythians,

or because the palms of their hands have been developed abnormally by this process of turning them into cups, the quantity of *kusúmba* which some of their palms can hold is quite surprising, and rather calculated to alarm the minds of those who have been accustomed to take tincture of opium in drops. The Kathi chiefs, however, were cautious in their administration of it to me, until I assured them that I could stand a great deal of that particular drink (though by no means fond of or habituated to it), and they saw that such was the case. After that, I am afraid to say how many were the chiefs with whom I swore eternal friendship, either by their drinking out of my palm, or by my drinking out of theirs. The interludes were ground-nuts, grapes from Afghanistan, and sugar-candy. There was not an approach to rudeness of any kind. We swore eternal brotherhood and chewed our sugar-candy, and talked pleasantly; and then, on an amusing remark being made, somebody would insist on swearing eternal brotherhood again. At the end of the banquet I got down the ladders and ropes without any assistance, and rather easier than I got up them. The only result was, that I have a somewhat vague recollection of the country lying between Jaitpore and Gondul, and it seemed that the road was particularly smooth; but certainly when I got to Gondul in the evening I felt no bad effects in any way from all this swearing of eternal brotherhood.

It can hardly be, however, that all this drinking of *kusúmba* can go on without injuring the Kathi chiefs in some way; and they themselves are aware that it does so, because they are anxious to preserve their sons from the habit. The son of the principal chief at Jaitpore had passed adolescence, but his father would not allow him to take any *kusúmba*, and said that though the older men could not be expected to give up the ancient custom, efforts were being made to preserve the rising generation from it. One injurious effect of it, which the chiefs admitted, was sterility in their families. Most of even the old chiefs were very strong, hale, large-bodied old men. They did not seem to have suffered in physical strength from this habit; but one chief—the cleverest and most amusing of them all—had the appearance of a shrivelled old man of seventy, and I found he was only forty years old, and attributed his decay to excessive use of opium. He had no children, and the chiefs distinctly admitted that the more opium they took the more unlikely they were to have any. They also admitted that their progeny was very limited, and defended this as a good rather than an evil, on grounds which would have pleased the political economists of Europe; for they argued that by having few children they were able to leave those they had in comfort, and were not compelled to dissipate their possessions by division.

The progress of medical science is showing abun-

dantly that there is a great deal more than our oversapient Horatios have been or are disposed to admit in the instinctive use, by mankind, of certain substances such as alcohol, tobacco, opium, and Indian hemp, the deleterious effects of which can be very easily pointed out and enlarged upon by a cheap philanthropy, which, too often, has its own exaltation as its chief motive power, as also by a pure and unselfish sympathy with the sufferings of the human race, which, starting from certain most dubious premises, will not wait for the light of science. Hence, merely as an honest writer, I am quite indisposed to dogmatise on this subject of the use of opium in the East. The use of the drug is often destructive; but there is no element of support, medicine, pleasure, or advantage of any kind in the world, which is not liable to shatter the vase into which it is poured; and the greater the advantage, the more risk is there of the earthen vessel being shattered by it. On this occasion I had before me the authority of Colonel Walker himself, the pacificator of Kathiawar, who has laid it down (in his despatch to the Governor of Bombay, of the 15th May 1808) that "from the banks of the Indus to the Mahee, opium is universally considered among all the natives of the country as the emblem of hospitality and the seal of friendship. Opium is invariably offered to every stranger as the pledge of welcome, which it is neglectful to omit and impolite to refuse."

Not being either neglectful or impolite, I became one of the Bhayad, or brotherhood of the Kathi chiefs; and I fancy they were much more communicative with me than usual, or ever since they had been visited by Colonel Walker. The theory that they are of a northern race is well borne out by their physical characteristics, — especially by their large bones, capacious chests, and blue or grey eyes, and also by certain peculiar customs to which I shall presently allude. But when they are set down as Scythians, as is usually done, we get on very uncertain ground. I have been at some pains to go into this point, and to trace out how the idea that the Kathi were Scythians arose. Colonel Walker, who was not much given to theorising, only traced their recent history, in the modern annals of Kathiawar. William Erskine, in his 'History of India,' noted the resemblance between the peculiar form of the Kathi horse and that of the horses on Indo-Scythic coins. Colonel James Tod, author of the 'Annals of Rajusthan,' appears to have the merit of originating this idea that the Kathi were of Scythian origin. The feat was not remarkable, but the author of it was, and also the general scope and penetrating character of his views in regard to Indian antiquities. I cannot turn over the pages of these two great quartos of Colonel Tod on Rajusthan and Western India without a feeling of reverence—of that reverence which we have for great men who approach great discover-

ies, and do much of the creative work of discovery and lead others up to it, but do not bring it into clear light. Everywhere Colonel Tod's originative mind threw a new light upon the vital relationships of Indian archæology, and he anticipated, in a semi-imaginative way, much of that vast and most valuable glimpse of the past which has been elaborately worked out by Lassen and his successors. His was essentially what J. S. Mill, speaking of Coleridge, has called "a seminal mind;" and he added to that power a great literary talent which enabled him to realise and reproduce for others the scenes which he witnessed and the ideas to which they gave rise.

On coming into slight contact with the Kathis in another part of the peninsula, Colonel Tod's mind at once perceived this relationship to far-distant tribes, and he elaborated the idea in a manner which overran his facts, but which was suggestive, and in the main correct. Not in this particular instance alone, but in others, he anticipated later discovery; and in his vital contribution to Indian archæology deserved to be named with such early pioneers as Leyden, Sir William Jones, and Prinsep.

Colonel Tod's ideas in regard to the Kathis, as developed in the fifteenth chapter of his 'Western India,' were at once taken up, and passed as a sort of archæological gospel, while the origin of them was very much ignored. At once the Kathis appeared as Scythians, and as Scythians they have remained ever

since. Dr Wilson, for instance, in his 'History of the Suppression of Infanticide in Western India,' says "the Kathis are undoubtedly of Scythian origin, as indicated both by their name and physiognomy;" and General Jacob says that their physical characteristics "give much of probability to the idea that they are of Scythian descent, with which their habits in some degree correspond." That is about all which our orientalists know on the subject, and all the basis they have for their conclusion.

Without collateral support, it would be obviously absurd to draw any inference from the resemblance, which might be quite accidental, between the name of the Scythians and the Kathi. As a mere linguistic point, it is much more remarkable that the Kathis should have given their own name to the whole peninsula of Kathiawar, a district of country which they first entered in the fifteenth century B.C., where they only occupied a limited space, and where they were among races of far higher pretensions and power. This affords a very good illustration of the way in which a name may suddenly be put to a very large use, and of the folly of depending on such insignificant facts. Kathiawar seems to have got its name because, not the Kathis in general, but a mere section of them—the Kúman Kathis—sent out their plundering horsemen so late as the year 1820 into neighbouring territory, and rather surpassed even the Maratha horsemen in their pillaging success. Im-

mediately Sorashtra became Kathiawar. It was of no consequence that Sorashtra was an ancient name belonging to the sacred traditions of the Hindus, and that the country was mainly under the government of proud Rajpoots and proud Muhammadans. Kathiawar it became in 1820, and Kathiawar it remains to this day. Well, if we may argue from the resemblance between *kút* and *skút* that the Kathi are Scythian, we may just as well argue that Kathiawar is a country wholly or almost wholly occupied by Scythian tribes. Or, further, we might next proceed to prove either that the Kathi are Scotsmen or that the Scotsmen are Kathi (whichever they like), and that both are Scythians. If *Kathi* can be got out of *Skuthoi*, most assuredly *Skoti* can be got out of it with greater ease; and a collateral support to this derivation could easily be got through the verb *skutin* of the Runic inscriptions, which means "to shoot"—an exercise in which Skoti, Skithians, and Kathi have alike distinguished themselves, to the great damage of their neighbours.

I just look into this matter by way of guarding myself against any rash acceptance of the theory that the Kathis are Scythians. My own opinion is that they are Kathis—that is to say, that they are of a Northern tribe which has wandered into Kathiawar from Sind. Physically, they struck me as more like Afghans than like any other people I knew; and who the Afghans are is a question which

neither ethnologists nor philologists have yet decided.

Yet there are points about the Kathis which indicate a Turanian origin. A probable though by no means a certain trace of polyandry is to be found in a regular custom which they have of making the widow of the elder brother become the wife of the next surviving brother; and so on, should the second brother die and the remarried widow survive. There is something more here than the mere adding a brother's widow to the number of the surviving brother's wives, which is a custom that exists in many countries. Among the Kathis, the widow comes down as the head wife of the surviving brothers successively; and this looks very like a remnant of polyandry, but polyandry divested of its most obnoxious feature. The three great divisions of the Kathi tribes—namely, the Wala, the Khuman, and the Kachar—are said to point towards a Turanian origin; but the reasons for this conclusion have not been assigned, and the names of most of the individual tribes, such as Lalu, Kadadad, and Somasarya, are evidently Aryan. They are worshippers of the sun; but no attempt has been made to identify them with the Zoroastrians, and there does not appear to be any ground for doing so. In the division of property at death all the sons inherit equally, and this affords a reason why the Kathi chiefs do not care to have any number of sons. Daughters do not inherit

anything; and the difficulty thus arising was met, up to a very recent date, by the custom of female infanticide; but this latter custom has now been put an end to as an open custom owing to the efforts of the British Government, though it may still exist to some extent in a secret way. Probably it is not now practised to an appreciable extent; for the possessions of land which the Kathis had secured in an unsettled, turbulent state of the country, and which were of little value in that state of affairs, have turned out of great value to them now that the country is in a peaceful, settled state. As polygamy exists among them, and they can now afford to take more wives than one (or even than two, which was their former practice), there is not much temptation for them to have recourse to the barbarous expedient of female infanticide. Colonel Walker said: "The women of the Kathis are proverbially beautiful and graceful. The Kathis are much under the authority of these women, who often incline their husbands to moderate the harsh treatment which they sometimes pursue to their captives, in order to extract from them large ransoms." I should say the Kathi women were rather large, powerful, and handsome, than specially beautiful or graceful, though they are not altogether wanting in the latter characteristic. As the men have now no overt opportunity of holding prisoners to ransom, the women have little to do, in that respect, in ameliorating the cruelty of their lords,

and when they interfere beneficially at the present time, it is chiefly in the way of persuading their lords to avoid *kusúmba*, and to devote themselves to the development of their landed property. The infernal system of Hindu widowhood does not exist among them; and though it is the invariable custom to marry the wife of a deceased elder brother to the next oldest brother, older brothers are not obliged to marry the widow of a deceased younger brother; and if there is no younger brother for the widow to saddle herself upon, she may marry whom she pleases. This custom is rather hard upon younger brothers, but they do not count for much even in England. In the marriage customs there is a distinct trace of primitive capture by marriage. When the bridegroom goes to take away his bride, her relatives and friends assail him and his party with stones and sticks, and he can only carry her off by violence or by coming to some compromise with her defenders. One very curious and almost unique custom the Kathis have is, that when a mother dies, her relations not only take away the children from the widower, but also carry away all his movable property at the same time, with the exception of one brood-mare. The custom of the race does not allow him to make the slightest resistance to this despoilment; and his children are brought up by the relatives of his deceased wife. This custom certainly affords a very efficient protection against wife-murder, and probably sprang up in a state of

affairs in which something of the kind was specially needed. The custom remains, as innumerable customs do, though the special necessity for it has disappeared. My reader may thus understand how he would be placed if he had been born among the Kathis. If his elder brother died and left a widow, as he would be pretty sure to do if only fourteen years old, my gentle reader would have to take that wife to his bed and board even though she might be over sixty: if his own wife died, his movable property and all her children would be taken away from him. In the leaving of the brood-mare, we may perhaps see a trace of Tartar origin.

The next Kathiawar state I went into was that of Gondul, which was under English management, the chief being a minor of five or six years old. The most noticeable results of this guardianship were two or three miles of good road, a well-ordered jail, a good schoolhouse, and a reading-room connected with the schoolhouse, and supplied with native and other papers and a few books. Dajabhai Súnderlal, the manager of the state for the Bombay Government, was doing well in these respects; but the principle involved in such appointments is open to serious question. I had an interview with the little Thakor, as the infant chief of the state was called, and found him to be a weakly but intelligent child. It was interesting, but almost painful, to see him go through the usual forms of Indian reception under the sug-

gestion of his attendants. Various stories were afloat regarding the conduct of his lady-mother ; and another child, of somebody else, was afterwards brought forward in claim to the chiefship, giving rise to a great lawsuit, which, I think, was finally decided in favour of my little acquaintance. What between their old methods of settling such matters, uncertain British justice, and improvements in the administration of British justice, the Kathis must have a fine field for intrigue, corruption, and gambling. Especially trying must be the position of a young or elderly widow who is left with one child as an heir to the chiefship. Dining, after my visit to the Thakor, or Thakoor, with Captain Nutt, one of the political agents in Kathiawar, who happened to be passing through Gondul with his wife, I had the opportunity of talking over this and similar matters with a sensible officer well acquainted with the country.

Soon after I reached Rajkot, which is the centre of the British agency in Kathiawar, and of the troops which are required to support British authority. The Rajkúmar College with its staff, a postmaster-general (for the province), one or two missionaries, and a few Parsi shopkeepers, aid in making this place something like an ordinary Indian station. It has a small genial society of English bachelors and widowers. I do not mean to say that it might not, possibly, have been still more genial if there had been more English maids

and widows, but only speak of matters as I found them. The great luxury of Rajkot society appeared to be to dine at one another's houses alternately; and very pleasant reunions these were—neither brilliant nor fast, but excellent and pleasant in their way,—Colonel Anderson, the Political Agent, setting a good example of hearty and informal hospitality. The most noticeable feature in this place was the Rajkúmar College, which had been opened in 1870 for the education of the young chiefs and future rulers of Kathiawar. Mr Chester Macnaughten, the Principal of this institution, had arranged it, and carried it on in a very efficient manner. The young chiefs were not only well instructed but were also well trained—which is a matter of vastly more importance than mere instruction in the education of youth. They were well looked after even in their amusements, which were regulated so as to aid in the development of manly and social qualities. I wish to guard myself against saying anything either in approval of or against such an institution; but it must, no doubt, have a considerable effect on the future of Kathiawar, and must present that province with a rather different set of chiefs from what it has been accustomed to. Half the same pains spent on Eton would also effect a good deal of change in the rising nobility and gentry of England. While avoiding all important questions, it may not be uninteresting to convey some idea of the routine followed in this

Rajkúmar resident college, which was occupied by chiefs and sons of chiefs, of ages varying from about eleven to nineteen. The building in which they resided and were taught was in Italian-Gothic style (having been erected at the expense of the principal chiefs of Kathiawar, under the encouragement and direction of Colonel Anderson, then the Political Agent). The pupils were roused by a bell at half-past five in the morning, and at six had to be ready for their "morning exercises," which did not consist of prayers—Jain, Muhammadan, Hindu, or Christian—but of gymnastics on three days of the week, and of riding on the other four. Lessons on full school days were from ten to one and from two to five. During their hours of leisure the boys were kept as much as possible together, either engaged in outdoor amusements or in the library. They took their meals each in a separate outhouse of their own, where it was prepared for them by their respective attendants; but the Principal discouraged all seclusion there farther than was absolutely necessary. The table expenses of each boy and of his sanctioned attendants were not allowed to exceed ten rupees a-day, or about a pound sterling; but they might, in addition, spend a sum, never exceeding fifty rupees monthly, on special entertainments. The monthly expenses of the college exclusive of the pupils' board, which was defrayed by themselves, amounted only to 2110 rupees a-month, or about £2500 a-year. The credit of originating and

starting this institution was due, I believe, to Colonel Keatinge, a recent Political Resident, who did a great deal for Kathiawar, and managed to make great innovations in that province without irritating any class of the inhabitants ; but the practical work of having the college built and organised devolved upon Colonel W. W. Anderson, who was still Political Resident at the period of my visit. One little feature about the college illustrated in a striking manner the extremes of life in Kathiawar. Here were these boys educated and drilled as in a European public school ; but in some cases the states to which they belonged had not an unreasonable dread of their being assassinated or kidnapped. Their cricket-field was guarded by sentries, because intimation had been received of some plot to carry off one of the young minor chiefs ; and on going through the dormitories at night with the Principal, I came upon strange, wild-looking, armed figures (which might have come out of the middle ages) of sentries, keeping watch over some of the principal young chiefs. This anxiety was not to be wondered at, considering the immense change which might be wrought in the affairs of a state, and in the position of its principal families, by the assassination of a young chief. The same dread required that the boys should have their meals prepared by their own special attendants. All this was quite reasonable ; but what a light does it throw on the incalculable advantages which, I shall not say English rule, but

the presence of Englishmen in India, has conferred upon the country!

From Rajkot I passed on to Vírumgaum by easy stages, in carriages of the chiefs, provided for me by the kindness of the Political Agent. This was a curious way of travelling, but it was one which was called for in a country where there were no public conveyances, and where the procuring support for private means of carriage was very much dependent on the goodwill of small territorial magnates. If the country was to be traversed at all by Englishmen, these required to have means of conveyance; and the practical question was, how such could be provided in the circumstances where the traveller might any day find himself in the territory of some chief who (acting either secretly or openly) would, for some whim or other, prevent him from getting any supplies. The chiefs themselves, I understand, preferred to provide carriage for Englishmen forwarded or vouched for by the English Agency, rather than to have their country indefinitely opened up by any regular system of conveyance or of providing supplies. In some measure this style of affairs has now been departed from; and though at Wudwan, Mr Jardine, the Assistant Political Agent there, readily carried out the arrangements for forwarding me to Gúzerat, yet afterwards, when he became Judicial Assistant to the Agency, he firmly set his face against this whole system of employing the carriages of the chiefs. With this gentleman also

I had much interesting conversation about Kathiawar; and I am sure, from what I learned afterwards, that his energy and clear intellect wrought not a little good in the province.

From thence my journey went to Vírumgaum in Gúzerat, to which the railway had been extended from Ahmedabad. The first night found me at the small chiefship and town of Luktur, where I had to stop for the night, without any of my attendants, the arrangements for their conveyance not allowing of their remaining there that night. I was prepared for this, and only required some sort of sleeping-place, which was provided for me by the chief pitching a small tent, with a *charpoi* in it, on the shore of a large tank, or small lake, outside the walls of the town. The carriage in which I had come belonged to a chief who was on bad terms with the chief of Luktur, which did not serve as a recommendation for me. Moreover, the Luktur chief was incensed against some of the Englishmen employed in constructing the railway between Vírumgaum and Wudwan, so no attention was paid to me. I accepted the situation, however, without finding fault, and soon some of the chief's relatives, and Deushunker, the civil judge of the state, paid me a visit. We had a long friendly conversation, which ended in their apologising for not having made better preparations for receiving me, and in their begging permission to send me out a Muhammadan dinner. On declining the dinner, they begged

me to say that I did not do so from any ill-feeling, which I readily did ; and then they insisted on sending out four Puggis, or watchmen, to guard my tent during the night, as there were bad characters about ; and my tent, which did not close to the ground in more than one place, was pitched some way from the walls of the town.

The Puggis of Western India form a peculiar institution. They were originally a caste of thieves, and still are so to a great extent ; but they also undertake the duty of watching tents, and houses, and collections of goods—when they are paid to do so. In that latter respect they are faithful and valuable ; not that they keep up any strict watch, but that, by an arrangement among themselves, their presence beside you keeps thieves away. This is a point of honour with them ; but, on the other hand, they deem it equally a point of honour to make you suffer for it if you decline their services — at least in districts where they are a recognised institution. If their services are declined in such a district you are almost sure to be robbed during the night ; and they are so clever in that business that they can even take the *resai* (a padded quilt) or the sheet from beneath a tolerably sound sleeper by gently tickling him, and so making him turn over in various directions. I have even heard of them, or of some Ramooshis—a similar caste in the Dekhan—taking away, in joke, the arms of a whole company of European soldiers,

including those of the officer in command, who had declined their services.

After the officials left and before the Puggis came, an old vagabond of a Jat came to me with some maundering stories, winding up with an offer to introduce me to the queen of his tribe, which I promptly declined, and which made me set him about his business ; because, though much interested in the gipsies, of whom the Jats are congeners, I had no confidence that he would introduce me to any person of the kind. After he was gone, a Bawa, or Hindu devotee, who had been sitting under a tree near by, left for the town, and on passing me, not receiving the alms he asked for, proceeded to denounce me and prophesy evil. In India, if you are in want of means, all you have got to do is to strip yourself almost naked, to sit down under the shade of a tree or of an umbrella, and sweep a small circle clear of dust round you. The passers-by will then give you alms, both in money and food ; but in order to carry out this easy profession you must have a black skin. If you are seen to be an Englishman—a *civis Romanus*—you will be arrested as a vagabond and a rogue, be clapped into prison, will probably be tortured secretly by the native police, and will finally be deported from the country.

When the Puggis arrived they lighted a fire, cunningly arranged the stones with which the ground was covered so as to make comfortable beds for them-

selves, smoked their hubble-bubble, and so went off to sleep. No human being disturbed us; but I was awakened during the night by some creature about the weight of a large cat crawling over my face and head. It had a cold slimy feeling, and so at first I thought it was a snake, and kept perfectly still in case of accident. But it seemed to have short legs of a kind, and soon it fell off my head with a flop upon the ground, from which the cot was elevated only a few inches. I immediately got up on the other side of the cot, and made a little noise in order to keep off my visitor, whatever it might be. Unfortunately I could not at once find my matches, and before I could strike a light the creature had left; and the ground was too hard to leave any traces of it. It may have been a cat, or a bandicoot—a large unsavoury species of sluggish rat; but my decided impression is, from the kind of feeling it conveyed to my head, that it was an inquiring young crocodile which had come out of the lake. I do not know, however, that there were any crocodiles in the lake, though, on my inquiring, the Puggis said that there were; but they did so in a sleepy way, not wanting to be disturbed, and would probably have assented to anything, in order to continue their slumber.

Sleeping in this tent at the lake, with the Puggis beside me, and such a curious creature crawling over my head, I was quite prepared to give a favourable reception to all the superstitions of Kathiawar, and

to welcome any "Bhut" who might be pleased to put in an appearance, however objectionable that might be. In this connection it is curious to notice how much resemblance there is between old and now almost relinquished ideas of Northern Europe and those which still exist in Kathiawar. The Bhut is the spirit of a deceased human being which, for sins committed in the body, or neglect of its relatives in performing the due ceremonies after death, wanders about in an uncomfortable fashion, entering into other persons' living bodies, assuming curious shapes, and doing sometimes good, but, for the most part, mischief. It is to be noted also, that the spirit of a man who does not die easily—being held to this life by regard for his wife or children, or worldly possessions, is liable to become a Bhut. These unclean beings, as they are regarded, are fond of dwelling in trees near their former homes or beside where their bodies have been buried, in desert places, and where four roads meet. Their food is of such a character as to suggest that a good many of their exploits may be set down to the credit of the Aghoras and other repulsive devotees who shun daylight and the face of mankind—a class of unfortunate wretches which (though no religious character is here assigned to it) has some slight counterpart in the wretched creatures who are only to be seen after midnight in our own great cities.

The Bhut is known, by some name or other, all

over India; but I here speak of it only as it is known in Kathiawar, though it seems to have much the same characteristics in most parts of the Indian peninsula. It partakes of the character of the vampire in that it sometimes feeds on dead bodies, and, entering into them, makes them speak; but it is more remarkable in Kathiawar for entering into living bodies and making these say and do things contrary to their ordinary character. This evil spirit is much more knowing and powerful than the human being. It can either be invisible or assume material shapes. You may come upon it in the shape of a child or a kid crying at the roadside; and when you put it into your cart to take it home, it grows heavier and heavier until it breaks down the cart, and then disappears screaming. Not unfrequently it takes the form of a serpent, especially when in its human life it has left treasure concealed in or near the house. Entering into a living person's body it makes that person tremble exceedingly, and then become very violent. Deceased husbands are fond of troubling their widows in this way, and deceased wives trouble their husband's wives, which is not wonderful. Powerful and clever as Bhuts are, they can be cheated like the European Devil of the middle ages. There is a story, for instance, of a Kathiawar king who was about to be devoured by a Bhut, when the latter incautiously promised, before devouring him, to do anything which the king might request; on

which the king asked the Bhut to go on climbing up and down a pole for ever.

Brahmans and all the different kinds of devotees have various ways of exorcising Bhuts, most of which turn upon sacrificial and other offerings. Unfortunately for the existence of such creatures, we hear less and less of them in their old shapes, as knowledge increases; but they are hard to kill, and seem to reappear again even in the most civilised countries, affecting there chiefly the legs of tables. The Indian superstitions are really more worthy of respect, if both may be considered as arising from timidity, delusion, and interested fraud. In a country like India, full of jungle and solitary places, abounding with wild beasts and serpents, and with a population sunk in extreme ignorance, it is no wonder that any extraordinary phenomena should be regarded as the manifestation of supernatural powers. Where at night any bush may conceal a tiger, and any footstep be planted on a snake, and one's sleep is disturbed by innumerable hideous forms of insect-life, it is not surprising that people should find an evil spirit in the shaking of a leaf, the unearthly wail of a jackal, or the shivering of fever. Let any one try the experiment of spending a night alone in a jungle haunted by wild beasts, and if his nerves are not of something more than iron, he will soon find himself developing supernatural powers both of seeing and hearing. Then the seasons, also, are favourable

in India for developing any tendency in that way. Weird are the still nights of the hot season which tempt one to rest in the open air till dawn; and in the south-west monsoon all the powers of darkness seem abroad—

> "When voices thunder through the air,
> The sky grows black as night,
> And fever takes the earth, that shakes
> As with a fierce delight."

From Luktur I started next morning in company with Colonel Combe, commandant of the British force at Rajkot, who was making a trip to Bombay. It had been arranged that when we had got about half-way to Vírumgaum the horse-carriage we had so far travelled in was to be exchanged for another, provided by another chief; but we found a bullock *gárhí* awaiting us, and one having no centre-piece which could be taken out so as to make two seats or any seat at all. It was in fact a palanquin on wheels, in which the traveller could only lie at full length, and having hardly a breadth sufficient for two persons. We tried to persuade the conductors of the carriage which had taken us on so far to convey us to Vírumgaum, but they positively refused, for the reason that their horses were quite unable to do so, and they had been directed to go only to this point; and by this time we had got into the sand and salt of the Runn of Kutch, where the track—for it could not be called a road—went over ground (if such it might be called)

on which an elephant might have been used with advantage to pull the carriage. The colonel carried quite a battery of small-arms about with him; I was not unarmed, and we were both rather above the average size. Up to this point we had got on quite amicably; but it struck me that if we were stretched beside each other in this coffin of a bullock *gárhí*, and pitched about in the usual fashion of such vehicles, there would be very little chance of our both reaching Vírumgaum alive. In fact, I felt perfectly certain that ere we had been a full hour in that conveyance, the undignified spectacle would have been presented of a colonel commanding a station and a wandering *littérateur* dodging round it, taking shots at one another with their revolvers. Hence, and having also another possibility in view as to my own means of conveyance, I suggested that the colonel, who was anxious to catch a train at Vírumgaum, should go on with the bullock-carriage and leave me to shift for myself. This solution of the difficulty was not so much accepted, as taken advantage of, by him, with the somewhat gruff remark that he at least required to reach Vírumgaum without delay, and that I had better accompany him, unless I thought of walking the whole distance. Whenever I saw him out of sight, I turned to the driver of the horse-carriage, and suggested to him that, now we were rid of the weight of the colonel, and of the colonel's baggage, and of his battery of small-arms, it might be

quite possible for the little Kathi horses to take me to Vírumgaum. I saw he had been offended by the peremptory manner in which my companion had ordered him to go on, when he was in no way bound to do so. I made a request, not a demand, and expressed a polite hope that, looking at the circumstances of the case, he would try to stretch a point and would take me on. To this he replied that he would do so most willingly if only his horses could get over the ground; and after giving them a little rest, we proceeded on our journey in this comfortable four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two small but exceedingly active Kathi horses. The ground got worse and worse as we got on, the wheels sinking deep in the sand or the salt and mud of the Runn of Kutch. The little horses did not dislike the cracking of the whip, but they would not allow themselves to be struck, and offered to lie down whenever that was done, however lightly. They exerted themselves, however, bravely, and there was no lack on the part of the driver and his companion in stimulating and assisting their efforts. At one place I thought the carriage was going to stick altogether, so loose and deep was the sand. Our efforts, combined with that of the horses, failed to move it. At last, to my great surprise, the coachman asked me if I had any brandy that I could give to the horses; and he held open their mouths while I administered a large glass of brandy to each of them. Now, whether it was the actual effect of this dose, or

a dread of any repetition of the same, certain it is that, shortly after receiving it, the horses made a more desperate and prolonged effort than before, and pulled the carriage out of the sand-hole. I was glad to be able to save these spirited and sensitive little creatures the labour of going all the way to Vírumgaum. Before reaching that place I got my baggage and myself transferred to a *trolly* on the railway in course of construction to Wudwan, and so glided smoothly along to that town, in company with a large strong Englishman engaged on the railway, whose name I have forgotten, but who was a superior man of his class, and had devoted not a little attention to the more interesting features of the country in which he was temporarily located.

At Vírumgaum I came to the end of my Kathiawar journey. The weather was becoming uncomfortably hot; I had gone through a good deal of hard roughing, especially on Gírnar, which yet remains to be described; and I was not sorry to settle down for a couple of days' repose in the most splendid travellers' bungalow it has been my fortune to meet with in India. It had spacious apartments round a central hall, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, with baths of clear water, large mirrors, and commodious easy-chairs. This pleasing place, so much superior to the usual style of travellers' bungalow to be met with in India, had been built at the expense of the Vírumgaum municipality; and the inhabitants of the town re-

ferred to it with an amusing combination of pride and regret in their countenances.

In order to make the position of the British Government in Kathiawar intelligible, I must very briefly refer to the history of our connection with that province. The first interference with it on our part was in the year 1807. The Gaikwar of Baroda held a large portion of Kathiawar under tribute, but the country was in such an unsettled state that he had great difficulty in levying his tribute, and asked our assistance to that end; while, at the same time, some of the chiefs themselves desired our interference in order that the country might be pacified. Accordingly Colonel Walker, then the Resident at Baroda, entered Kathiawar, and permanent settlements were soon made, under British guarantee, as to the tributes due from the various states, as also engagements binding the chiefs to keep the peace towards one another and to give up piracy and female infanticide. In addition to this, the occupancy of the Maratha country transferred to the Bombay Government the tributary and other rights possessed by the Peishwa in Kathiawar. It is astonishing to consider how much was done in Kathiawar in those older times of British rule in India—with how much ease and with such slender means. Then, and even so late as in the Agency of Colonel Keatinge, the history of our relations with Kathiawar was, with the exception of one or two interregnums when the Agency was occu-

pied by incompetent officers, most honourable to Great Britain; and the names of Walker, Jacob, Lang, Keatinge, and other officers, who effected the greatest changes in the province, are respected and even revered by chiefs and people alike. A similar general remark may be truly made in regard to our position almost everywhere in India; and the explanation is not far to seek. In these past times, our representatives in India sought to carry out the interests, the imperial aims, of their country, and to act upon its large humane motives. There was no notion then of currying favour with the children of India, bending to their prejudices, seeking their approval, and preparing for vast disaster by pampering and pushing forward unprepared sections of the people, such as the sepoys of the Indian Mutiny and the "educated natives" and Indian servants of the present day. The Englishman of those old times had a mission in India and was free to carry it out; and a consciousness of that animated his whole life, quickened his energies, elevated his mind, and, strange to say, made him loved as well as respected among the people of India. Animated by that consciousness, he was able to mingle freely with the people, and knew them as almost none of our later officers have done. There was no superciliousness in his demeanour towards them, no contempt for their more harmless manners and customs, no rude and brutal behaviour towards them. But towards the period of the Indian Mutiny a change

came over these relationships. Political and military officers of all kinds became less and less in sympathy with the people of the country. Our representation in India had developed into a bureaucratic officialdom which could only uphold its position by pampering the sepoys, and the system of pampering them could only be kept up by appointing incompetent officers to the command of regiments. Hence came the great crash of the Indian Mutiny, when what might have been a good servant became a destroying master. The dreadful events of that time might, and ought to, have given us a complete and satisfactory hold upon India; but that could only have been achieved by throwing to the winds the traditions and habits of a close and incompetent officialdom. Men like Havelock and Neil, after being snubbed all their previous lives, were gladly taken advantage of and used up in the suppression of the Mutiny, but no real change occurred in the conduct of affairs. On the contrary, a still more fatal step was made than the pampering of the sepoys, and one proceeding from the same motives and the same incompetence. Such haste was made in confirming the zemindars of Oudh in their possessions, in passing a general indemnity, and in opening up Government service to Hindus and Muhammadans, that inevitably a general impression was created that we were acting from fear, and that the atrocities of the Mutiny had compelled us to adopt these measures. An enormous mistake had been

made before, and we proceeded to rectify it by making one still greater. The Administration condoned the unpardonable conduct of those who had witnessed the horrors of the Mutiny without an attempt at interference; and instead of steadily filling responsible posts with able Englishmen, giving them sufficient power to act, and instead of affording any fair scope for the energies of the increasing mass of Englishmen of various classes in India, it fell back again upon the very expedient which had produced the Mutiny—that of pampering and pushing forward sections of the native community whose interests were opposed equally to those of the British Government and of the great mass of the people, and sections which, thus pushed forward under false and misleading pretensions of equality and liberty, could not but regard us with the profoundest distrust and detestation. This frightful mistake has borne its natural fruits. The Prince of Wales and English sportsmen may visit India pleasantly enough; but that proves little. Let us look at the matter from a statesmanlike point of view—from such a point of view as a Bismarck, a Gortschakoff, or even Marshal MacMahon would take. Suppose events in Europe required us to recall two-thirds of our English soldiers from India, what would be the result? Instead of India being a valuable support to the British empire, as it might easily have been made, it would be a source of weakness, distress, and loss. The scenes of the Indian Mutiny might be

repeated over again, without even the shallow excuse of unpreparedness and surprise. All this, and much more which lies in the possible future, might easily have been avoided; nor is it yet too late.

In Kathiawar I saw a miniature of our Indian empire. A great deal of dissatisfaction existed in the province; and the result of my investigations was the conclusion that much of that dissatisfaction was not without good cause, and that it was produced chiefly by the most objectionable system of judicial secrecy pursued towards Kathiawar by the Bombay Government, and by the too great dependency of the Political Agency on native *employés*, and on the cunning action of these latter toward the native state. So palpably was this the case, that a good deal of improvement in these respects was soon afterwards effected by the Government. Especially much good was done by appointing a Judicial Assistant to the province, and by this officer trying cases in open court. But I must not go too deeply into Kathiawar affairs, and shall deal only with the secrets of Gírnar and the religion of the Jains.

## THE HOLY MOUNTAIN.

Within a few miles of the city of Júnághar (more properly Júnágarh) there rises one of the most famous mountains in the world, though many of my readers

may never have heard of it before. It is Gírnar, or the Lord of Mountains, also called the Sin-destroying Mount, the Mount of Safety, the Golden Mount, the Overshadowing Mount, and by many other similar names. High up on its first peak, above a stupendous precipice, and at a height of nearly 3000 feet, there is a series of magnificent and beautiful temples, sacred to the religion of the Jains—a corrupt form of Búdhism—and one of which contains their famous Perspiring Statue. On the summit of that peak there is a temple containing a most ancient and sacred Hindu image or rather stone, the Amba Mata or Mother of Gods. The peaks beyond have sacred shrines to which hundreds of thousands of pilgrims yearly ascend. Hundreds of naked devotees besmeared with paint or ashes are scattered over this mountain, exposing themselves to almost incredible hardships. Its last peak, the Dread Mother, shunned by pilgrims, is sacred to Kali or Dúrga, the blood-stained spouse of Síva the Destroyer; and that peak, with the jungle at its base, is infested by the worst of all devotees—Aghoras, who live on carrion and human flesh, and shun the face of mankind.

Looking up to Gírnar from Júnághar or its neighbourhood, this mountain appears as one lofty, ribbed, and apparently inaccessible peak, of a grey pink and cream colour, from the granite, quartz, and other primitive rocks of which it is composed, and it presents this appearance all the way up from the sea;

but from the road between Júnághar and Jaitpore it is seen laterally as an immense mountain mass, having six separate sharp peaks, rising from a base that is itself about 3000 feet high, and affording ample room for any pilgrim to kill himself by climbing, or by throwing himself over precipices as formerly was sometimes done. I not only went up this mountain, but stayed upon it for a week, sleeping usually where the Jain temples are, not far from the summit of the first peak. The Júnághar Durbar did everything to assist me in this, and, otherwise, it would have been difficult to have remained even a night on Gírnar. They placed at my disposal a number of *dooly* bearers to carry me up the mountain and upon it; and they also attached to me (for reasons of their own) a clever young Brahman, who spoke English, and had remarkably prominent linguistic eyes. This gentleman's name was Muggenlal Trikomji Boosch; but I usually called him the Man of Pleasure, from the meaning of Muggenlal, and because there was no pleasure in his life, he being naturally of a most serious turn of character, and my visit causing him a great deal of overwork and constant anxiety of mind. They also gave me quite another sort of man, a general attendant, called Kooshal, who was to look after my supplies and comfort in general. This was an invaluable person, and he looked as if he had just stepped out of the Arabian Nights. He had two eyes, but one of them was so large, promi-

nent, and luminous, as quite to eclipse the other, and give him the appearance of the One-eyed, and his luminous orb was constantly glittering round in search of fowls, or eggs, or other edibles below, or of pilgrims on the mountain, who could be impressed into our service by a touch of his white wand. In fact Kooshal did not strike me as a human being at all, but rather as one of the genii who had been temporarily detailed off to obey all my behests; and it was partly by his aid that I was enabled to obtain admission to the Perspiring Statue. I had also with me, on this excursion, Vishnu Venayck, my Kokani Brahman, shortly designated V. V., and a Portuguese "Boy" and cook from Bombay, who did not at all appreciate the business.

Driving in a carriage of the Nawab's to the east gate of the city wall towards Gírnar, in the end of January, I was there transferred to a *dooly,* there being no carriage-road farther. This latter conveyance is by no means so luxurious as a palanquin, or so convenient as a Himálayan *dandi* or *janpan.* There are *doolies* of quite another kind; but the Júnághar *dooly* was simply a square piece of flat wood (with or without a cushion upon it), with sides about two and a half feet long, slung from two strong thick poles by four ropes. A native of the East can dispose himself upon it comfortably enough cross-legged or squatting, but such postures are tolerable to Europeans only when practised from a pretty early

age; and I got a bar of wood slung below the seat on which to rest my feet, which was a great relief. Though there was no support for the back, yet holding on by the ropes somewhat compensated for that. On the steep, narrow path slanting across the great and almost perpendicular precipice of Gírnar, my feet had often to be raised. The *dooly* was knocked about a good deal, and at one or two turnings I found myself suspended over the precipice for an instant in a way which might be trying to those people who have a nervous horror of looking down great depths; but there was, in reality, no danger whatever. The bearers were eight in number, four of them carrying me at a time, except at some points where only two could walk together. They were of a Pariah caste, being Dheds, if I recollect rightly. They were large-bodied, strong men, and had a remarkable physical resemblance to some of the *janpan-wallahs* at Simla, who belong not to that place, but to a neighbouring state. Even beside the gate of the city wall I had a foretaste of what was in store for me in the way of devotees, in the shape of some hideously-painted naked Bawas, who sat in the small upper windows of a house leering down upon the pilgrims passing by. There is something very horrible in some of the phases of the Hindu religion, especially in connection with the worship of Síva and Kali. The object seems to be to inspire dread in the minds of the worshippers; and I do not wonder at European ladies having turned

quite sick and faint when brought in contact with the orgies of Indian heathens, "mad upon their idols."

A little beyond the walls of the town, the hills, which come down in a semicircular sweep from the flanks of Gírnar, converge quite closely, leaving only a narrow passage for the escape of the river Sonarica. Mr Graham, one of the Bombay merchants I have previously referred to, and who had made a day's excursion up to Gírnar shortly before, had suggested to me that the natural basin thus formed might, at a very insignificant expense, be turned into an immense reservoir for the supply of Júnághar with pure water, of which it stands very much in need, judging from the number of the inhabitants who suffer from guinea-worms and tape-worms. The greater part of this immense basin has little in it except scrub jungle; it has little or no cultivation; and a lake as large as Grassmere could easily be formed there by making a single embankment only about fifty yards in length. This would not only supply Júnághar, but would also provide water sufficient for a canal from that city to the seaport of Vairawal, thus both aiding the fertility of the country between and providing easy and cheap means of conveyance. I spoke of this matter to Salahindi, and he seemed much pleased with the idea; but I am not aware that anything has been done about it.

Another interesting point connected with this basin is the question whether it may not contain gold. The

quartz of Gírnar might very well contain gold; the name of the river is the Sonarica, or "golden-flowing" stream, and there is a tradition that, in ancient times, gold was collected in its bed, though none appears to have been got there of late years. It consequently struck me that if the quartz of Gírnar did contain gold to any appreciable extent, deposits of it would almost certainly exist in the sand and gravel of this basin, which must have been washed down from the great mountain. Accordingly, I collected some specimens of the deposit, and had it sifted after a rough fashion. This was done by putting portions of the sand into a basin of water, stirring the water gently, and then throwing it out by handfuls. Supposing there is gold in the basin, it, being the heaviest substance, will keep to the bottom, and for the most part escape being thrown out. Repeating this process several times, I then tested with quicksilver, but failed to find any gold. I am not at all convinced, however, that there may not be a gold-field in that basin underneath Gírnar; and that not because my testing was roughly done, but because, in taking my specimens of sand, I did not get down deep enough, or reach any basis sufficient to arrest the downward progress of particles of gold. There is also an old tradition, which the Jemadar Bhaoaddín mentioned to me, that diamonds used at one time to be found on Gírnar; but I made no attempt to follow up this suggestion.

About half a mile from the city walls we come upon one of the most interesting remnants of antiquity, the great stone or rock inscribed with the Búdhistic edict of King Ashoka or Priyadarsi, who ruled over the greater part of India in the third century before Christ, and who, as it appears from this stone, had relationship with contemporary rulers of Egypt, Syria, and Greece. This is one of the great landmarks in our knowledge of Indian antiquity; it is almost a startling witness to the remote past; and it does not stand alone, though its fellow-witnesses are removed from it by many hundreds and hundreds of miles. Far off on the wild Afghan border, at the base of the Indian Caucasus, I have seen a similar rock sculptured with the same characters, and presenting almost the same edict as this of Gírnar. Similar inscriptions exist at Dhauli in Bengal, on pillars in Allahabad and Delhi, and the seat of the monarchy of Ashoka has been identified with Patna. Thus we may see how extensive must have been the sway of this ancient monarch, and how powerful the influence of Búdhism in his time.

The Júnághar state has erected a species of house over this valuable relic of antiquity for its better preservation. The inscribed stone is an immense block of granite in the shape of a partially-flattened cone, nearly twenty feet high, a little more in circumference, and the inscriptions extend over great part of its surface. The language of these, being Sanscritic, pre-

sented no great difficulty when once the characters were deciphered; but these latter did, being so ancient as to have passed out of the knowledge of even the most learned Pundits. James Prinsep managed to decipher them about forty years ago, as described in the 'Bengal Asiatic Society's Journal' of the time; and his rendering has been universally accepted by scholars, with the addition of a few insignificant verbal emendations by Lassen, Burnouf, and others. Ashoka, whose name signifies "Free from sorrow," seems to have himself been a convert to Búdhism; and these edicts he had inscribed were with a view of instructing the whole of his people in the tenets of that religion and carrying them over to it. He calls himself "The Beloved of the Gods," and even Gautama Búdha did not deny the existence of the Gods; but in other respects his edicts are rigid enough. "No convivial meeting is to be held, because the Beloved of the Gods has noticed many faults in such reunions," as he would no doubt do at the present day were he alive. The putting animals to death must cease entirely; vegetable food is to be provided for all, and the king himself relinquishes hunting. Censors of morals and informers are appointed, and the king himself has no ambition except the performance of moral duty. Universal toleration must be practised; but expiations must be made every fifth year in order to enforce the performance of duties, and the new faith is to be proclaimed by

beat of drum. Such, briefly, is the substance of Ashoka's edicts; and the reference to the Egyptian and other Western rulers not only fixes a date in the third century before Christ, but also, it may be argued, would seem to point out that Búdhism was known and tolerated in Egypt, Syria, and Greece in the third century before the Christian era. This, it is obvious, is a point of extreme importance in the history of religion; but, unfortunately, the rock has been injured, and the inscription has been partially destroyed just where it promises to throw light on this interesting subject.

In our way up the great precipice of Gírnar, we came upon various devotees, one of whom, I was assured, exposed himself almost entirely naked to summer's heat and winter's cold, and was even to be found at night in the same exposed situation and scanty costume of ashes. He looked as if it might all be true; and on my expressing surprise at the hardships he underwent, he replied, "What does it matter to a poor old man like me, who only seeks for deliverance?" If you want to find devotees, Gírnar is the place to look for them; and they are all nearly, and some of them entirely, in what is delicately termed *achailakya*, or "state of unclothedness." Notwithstanding its bare appearance from below, there is a good deal of thick wood in its clefts, and there they are to be found demanding alms for living in such a jungle, or too worn and wretched and

absorbed in apparent meditation to take the slightest notice of you. Every peak, except the dread Kalika, has its own peculiar saint perched on its windy summit. They crawl out of little caves and rude stone huts, and from behind waterfalls; they are in all varieties of costume, so far as paint, earth, and ashes can disguise the natural Adam; they are in all varieties of physical health, from round-limbed, muscular, savage-looking maniacs, to shrivelled-up doting atomies; and they present all sorts of mental states, from total ignoring of your existence, as of every other earthly object, to one indicated by a maniacal gleam in their eyes, which really would make it not surprising if they suddenly clasped you in their arms, dug their teeth in your shoulder, and leaped with you over a precipice; but they never do so, so far as I am aware.

At the height of about 2700 feet above the sea and 2500 feet above Júnághar, and after passing up many steep stone staircases on the face of the precipice, I reached the series of Jain temples and put up for the night, as also for several nights, at the first building which presented itself, the Khengar Palace. It must be distinguished from the Khengar Palace of Colonel Tod's engraving, which is not on the edge of the cliff, and is a temple. This building, which is anything but a palace at present, and also the most of the Jain temples, are on a sort of ledge on the mountain immediately above the great precipice, with its terrific

fall of about 2000 feet, with the peak of the Mother of Gods rising immediately behind them. They have an indescribably grand position, commanding an immense extent of country and distant views of the sea. Colonel Tod says of this "palace" that its "black walls might defy the combined princes of the universe. Superstition could not have chosen a safer asylum to secure her shrines from profanation, nor could these have a more appropriate station from whence to elevate the soul to superior excellence." This partly ancient building is used as a *dharamsala* or hotel, *pas meublé*, for wealthy pilgrims. It is also the residence of a band of about thirty Arabs and Belooches, who are paid by the priests to guard the temples, and who (whatever their piety may have been) were, out of sight, the most blackguard-looking, most cut-throat-looking set of men I had ever come across—which is saying a good deal. Judging from appearances, I did not in the least wonder at Mr Graham (whom they had prevented with drawn swords from entering the temple, beneath which is the Perspiring Statue) having remarked to me that they would cut any man's throat for eight annas, or one shilling. Their principal occupations were polishing their arms, bullying the pilgrims, drinking coffee, and searching their garments; but possibly they were not at all so bad as they looked. The temple part of this building is very ancient: that portion occupied by the guard and by pilgrims is scarcely habitable

for a European; but there is one wing of the latter which is usually set apart for the few Europeans who visit Gírnar; and I took up my residence there, with my two Portuguese servants—the young Brahmans and Kooshal preferring to sleep in the native *dharamsala*. My own room, both for sitting and sleeping in, was a very small one, which must originally have been intended for a guard or watch house, on the roof of this wing of the palace. It was rather peculiarly constructed; for half of it projected out beyond the wall, and consequently over the terrific 2000-feet precipice below. On the precipice side there was, not exactly a window, but an aperture, with a wooden door to it, between two and three feet square, or nearly so. By putting your head out of this aperture, as also by bending over the low parapet of the roof, you could look down into the giddy depth below. The guard-house was certainly well fitted for commanding the country; but, when alone at night, it became a curious subject of speculation as to whether, in ancient times, any too enthusiastic Búdhist, or any of the Rajah Khéngar's wives, had ever been thrust through that aperture; and if so, as to what their real feelings may have been on the occasion. The nights were often rendered hideous by the blowing of a fierce north wind, which swept round the Mata peak on the side of the guard-house with such force, that it would sometimes burst open the shutters of the aperture, and sometimes the door

(which fronted nearly west and east respectively), with a tremendous bang, and come howling upon my bed as if Satan himself was going to take an unfair advantage of the storm. This was in the end of January and the beginning of February; even ice appeared at the time down in Rajkote; and so it can be judged how intense the cold must have been in such a wind at the height of nearly 3000 feet. Nevertheless, in that high dry air it did me no harm, but a great deal of good; though after sunset I could not venture to take off even my greatcoat till the morning, when the air became still, and there was no danger of Satan getting into the room.

The views from this roof or terrace were truly magnificent in the bright clear mornings, in the golden brilliance of noonday, and in the rosy evening. I felt quite as if living above the earth; and it was curious to look down upon the eagle-vultures, which had their nests in the crevices of the precipice below, as they floated about beneath. They poised themselves upon the wind so as to keep afloat, and even to rise in the air, with scarcely a motion of their wings, suggesting that if man is ever to overcome the difficulty of aerial navigation, he is more likely to do so as an individual than in machines supported by balloons. These were very heavy birds, and they had the greatest difficulty in rising from the ground; but they started with ease from their eyries in the precipice—floated for hours with scarcely a motion

by poising themselves against the wind, and could make long sweeps by almost a single flap of their wings. I cannot help thinking that the "flying man" who was killed at London two years ago was in the right way of solving the problem of aerial travel; and that a careful study of the habits of the heavier predatory birds, together with an adoption of mechanical means and the use of compressed air, will enable our children or grandchildren to rival the flying feats of the fabulous Wilkins family and of the late Lord Lytton's charming Coming Race.

Before introducing my readers to the Jain temples of Gírnar, I must say a word about the Jains or Jaina themselves, because, though that sect is well known to scholars, it has not yet attracted much attention in the polite circles of Europe. I am myself something more than a Jain, being even a Jína: that is to say, a very ancient Jain priest, who must have been over a hundred years old, once took a singular fancy to me, gave me a heavy silver ring with mystic characters engraved upon it, and expressed his belief that I would turn out to be the twenty-fifth Tírthankara, for which all the world was waiting; but not having yet got quite through even the preliminary stages of the asceticism necessary in order to reach that distinguished position, I must not be taken as an authoritative expositor. Far less do I claim to have attained to that "real and supreme wisdom which is infinite in its subjects, incomparable

in its kind, imperturbable, free from all obscurity, a touchstone for all other things, perfect throughout," and which, according to the "Kalpa Sútra," was the characteristic of my immediate and revered predecessor, the Tírthankara Mahávíra.

There appears to be little doubt that Jainism is a corrupt form of Búdhism, and that it first appeared in definite historical shape about the ninth century of the Christian era, though a much higher antiquity and a more independent origin have been claimed for it, chiefly from the mention of a certain person called Gautama among the disciples of Mahávíra. It may be regarded as a southern counterpart of the Lamaism of Tibet, and is Búdhism largely affected by (the also corrupt) Brahmanical Hinduism. In its most essential doctrines it is Búdhistic, and especially in that, the most essential of all, which regards all phenomenal existence as absolutely evil, but an evil which can be escaped from by prayer, meditation, self-denial, extinction of passion, and entire abnegation of every kind.

It is absurd to raise a question, as many have done, whether the Nirvana of the Búdhists means annihilation; and to do so only proves that the critic has failed to grasp the meaning of this primary doctrine. Schopenhauer, the great modern European Búdhist, well expressed this doctrine in his primary moral maxim—"Im *esse* nicht in *operari* liegt die Freiheit;" and he took the severely-reasoned philosophy of Kant as his starting-point. In a certain sense, both his

Búdhism and that of the East may be described, not as Pantheism, but as Pandiabolism, to coin a much-needed word. Not only our own lives but all sentient existence is essentially misery and evil, consisting of myriads of terrified and tortured beings who can support their own wretched existence only by torturing, devouring, and destroying each other, with the absolute certainty of being destroyed and devoured in their turn. This is the teaching of all the Búdhists from Shakya Múní downwards. The Jains have a peculiar and rather striking statement of this doctrine in their description of the Ages: to wit, the Happy Age, the Happy mixed with Misery, and the Age of Misery tinged with Happiness. It need scarcely be said that the latter is the Age in which we dwell. Unfortunately it is to have a duration of "one hundred billions of oceans of years."

But it is to be wished that the Búdhists could have been a little more explicit on the other side of their doctrine. It is useless, however, to ask them to be so, because existence in itself must for ever remain an unknown quantity to existence in operation—the phenomenon cannot compass the nomenon, the finite and changeable can never comprehend the infinite and absolute. But philosophy, they hold, leads us up to that point; and our practical acquaintance with this awful self-devouring universe teaches us the wisdom of getting out of it as soon as possible, though not by suicide, which is merely a change of garment.

Here Schopenhauer and the Jains differ somewhat from the orthodox oriental Búdhists, because, for the most part, the latter regard the individual soul as remaining one through its various changes, while the former speak rather of one kind of stuff which is constantly manifesting itself in the shape of men and animals. It is of no importance to the conclusion, however, how long the insignificant particles of this fathomless sea of misery may retain a separate existence, so long as the sea is there heaving in its agony; and though Mr Swinburne was probably not thinking of Búdhism when he wrote these lines, yet they well express a primary Búdhistic idea:—

> "Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;
> Thou shalt live until evil be slain,
> And good shall die first, says thy Prophet,
> Our Lady of Pain!"

I do not propose, however, either to refute or support Búdhism, but merely to indicate where we are on Gírnar. Anything approaching to a discussion of this subject would be unsuitable to these pages, and would require going into very abstruse matters. I only wish to afford a rough idea of Jainism; and it may be impossible to do so fairly without suggesting that the Búdhism from which it corrupted, which even in this the day of its decadence numbers more than a half of the human race among its nominal adherents, which commands more complete devotion to its most trying prescripts in a far larger number of

devotees than any other religion in the world does, and which can be argued with at least some show of reason on the soundest principles of modern philosophy, is not to be lightly dismissed as a mere vagary or a lingering superstition—as the writing on a slate, the tapping on a table, or a miracle of Lourdes.

But to return. Búdhism, as I have said, is Pandiabolism only as regards the phenomenal world, and so is Jainism; and both religions agree as to the desirableness of deliverance from this earthly life, and as to the possibility of accomplishing that deliverance by abnegation. But the Jains are unphilosophical, as all such later corrupt sects are, and assign a phenomenal, and even a strictly-defined material, heaven to emancipated souls.

They are also at one with Schopenhauer in refusing to admit more than the most insignificant appearance —that which it presents to our eyes—to the individual, and in refusing to regard it as to any appreciable extent separated from the *jiva*, or universal sentient life. Practically, they are inconsistent on this point; but when pushed in regard to it, they allow no other doctrine. They divide it and subdivide it in the most elaborate manner, with a subtlety unrivalled by any Middle Age treatise on the nature of angels: but, in theory, always return to the doctrine that life is indivisible, one; and that all we see of it are only different manifestations of its doomed diabolism.

The antiquity of Jainism is a point of some interest

in this connection; for I hold the sect to be chiefly useful as illustrating the tendency of all things (religions included) to run to seed, however admirable and useful they may have been at first. There are many reasons to conclude that Jainism is the most recent of the great religious systems of India, and there is really no evidence of the least value to prove its existence prior to the eighth century of the Christian era. It is merely lingering Búdhism accommodating itself to the corrupt Hinduism of later times. To a certain extent the Vedas are acknowledged by the Jains; they revere Brahmans, and not only respect, but to a certain extent practise, Hindu rites. On Gírnar the universal salutation to me of the Jain pilgrims was "Shri! Shri! Sita-Rama!" Rama being the most favourite incarnation of Vishnu, and Sita being his well-known spouse. They are also observers of caste to some extent; and even the orthodox Hindus will admit them to the warrior caste, on their renouncing their heretical doctrines. The worst historical accusation which can be brought against the Jains is, that they aided the Brahmans in extirpating the Búdhism from which they themselves sprang, and extirpating the Búdhists also.

The Búdhist doctrine of emancipated beings finds its place in Jainism, but in a peculiar form. We hear nothing of a line of Búdhas, or of the particular semi-idolatrous images of Tibet and China, such as the Queen of Heaven and the Heavenly General. In

place of these we have the twenty-four Tírthankaras, or holy, though once mortal, beings, who have attained deliverance, perfect knowledge, and supreme felicity. This may be said to be the speciality of the Jain religion, both theoretically and practically. The Tírthankara is everything in the minds of Jains, as proved by statues, by their sacred books, by their actual worship, and by the splendid temples erected to these almost deified saints. The Tírthankara is the most tangible thing you can get hold of in Jainism. Whatever else may be wanting he is there — and twenty-four of them — appearing in grand sitting marble statues, and having wonderful temples to do him honour.

Tírthankara means "One who has crossed over," that is to say, from the diabolism of this ever-changing existence to the absolute existence which lies beyond. A Jína is "a victorious one," or "Conqueror"; and Jaina, the proper name for the Jain sect, is the adjective form of Jína. Thus Jaina means "of" or "belonging to" "the Conquerors," or "emancipated ones." This title Jína was not an uncommon appellation of Shakya Múni, and of all the Búdhas—not Búdhists. A Tírthankara is the Búdhist Jína, or Victor,—that is to say, a once mortal but now holy being, who, by obtaining victory over all human passions and infirmities, has emancipated himself and entered into perfect knowledge—into absolute existence, where neither sickness, nor storm,

nor change of any kind can affect him. He is Yugatbrabhu, or "Lord of the world," and of all worlds, except in so far as the worlds, by their essential nature, are necessarily condemned to an ever-changing development of new manifestations of misery — in which respect he can do little more than point to the road of suffering and abnegation by which he has himself obtained emancipation. But from this point Jainism departs most grossly from philosophical Búdhism, and not only assigns to the Tírthankara a series of heavens, but also enlarges upon his physical perfections—upon the curling of his hair, the fragrance of his body, and the beauty of his form; and the sacred Hindu syllable "Om" is used in adoration of them, as it has been introduced into the universal Lama prayer. In all this the influence of Brahmanism is evident, and also a tendency of the highest speculations to degrade into the grossest and most fantastic materialism. From this point Jainism descends into endless hair-splitting in thought, and an endless variety of material idolatry in practice, into which it would be most unprofitable to follow it. Brahmanism has followed the same course, to the destruction of the national life of India, and the ruin of the Indian mind. I wish there were fewer indications than there are unfortunately at present of a similar process of running to useless seed going on in the thought and religion of Europe; but it may be hoped that Europe has too strong and healthy a sense

of vitality and its laws to be lost in that way ; though even there exists a great danger, for such a practical sense cannot exist long without a credible intelligible theory to back it up, and degrades, with marvellous rapidity, into scepticism, hopelessness, and puerile superstition when such belief has disappeared.

In one essential respect the Jaina, and indeed most of the Indian religionists, are at one with the scientific Positivists of the present day ; for they believe that the universe (to use the language of Dr J. Stevenson, one of the first investigators of this form of religion), "consisting of intellectual as well as material principles, has existed from all eternity, undergoing an infinite number of revolutions, produced simply by the inherent physical and intellectual powers of nature, without the intervention of any eternal Deity—no such Being, distinct from the world, having any existence, though certain of the world's elements, when properly developed, obtain deification." This, excepting the latter clause, is precisely the view of matter propounded by Dr Tyndall at Belfast ; while their doctrine of the Absolute as the home of Jínas, has considerable resemblance to the views of the 'Unseen Universe,' ascribed to Professor Tait.

There are in all, according to the Jains, seventy-two Tírthankaras or Victorious Ones, — twenty-four of them belonging to a past age, and being practically of no importance ; twenty-four others, the real objects of

Jain worship, belonging to the age which was concluded with the emancipation of Mahávíra; and twenty-four of them belonging to that future development which Jainism is so likely to attain, and which we are all waiting for. Of the twenty-four Tírthankaras which are really objects of worship, many of them are little more than names, having no temples erected to their honour, and only insignificant statues in small niches of temples dedicated to the more famous saints. Of these latter, the most celebrated are Adinatha or Rishaba, the first of the middle series of Tírthankaras, whose emblem is a bull, and who is usually represented in yellow-coloured statues; Abhinandanatha, the fourth; Neminatha, the twenty-second; and Parashvanatha and Mahávíra, the two last and favourite ones. On Gírnar, Rishaba, Neminatha, and Parashvanatha or Parishnath, are the favourite saints. Their statues, as those of all the Jain Tírthankaras, are often far above life-size, and are made of white, black, or coloured marble according to the colour of the saint. They are usually—I rather think invariably—represented in a sitting or rather squatting position, with the soles of the feet appearing underneath or on the thighs; and though this position would be ungraceful for a European it is not so for an Indian, and is by no means inconsistent with grand and imposing statuary. In truth, the principal statues in the great temples of Gírnar are very splendid statues indeed, and are wonderfully expressive of that

abstract thought, dreamy contemplation, and serene perfection which the Jain ascribes to his Tírthankara. But there is no variety in these statues; they are all in the same position, with the same countenances, and are on the same model, with the exception of some little emblematical differences which do not touch the general effect. The conception and first production of these figures must have been a triumph of plastic genius, but the constant repetition of them is only a work of servile imitative art.

A discussion of the life of even Mahávíra, the last of the Tírthankara, who alone among them has the least pretensions to a place in authentic history, would require an article to itself; so I shall only say that we know very little indeed about him, and that he is claimed to have lived, in his last appearance on earth, in the fifth and sixth centuries before the Christian era. His name signifies "the hero," not in war, but in the conflict with the passions. Parashvanatha, his immediate predecessor, appeared about 250 years previously, and is probably the most favourite object of Jain worship. It is difficult for the European mind to obtain any very distinct idea of these saints. Parishnath appears to have been of royal birth, and so was Neminatha, who is said to have died on Gírnar, after having lived 300 years as an erring mortal and 700 as an ascetic, after which he obtained emancipation 85,000 years ago. This is the sort of stuff we get into in studying the

"history" of these ascetics; and when we get up to Rishaba, of course the history is still more prodigious.

In practice the Jains are distinguished by the greatest objection to the destroying of life, whatever may be its form; and one caste of them wear a thin covering always over their mouths, in order to prevent the destruction of insects. But even here the Jains are not always quite consistent; for they have been known to show their horror of taking away life by murdering Muhammadan butchers, and making murderous assaults on boys engaged in fishing. Still they have a remarkable desire to avoid the destruction of life: the stricter of them will not drink even water unless it has been thrice strained; and in Ahmedabad, Bombay, and other large cities, they support hospitals in which unclaimed aged and diseased animals of any kind are provided with lodging and a certain amount of food. Avoiding injury to life of any kind is the first of their five great virtues; and after that follow truth, honesty, chastity, and freedom from worldly desires; and in these respects they probably are superior to most of the people around them, though they might be still better without becoming very wonderful models of virtue. Their essential ritual is of a simple kind, consisting chiefly of a visit to the statue of some Tírthankara, with salutation and short prayer before it. The Jains are a very wealthy sect, and numbers of them

are to be found in most of the great cities of India, though they do not obtrude their temples on public notice. In Delhi I found a Jain temple which was wholly unknown to Europeans well acquainted with the city; and on prosecuting inquiry, I got its priests to open to me a concealed chamber containing large statues of several of the Tirthankaras richly ornamented.

The Jain temples on Gírnar are very elaborate and beautiful. The older ones, and older portions of others, are of granite; but all the modern work has been composed out of a soft oolitic stone which is to be found at the base of Gírnar and abounds over Kathiawar. The principal temples, seven in number, are on the ledge which runs above the great precipiece of Gírnar; but there are others scattered about on the peak rising immediately above, and some of these latter are in course of repair, and also of erection, the funds being supplied not only by Jains, but also by wealthy, pious Hindus. In outward appearance the temples are much in the usual style of Hindu architecture. The most striking characteristics of their interiors are their fine tesselated marble pavements; their painted domes; their exquisitely shaped and carved pillars, sometimes of granite and green syenite; their antique porticoes, beautiful small sculptures, and colossal statues.

The central dome of the first temple, that to Neminath, is curiously painted and surrounded by female

figures. It has beautiful marble pillars; the pavement is composed of alternate slabs of brown and white marble, and it contains a large statue of Neminath in black marble, ornamented with gold and jewels, and with a symbol of Vishnu inlaid in the marble floor before it. There are two or three apartments off the central dome; the doors are of carved stone, and there are blocks of stone on marble stands, with nearly a thousand small carved footprints of disciples of the Tírthankara. Another temple has a colossal statue, covered with marble-like *chunam*, of Rishaba, the first Tírthankara, who is also called Adinatha and Adi-Búdhanatha. Two temples are sacred to Parishnath, one of them containing a very large white marble statue of that saint, though his proper colour is blue, so dark that he is sometimes mistaken for Neminath. In another, the chief statue is Abhinandanatha, with Adinatha on one hand and Shambhavanatha on the other. Great bells are hung in some of the temples. The temples are all beautifully clean; in themselves fitting receptacles for the grand solemn statues they contain, they are rendered all the more striking by their position on the edge of a great precipice.

One of my chief objects in visiting Gírnar was to gain admission to the Amíjhara, or Perspiring Statue of the Jains, which is guarded with the utmost care and preserved from all infidel eyes, only pious Hindus, beyond the Jain sect itself, being permitted to see

it. Mrs Postans, in her 'Western India in 1838,' makes the following reference to it: "Having casually heard of the existence of a cave near or in the temple of Neemnath, I made inquiries on the subject, but the Bhats stoutly denied the alleged fact; however, having obtained a clue to its position, we despatched one of our people in search of it. Succeeding in finding the place, he reported it to be a small excavation leading from an enclosed gallery, containing a very old image of Parswanath. The peculiar sanctity of the holy person consisted of his being always in a perspiration: we could not hear any other reason for the reverence shown to this particular image, or for the evident dread of the Bhats lest it should be polluted by our presence." Mr James Burgess, the antiquarian, who did not gain admission to the cave, but some of whose native attendants may have done so and described it to him imperfectly, says of it, in his 'Notes of a Visit to Somnath, Gírnar,' &c.: "A small door admits into an apartment behind three figures, whence a descent leads down into a sunken storey in which is a large white marble image, held in the most superstitious veneration by the sect, and to conceal which the *pujaris* will tell any number of lies, each in succession contradicting the preceding. It has a slight hollow in the shoulder, said to have been caused by water that used to drop from the ear—whence it obtained the name of Amíjhara—'nectar-drop.'" This derivation also re-

quires to be modified; but more of that anon. At Júnághar I was told that Major Lang, when Political Agent in Kathiawar, though a most popular officer, had been prevented from entering the cave *vi et armis;* and that when Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, when Governor of Bombay, visited Gírnar, all the influence of Bhaoaddin, the brother-in-law of the Nawab and the most powerful man in the state, was exercised in vain to obtain admission to the Amíjhara. I have already mentioned that Mr Graham was driven back; and two attempts made after my visit were not only unsuccessful, but nearly resulted in bloodshed.

My success was partly a fluke and partly owing to management. I had confided to the wild Kooshal my great desire to see the Amíjhara, and promised him a small reward if we succeeded; on which his protruding luminous eye literally blazed with delight, and he promised to give me every support, though not, I think, so much because of the reward as for the fun itself. When people visit the Jain temples it is usual to send round with them a few of the priests, or other custodians, and also some of the Arab guard, whose ruffianly appearance has been already noted. The entrance to the concealed temple, beneath which is the Amíjhara cave, is in the inner south side of the enclosure of the first temple which the visitor enters—a great temple dedicated to Neminatha, the twenty-second Tírthankara. No one who did not know of it beforehand would suspect

the existence of this concealed temple; for the door is a part of the latticed stone-work which forms that part of the enclosure, and there is nothing—except a small key-hole, which might easily escape even close observation—to indicate that there is any door at all.

Having been minutely instructed as to the position of this secret entrance, I only just privately noted its whereabouts on first passing through the courtyard of the temple, made no allusion whatever to it, and passed on to an examination of the temples. In each of these I lingered as long as possible, examining everything, asking interminable questions, and displaying a knowledge of all the twenty-four Tírthankaras, and an interest in them, which surprised even myself, and made the Man of Pleasure, who was not in the secret of my plan, regard me with astonishment and respect. The consequence of this was, that the Arab guard dropped off one by one in disgust before I was well done with the first temple—probably deeming it more interesting and more lucrative to bully pilgrims than to hang in attendance upon a Sahib who would evidently do no harm. As we passed through the other temples, the priestly and other attendants also began to get tired and dropped off one by one, until shortly before I began to retrace my steps, only the man carrying the keys and two others were left. No harm could be expected from a visitor who never asked about

the concealed temple; who had made no demur about taking off his shoes; who never offered to intrude into any shrine an inch beyond the point where he was asked to stop; and who displayed such a respectful interest in Parashvanatha, Abhinandanatha, and all the other saints!

The three attendants who remained never suspected what I was after, when, on our return to the court-yard of the great temple of Neminath, I expressed a wish to have another look at the outside of that splendid edifice, and, in order to do so, backed towards the secret door of the concealed temple; but no sooner was I there than I turned suddenly upon them, threw off the disguise of the third Tírthankara, Shambhavanatha, which I had hitherto been using, and suddenly said—"And now we shall go to see the Amíjhara."

Had Adinatha himself risen from the ground they could not have been more thunderstruck; and they immediately raised a cry of dismay. The man with the keys, which were only two or three bent bars of steel, attempted to run off; but the glittering eye of Kooshal was upon him, and before he had withdrawn three steps the keys were in the latter's hand. There was no torture, threat, or violence of any kind; simply the keys passed into Kooshal's hand; the secret door of the concealed temple was opened, and I found myself at the entrance of the excavation below.

There was not a moment's time to be lost; for the priest had run off to the Khengar palace calling loudly on the Arab guard; and I knew that if I waited for their arrival, I should never see the Amíjhara. So I at once lighted a small piece of candle which I had brought with me, and proceeded to descend into the cave or underground chamber, by steps cut in the rock, and going down from a small aperture in the stone floor of the temple. On this the remaining attendants begged me to allow one of them to go down with me, also with a light, in order to see that no profanation occurred, which of course was at once assented to. I heard, afterwards, that this servitor was secretly put to death for his share in the business; but trust and believe that this statement was one of those numerous inventions which are added on to any unusual occurrence by the natives of India, and not by them alone. At all events I did not ask the man to conduct me, or to go down with me at all, though, as will appear, it was well for me that he did so. The Jain tenderness for life of all kinds ought surely to have protected him from such a fate as that which he was said to have met with; but I would not place much dependence on that argument, for the Jains show their tenderness for life in a curious way at times, and, notwithstanding their affinity to the Búdhists, appear to have aided the Brahmans in finally extirpating the Búdhists from India by means of torture

and slaughter,—which was not only inconsistent, but also intensely cowardly and mean on the part of the Jains.

I can quite understand a doubt arising as to how far my conduct on this occasion was justifiable. If the Jains chose to keep their Amíjhara *défendu*, and did not invite me to believe in its alleged miraculous properties, what right had I to penetrate to the sacred shrine, and so to commit what they might, however unwarrantably, regard as an act of sacrilege? This question of moral casuistry did not occur to me at the moment, so intent was I on seeing the Perspiring Statue; but so-called sacrilege of the kind is a small matter in India, where, as a personal favour, or on payment of a small sum, priests will often introduce you into the most sacred places. Moreover, if people give out that a statue possesses certain supernatural properties, they lay themselves open to have that tested by lovers of truth, so far as that can be done without violence or fraud. Life is too short, and the strain on the human race is too great, to justify much ceremoniousness on such points. There was certainly no time, however, for entering even on such a discussion, so down I went, preceded by the servitor and followed by Kooshal, leaving V. V. and the Man of Pleasure to keep watch above, lest my acquaintance with the Amíjhara might be prolonged too far. Both of them, but especially the unfortunate Man of Pleasure, were looking positively cream-coloured by

this time from exeitement; and small wonder, eonsidering that they were left to bear the brunt of the shock of the Arab guard.

The aperture is rather narrow and the steps high which lead down into the underground chamber. That chamber, which seems to have been excavated out of the rock, is of course quite dark, and, judging roughly, is only about six feet high, little more in breadth, and about eight or nine feet long; but that does not include the eonsiderable space of the niches in which four statues, if sitting figures may so be called, are plaeed. The Amíjhara itself is a figure of Parashvanatha, over life-size, seated squatting, and made of very fine close white marble. I did not see any "hollow in the shoulder, said to have been eaused by water that dropped from the ear;" but a silver plate had been let into the fleshy part of the upper right arm, and possibly this may eover the hollow alluded to; and beneath this, at the saint's side, there is a trough, about a foot long and a few inches in depth, for the perspiration to run into. There were silver ornaments on the wrists and body; and, I was told afterwards, silver plates on the soles of the feet, but these I did not myself notice. On the right hand of the visitor, as he faees the Amíjhara, there are three other shrines—one with another, but smaller, white marble figure of the same Tírthankara. The other two figures were somewhat larger, in black stone, and I eame to the eonelusion (though I eould not now

give any sufficient reason for it) that they were images of Mahávíra.

Indeed there was not much time for a close inspection. Both Kooshal and the servitor of the temples were urging me to ascend immediately; and as they had aided me so far, I felt that it would not have been right, and much less considerate, to have resisted their request. Any long delay in the *sanctum* would inevitably have suggested the idea that some process of sacrilege was going on, and so I thought it best to content myself with a hasty but close examination of the sacred excavation. On ascending to the surface I found that the Arab guard had been kept in the outside of the temple, in the courtyard of that of Neminatha, and that three or four of the Jain priests were awaiting my ascent, indignant enough, but disposed to treat the affair quietly.

There was no perspiration on this statue of Parashvanatha when I saw it; but it is extremely likely to perspire in certain circumstances. On inquiring particularly into that point, I was told that its perspiring qualities were specially manifest in the great season of pilgrims to Gírnar—that is to say, in April and May —towards the end of the hot season, when the outer air is laden with moisture. Little of that outer air may descend into the Amíjhara excavations, for the tendency of hot air is to ascend; but a certain amount of moist hot air will be brought into it by attraction, and the moisture in it will be at once condensed, with

the appearance of perspiration, on the large cold marble statue to which the pilgrim's attention is chiefly directed. Moreover, when a dozen of pilgrims or so are collected in that cold underground apartment, the moisture of their warm breaths will condense upon the cold marble figure before them, just as moisture condenses upon a tumbler with ice in it, or on the windows of a crowded church which on the outside are exposed to cold. A better illustration of the effect of the Amíjhara in condensing the moisture conveyed into the air around it may be found in the cold stone pillar of a church which has been lighted and is filled by a large congregation. In a very short time such a cold pillar so condenses moisture that it becomes quite wet; and this is what the Amíjhara must soon become when even half-a-dozen worshippers are set to pray before it. It must necessarily perspire very soon, or rather, present the appearance of doing so; and the more votaries there are to pray before it, and the greater their excitement, the more it will perspire. This is quite in accordance with all I could learn in regard to the perspiring qualities of the Amíjhara; but it is not impossible that the silver plate in the arm may have something to do with an artificial exudation of water, or of "nectar" of some kind, when the pilgrims have been worked up into a sufficient state of *quasi* religious excitement. That is very likely, and is certainly fully paralleled by the coarse and transparent trickery which seems to impose upon

a considerable portion of the middle classes in England and America, and which finds its counterpart among the lower classes in their affection for Claimants and Dr Kenealys. The great difference is, that people in the West work themselves out of their delusions in a short time; whereas, in the East, they no sooner find a new delusion than they erect temples to its honour, found a new religion upon it, and remain in it for centuries. It is said that great treasure is concealed in this vault of the Amíjhara, and such may be the case for all I know to the contrary; but no indications of any receptacle for it appeared.

Mr Burgess has translated the word Amíjhara as "nectar-drop"; and the guardians of the temples said that the term came from the perspiring qualities of the statue—from its exuding Amrít, or the nectar of the gods. But Indian words relating to religious objects are always very near the Sanscrit; and "dhara" being the word in that language for a drop, the compound would have been "Amridhara" had the above derivation been correct. An eminent orientalist has suggested to me that the second part of the compound must be the Sanscrit "jhara," which means a well or stream, or a springing up, or exuding. Thus the word would originally be "Amritjhara." The only difficulty is as to the elision of the *r* and the *t* in Amíjhara, but that might occur naturally enough, and especially in Gúzerathi mouths.

When I ascended from the Amíjhara I found that

several of the Jain priests were in the concealed temple. They looked very serious, but had kept the Arab guard outside in the courtyard of the temple of Neminath, and sent these away before they allowed me to go out. The whole matter promised to go off very quietly, and I returned to my own quarters without thinking much about it. But in the course of the afternoon a good deal of excitement got up in the Khengar Mehel, and among the pilgrims residing there and encamped in its neighbourhood. The Arab guard had, so far as I could judge, been rather amused by the occurrence; for, being Muhammadans, they of course disliked the sanctity of an idol; but at the same time they were bound, in accordance with the conditions of their being there at all, to protect it from my visit. But they, and still more the priests, were rather puzzled what to do when I had actually visited the sacred shrine, and came out of it quietly, as if I had very much admired it, and had conferred a favour upon them by visiting it. They could not well murder me for a visit to Parashvanatha, which flowed naturally from the circumstances; and that would have been much too serious, and, as regarded themselves, too destructive a thing to have been attempted, or even to have been seriously thought of. Not the less, but even more, on that account were they placed in an extremely unpleasant position. Here was the sacred Amíjhara, which political agents, governors, and antiquarians had desired to see in

vain; and yet a quiet, unknown individual deviously wandered into it, without any noise or disturbance, as if Parashvanatha were his bosom friend, and this long-defended excavation his congenial abode. I don't wonder they were puzzled, and let me go on my way in peace.

But, in the afternoon, another element began to assert itself. There was an uneasy feeling that they had not done what they ought to have done, and that a curious stranger had walked through their advanced-guards and careful lines, after a fashion which, if it did not make them entirely ridiculous, at least reflected seriously upon them. The result of this was that a good deal of excitement arose. The Arab guard had a station on the other roof of the Khengar Mehel, where they, at certain hours, invoked Allah, and expressed their opinion that Muhammad was his only prophet; but it had, before, been found only necessary for one or two of these heroes to appear there. After my visit to the Amíjhara there were half-a-dozen of them up there, and they amused themselves by handling their matchlocks. The Jain pilgrims, too, had got into a state of great excitement, and were buzzing about like bees in a disturbed nest. I did not much mind this, however, until I heard that a report had spread among them to the effect that I had polluted the Amíjhara by taking down a fowl and eating it before the sacred image. Of course nothing of the kind had occurred; I had even taken

off my shoes on going down, in order to avoid profanation as far as possible, and had not touched the images. But still the spreading of a mischievous report of this kind was unpleasant; because, though the Jains are usually an extremely quiet people, they are capable of being excited, as I have already mentioned, even to the committal of murder, by what they regard as insults to their religion; and to have wantonly eaten a fowl before their most sacred image would certainly have been an unpardonable offence. I know not how this report arose; but in such cases there is usually some mischievous scoundrel who sets the story going, but keeps himself well in the background.

With the Júnághar state and the *prestige* of a Sahib to back me, there was very little reason for alarm; but religious fanaticism is not a thing to be trifled with, so I thought it prudent to make a diversion; and a happy thought occurred to me. Telling my people to remain quiet in the palace, I ascended alone in the evening to the Mother of Gods, with the aid of a long bamboo, which I had brought up with me by way of alpenstock. This took the pilgrims by surprise; and, as I afterwards learned, a report spread among them that I was going to spend the night on Kalika with the Dread Mother. Possibly this may have been suggested by the same inventive genius who originated the story about the fowl, or the lively Kooshal may have hit upon it; but at all events it

did me the good service of quieting the priests and pilgrims; for evidently a being who did not hesitate to go up alone at night to interview the Dread Mother, and probably to be devoured by her, might be allowed some privilege in the way of visiting perspiring statues.

An ascent of 600 feet, chiefly up steep stone staircases, took me to the shrine of the Universal Mother, or the Mother of Gods. Daylight was fading as I reached the top of the Amba Mata Peak, and the ancient weird-looking temple which covers the shrine; and it is by no means wonderful if something, at least, of

> "A weight of awe, not easy to be borne,
> Fell suddenly upon my spirit, cast
> From the dread bosom of the unknown past."

Inside, the temple is blackened with smoke, and it looks as if it might be of any antiquity. The paint-besmeared stone which occupies the shrine can hardly be said to represent anything in particular; but it is held in the profoundest veneration, not only by Hindus, but even by the Jain pilgrims. Mr Burgess informs us that the goddess has the following inscription to her honour; but he does not tell us where it is to be found, and I think it is not in this Amba Mata temple:—

"The destroyer of doubts and fears, the accomplisher of all human desires and wishes, who causes to be completed the designs of the devout,—such a

goddess is Shri Mata Ambika, the sole power whereby the prayers of mankind are fulfilled. To her be praise and glory!"

I told the Hindu devotees of this great power what had occurred to the Amíjhara, and they were highly delighted to hear it, looking down upon the Jains as they did much as a High Church clergyman in England regards Dissenting preachers, or as a Roman Catholic bishop regards High Church English clergymen, or as a devotee of Nature looks down upon them all. On my suggesting that they might be of some use to me in calming the minds of the pilgrims, and dissipating the idea that any real sacrilege had occurred, they eagerly promised to do so, and told me to make my mind easy, for they would take me under their protection, and see that no harm occurred to me in Gírnar. Nor was this a mere empty promise; for they at once spoke on the subject, in a very threatening manner, to a party of pilgrims who were returning from the Gorukthnath peak, and were going to sleep at the Jain temples. Next day, also, they acted in a similar manner; and, strangely enough, whether it was this exploit, or afterwards sleeping at the foot of the Dread Mother, when I returned to Bombay after this excursion, every ashy Bawa I passed seemed to recognise me and almost to look upon me as a brother. After talking for some time with the devotees, beside a fire which they had in the centre of their gloomy temple, I took leave of them and de-

scended by starlight, and by the rising light of a still unseen moon, to the Khengar palace, without meeting with any molestation, or, indeed, with any person at all.

The next day was devoted to visiting some places of interest not far from the Jain temples. One of these is the famous Bhairava Jap, or "Leap of Death." This is a huge rock which rises on the edge of the ledge and slightly overhangs the great precipice, so that a leap from it must involve a tremendous fall. It used to be the custom for those who desired to avail themselves of this convenience to take up a cocoa-nut with them, to place it on the very verge of this rock, and to poise themselves on it —which naturally resulted in their going over. The Leap of Death, however, does not seem to have been very often had recourse to in historical times, and for years the use of it has been forbidden. But even still, occasionally, the leap is taken, and, no doubt, would be so more often than it is were it not for the difficulty of getting up to the top of the rock, now that a rope which formerly afforded aid has been removed. There is no lack of other points where quite as effectual a leap could be made; but over these it might not have the same sanctified effect. Near this I came on the residence of a very famous and charitable ascetic, called Shivadas, who bears a high reputation, and who condescended to talk with me. This man is of unknown age; he seems to have been

seen by Mrs Postans in 1838, and spoke to me of much earlier visits of Europeans. He evidently did not altogether despise comfort, and devotees of this class sometimes live to an extraordinary age. A long way lower down, in a valley filled with thick jungle, through which it was not easy to push a way, I came upon some very wild devotees.

Being desirous, if possible, of ascending the forbidden Kalika, I determined to sleep for one night at the foot of the Dread Mother as the only feasible way of accomplishing the ascent. To my surprise, however, Kooshal failed me on this occasion. His brother-in-law had died below, at the very hour when we had visited the Perspiring Statue, and he required to descend the mountain in order to burn the body at the Damodar temple. At first I thought that this was a polite way, on the part of the Júnághar officials, of withdrawing a too accommodating servitor; but it was evident that the event had really occurred, from the taunts to which Kooshal was subjected as to the power of Parashvanatha to avenge the violation of his sacred shrine, and from his own uneasiness and alarm. I say nothing of the logic of Parishnath in punishing the brother-in-law because of our escapade, because reason is an element almost wholly wanting in the coupling of cause and effect in India when religious feelings come into play. Kooshal did go with me as far as the place which I selected to sleep at, but nothing would induce him

to remain there over the night, or to attempt Kalika, because to do so would make him too late for the obsequies of his brother-in-law. My Portuguese servants also refused to accompany me, though they seemed almost equally to dislike the idea of being left in the Khengar temple; but V. V. and the Man of Pleasure came after doing their best to advise me against the enterprise.

After passing the Mother of Gods again I first visited the two principal peaks lying between that and Kalika. The first of these is the Gorukhanatha, and is much less difficult of ascent than the other. Its height is about 3500 feet above the sea, and it commands a very good view of the mountain-mass of Gírnar, and also of a vast circle of country round. The other peak is very nearly the same height; and a steep descent of about 400 feet has to be made from the base of Gorukhanatha before the ascent of it commences. This Datatrya, or Neminath, peak is quite an *aiguille*, and is trying to the nerves as well as the muscles. Stone steps have been cut out of or marked into this rock-needle, but they are very high and narrow, without any protecting balustrade; and if giddiness seized the climber, down he would go to utter destruction. In fact it not unfrequently happens that pilgrims climbing this peak do lose their footing, and are dashed to pieces. This is not to be wondered at, considering the half-starved exhausted state in which many of them are; the wonder is

that so many of them, and even women, make the ascent.

This peak is sacred to Neminatha, the twenty-second Tírthankara, and is associated also with his first convert the King Datatri. Neminath himself was of royal family, and, according to the legend, in his last incarnation, after 300 years of sinful worldly life, he spent 700 years on Gírnar as an ascetic before he finally obtained emancipation and entered Nirvana from the summit of this very peak, on which occasion he left the prints of his feet on the rock, and which still remain, though a sceptic might be inclined to imagine that these footprints had been carved by the hands of man.

On the very top of this rock-needle, I found an old naked devotee guarding the sacred foot-prints, though he was not a Jain, but a Sívite; and, on taking him into my confidence as to ascending Kalika, he said that he and some other ascetics had a place down below at the foot of the Dread Mother, where I could sleep in safety, and that some of them might accompany me in the ascent, if I chose to persist in it, which he did not advise. This place was a sort of shelf in the rocks at the foot of the Raen Mata, and above an immense basin of jungle which is said to be infested by Aghoras. It has some trees, a small place of worship with a shrine, two or three small stone houses or huts, and about fifty square yards of level ground. If the naked ascetic on the top of the

peak above was not very prepossessing, still less so were his naked companions here below; and at first they strenuously objected to my staying there at all. The old man, however, soon made his appearance and put matters to rights. He was an oily sort of managing old man, while his disciples were crude and savage young or middle-aged ascetics.

Left here with only V. V. and the Man of Pleasure, I found that these two, being Brahmans, were allowed to occupy one of the small houses, which they did soon after nightfall, barricading the door in a most elaborate manner; but that I, not being a twice-born, could on no account be allowed to enter any of the habitations of this holy and ash-garmented community. "*Dekkho*, behold," said this oily old ascetic, in his oiliest and most persuasive manner, "here is a far better place for you to sleep in;" and with that he showed me a little stone cottage or hut on the other side of the level space. The peculiarity of this cottage was not so much that it had no door as that it had no roof, and appeared never to have had any. The walls were about five feet high, and there the erection seemed to have stopped. "Utcha? Bohut utcha? Excellent! very excellent! isn't it?" said the devotee, in most persuasive tones, his experience having evidently taught him that to impress that idea strongly upon the mind was quite sufficient to get it accepted. But, in truth, I was very glad to get this cottage, because devotees are apt to make a merit of

not destroying parasites; to sleep in one of their close huts would have been intolerable; and the place was too close to the jungly basin below, which harbours wild beasts, to make it pleasant to sleep in an open corner.

Accordingly I had my haps laid out in this roofless cottage, and when every one else seemed to have gone to sleep the old devotee came to see me again. He evidently thought it unnecessary to meet the night air in a costume of paint and ashes, now that there were no pilgrims to see him, for he had on a long robe like a dressing-gown, to which Joseph's coat was nothing, so many were the colours and so innumerable the pieces of which it was composed. The old scoundrel was bent on a most unascetic indulgence, for, after a little circumlocution, he told me that his stomach was out of order, and that he expected I would give him a little brandy in return for his complaisance in allowing me to sleep there. I had no brandy to give him, having only a bottle of champagne with me; and that, in consideration of the fatigues of next day, was much too precious to be wasted upon him. So I told him that I had something far better than brandy—something to be compared only to the *amrít* of the gods, a very little of which I would bestow upon him as a mark of my obligation and respect. I then mixed some chlorodyne in water, and saw him drink it off; for I had a small bottle of it always about me on this mountain, be-

cause cholera is very likely to attack one where pilgrims are collected. I think the pouring it out in drops and the writing on the label impressed him greatly, and he was quite delighted with its heating and exciting effects. He had not left me long before he reappeared and begged for some more of the *amrít*. This time I gave him a pretty stiff dose. In truth I did not half like the nocturnal visits of this *quasi* ascetic, with his questionable taste for brandy. He might be an Aghora himself, for all I knew to the contrary—a two-legged man-eater; and certainly his companions were savage enough easily to pass for that. They were not harmless Jains, but worshippers of Síva the Destroyer; and this demand for brandy was in itself suspicious. Among the Aghoras, as will be seen farther on, "flesh and spirituous liquors constitute the diet of the adept." Might not this ancient party be himself an adept, and the "spirituous liquor" he was in search of be wanted only as a preliminary whet to some "flesh" to which he saw his carnivorous way? I asked him if there were any Aghoras about, and he said there were, "there and there," pointing to the jungle below and to the rocks above, but "not here, not here," pointing to his own place. Indeed he was at so much pains to convince me that no Aghoras were "here," as rather to excite suspicion the other way.

After administering the second dose, I saw no more of the ancient party, and had undisturbed repose till

morning, though it was some time before I could fall asleep. As the moon rose it lighted up an immense rock, which rose immediately above the roofless cottage, on the floor of which I was lying; and the unpleasant idea obtruded itself that the top of this rock would be a most convenient point for rolling down large stones or rocks into the cottage. There even seemed to be rocks upon it handy for the purpose; and I unfortunately remembered a story, told by Colonel Tod, of an Aghora who nearly killed a Brahman lad with large stones for the purpose of turning him into food. Of course I had noticed the rock before, but the possibility of its being turned to such a use had never occurred to me until I was lying alone beneath it, and it became lit up by the moon. This was rather more than I had bargained for. I had a revolver and a breech-loading pistol and rifle with me —arms sufficient for any number of Aghoras—but they would not protect me, when asleep, against rocks. The idea was quite gratuitous and rather absurd; but it was difficult to get rid of it, and it was aided by the maniacal cries of an ascetic high up on the peak above. So I watched that rock for some time, till the fatigues of the day brought sleep; and whenever I partially awoke from the hardness of my bed, I found my eyes turning upon it.

Mrs Postans says of Girnar: "The people of the neighbourhood, with all the superstition common to those who dwell surrounded by mountain fastnesses,

state that the unfrequented passes of the hills are inhabited by cannibals, whom, curiously enough, they entitle *ogres*. I could not discover how the belief or the word had originated." It is, however, not in the passes of the hills, but in a part of Gírnar itself and of its jungly basins in which Aghoras still linger. When Mrs Postans remarked that they were curiously enough called "ogres," it was evidently a form of the word Aghora which she heard. The stricter form, I believe, of the title of the two-legged man-eater is Aghori, but he is usually called Aghora on Gírnar; and this is frequently abbreviated to Aghor, pronounced Ughor, which latter sound is almost precisely the same as ogre. Very likely our word is derived from it, but I have not gone sufficiently into that point.

Colonel Tod, on his visit to Gírnar in 1822, heard a good deal about the Aghoras, but it is not certain that he saw any, though on the top of Goruknath he met a very wild maniacal ascetic whom he took to be an Aghora, and who may have been one of the community beside whom I slept. The Colonel wanted much to ascend Kalika; but a sudden attack of lameness—which of course was ascribed to the intervention of the dread goddess—prevented him from even making the attempt. Mr Williams, a friend who was with him, made to him the following statement on the subject: "When I was in Kathiawar there were three or four men who liter-

ally lived like wild beasts, realising the story of Nebuchadnezzar, except that they also ate raw and human flesh. One of these devils came, I think in 1808, to Baroda, and actually ate the arm of a dead child. Another came into the camp of the Sirsoho of Kathiawar, but he was not suffered to remain, although they covered him with shawls; and at one of the Jatras at Gírnar, one of these Aghoris came to the rock among the pilgrims, who made *pooja*, or worship to him, and clad him with shawls, turbans, rings, &c. He sat for some time, and at length, with an idiotic laugh, sprang up and darted into the forest." Mr Burgess only says that they are supposed to haunt Kalika; and adds, "Without a guide it would have been useless attempting to reach that almost inaccessible point, to which, says common report, if three set out, but two may be expected to return."

A brief reference has been made to the Aghoras by the late Professor H. H. Wilson, in his 'Sketch of the Religious Sects of the Hindus' (Calcutta, 1846); but even that reference I must abbreviate in order to adapt it for polite readers. After alluding to the Paramahansa, the ascetic who becomes "equally indifferent to pleasure or pain, insensible of heat or cold, and incapable of satiety or want," the Oxford Professor goes on as follows: "The same profession of worldly indifference characterises the Aghori or Aghorapanthi; but he seeks occasions for its display,

and demands alms as a reward for its exhibition. The original Aghori worship seems to have been that of Devi, in some of her terrific forms, and to have required even human victims for its performance. In imitation of the formidable aspect under which the goddess was worshipped, the appearance of her votary was rendered as hideous as possible, and his wand and water-pot were a staff set with bones and the upper half of a skull. The practices were of a similar nature, and flesh and spirituous liquors constituted at will the diet of the adept. In proof of their indifference to worldly objects, they eat and drink whatever is given to them, even carrion, &c. They also inflict gashes on their limbs, that the crime of blood may rest upon the head of the recusant; and they have a variety of similar disgusting devices to extort money from the timid, credulous Hindu. They are fortunately not numerous, and are universally detested and feared."

Gírnar is exactly the place where this order of devotees would be likely to be found lingering; and, from what one of the officers of the Nawab reluctantly admitted to me, I doubt not they do exist there, and that I saw some of them; though, to make anything like intimate acquaintance with them, it would be necessary to live for some days in the jungly basin at the foot of Kalika. Many of the Indian devotees go through terrible privations, and pass into a state in which they are hardly responsible for their actions,

and become Aghoras in fact if not in name. The word seems to have originally meant "Fire-eater," but it is now associated with the eating of anything dreadful.

I am sorry to say that my attempted ascent of Kalika turned out a failure. I wished to start early in the morning; but all my efforts could not get the ascetics—who were to accompany me to show the way—to move before nine. They objected that they had religious rites to perform, but what these were I could not discover. At last, however, we got off, leaving behind the unfortunate Man of Pleasure, who could not be prevailed upon to attempt an interview with the Dread Mother. He had the same story as one mentioned by Colonel Tod, to the effect that when mortals are rash enough to make the ascent, they are joined by some devotee who offers to show them the way, and soon devours them, after having appeared as the Dread Mother herself. I did not like the idea of leaving him alone, so I suggested to him that the Dread One might take advantage of our absence, appear before him in the shape of a Bawa, and swallow him up where he was; but this idea, which did not seem to have struck him before, knocked him, as it were, into still more of a heap. The ascent of Kalika, however, was still more dreaded by him; and such a feeling on the part of a Brahman resident so near Girnar, and also a Government official, went far to convince me that the dread mount *is* dangerous—

that is to say, that steps are taken to make it so. I then suggested that he might return to the Khengar palace; but this, he said, his duty to me would not allow of. Thus puzzled between his duties and his fears, the Man of Pleasure had reached an apex of misery unrelieved by any happiness, and I was very glad to leave my rifle with him as a protection from Aghoras, and to give him leave to fire it occasionally.

Starting about nine in the morning, with V. V. and two or three of the Bawas, I found that the foot-track, which at first was visible, soon came to an end, and that an unexpected difficulty presented itself. From the high top of the Datatrya it looked easy enough to ascend Kalika; but on trial I found that its side was thickly covered with huge blocks of rough granite. These blocks were close enough to each other—most provokingly so—but they were far too large to admit of leaping from one to the other, even had leaping been possible for me. Consequently we had to scramble up one side of each rough block of granite only to scramble down the other, and there found ourselves in immediate contact with a similar exasperating obstacle. This, as I say, was wholly unexpected; and I had also the disadvantage of being lame with rheumatism. By the time we had got about a third of the way up the peak I saw quite clearly that though I *might* contrive to reach the summit by nightfall, the fatigue and suffering involved would be so great that there would be nothing

left for me when I *did* get there, but at once to sink into the arms of the Dread Mother: and the Bhairava Jap would have afforded a much pleasanter route than that. I tried to get V. V. and the Bawas to return to their nest for my haps and make some arrangements for my passing the night where I was, and finishing the ascent next day; but they would not assent to anything of the kind, and so I had to return. Greatly relieved was the Man of Pleasure when he saw me again. He had become nervous, and had nearly consumed all my cartridges, firing them off against a rock, at intervals of about ten minutes, to keep off ogres, and to keep up his fainting spirits; but when he saw me safe back, a tinge of happiness came over the mountain of his misery, though clouded by a dark misgiving as to what might next be in store for him.

# THE SALMON OF CLOOTIE'S HOLE.

BY G. W. HARTLEY.

[*MAGA.* Feb. 1881.]

"I'M thinking that we'll do something to-day, Johnnie."

"I'm thinking that mysel'."

The first speaker was running a casting-line through the loop of a "Jock Scott," and the second was holding up the heavy rod to which the line was fastened, and watching the process with great interest. He was a very big man, with extremely long legs, dressed in old Harris tweeds. What elegance of form there might have been about the other was effectually concealed by his waders and little Mackintosh cape. Most people would have thought the outlook as well as the day rather dreary. It was well on in the year. Autumn had put her brilliant colours on the trees which lined the river's banks; indeed a good many leaves, sycamore and birch especially, had already fallen, and were floating limp and flat down the stream. It looked as if it was

already raining up on the moors above, and seemed likely to be soon doing the same thing below. But though the rain was not quite to their taste (not that they in the least minded getting wet), these two men seemed tolerably satisfied with things, and had contented faces. The place they were in had in the gloomy morning rather a dour look. The river had scooped out for itself a great semicircular piece of the bank, and formed a big pool, wide, and black, and very deep, in which, even in that high state of the water, there was very little motion. On the farther side the bank was steep and precipitous, but where they were standing it shelved, and a wood of old dark Scotch firs grew close to the water, so close in some parts that it was difficult to fish it properly. It was a wild kind of place; and no wonder, considering who sometimes took up his abode there. "Clootie's Hole" was its name, and any one in the strath could tell you the reason. "When the devil comes to Ross-shire, wherever he may spend the day, it's here he bides the night." That was what the people said, and indeed it was true enough. For though the dreadful being had not been seen for many years, there were old men yet alive in the neighbourhood who remembered hearing in their youth from their fathers how a man, who was coming home from the still he worked up on the hills, and who crossed the river just below the pool, was found in the morning with his head on the bank, and his

body in the water, gibbering and mowing, and how he was never able to walk upright again, or explain what *It* was he had seen sitting in the gloomy hollow above. No earthly consideration in the shape of money or whisky would induce any man, woman, or child who knew this story to go there at dusk; and indeed most of them avoided the place altogether, and the grim tenant had it pretty much to himself. For it was only in high water, and when the most of the other pools were unfishable, that it was any use coming here. As a rule the water came in, passed round the half-circle, and went out again with little perceptible motion.

All being ready, one of the men waded out to a little spit of gravel and began to fish the pool, and then might be seen that anomaly so puzzling to an Eastern mind—the master commencing a day of very hard work and the servant sitting idle and watching him. There seemed, however, nothing incongruous about it to them. The long-legged keeper found himself a comfortable seat on the bank, and lit his pipe, but he did not spend the time in gazing idly about; on the contrary, even when performing that nice operation, he never took his eyes off the water, he kept them fixed a little below where the line cut it, and his shout of "There he is!" was simultaneous with the same exclamation of the other. The fisherman waded back to shore, sat down also on the bank, and proceeded to light *his* pipe.

An ignorant person would have thought that these men were very easily pleased; it was but a little thing that had happened, and yet it seemed to give them intense pleasure. Just in a tiny swirl, a long cast from the spit, there was a momentary change in the surface of the water, so small that no one but a fisherman would have noticed it; but they knew that it was a salmon which had caused that small wave, and their hearts within them rejoiced.

After a few minutes' waiting, after just giving the fish time to think what a fool he was not to have been quicker, and to swear that he would never lose so good an opportunity again, we (for the fisherman is, if we may be pardoned the somewhat curious expression, ourselves) cross over again to the spit, and give him that opportunity. The "Jock Scott" goes inch by inch over the swirl, and moves in a tempting fashion across it, but there is no response. A trout-fisher would be disheartened, and give it up, but we know better: we know a little of Mr Salmon's tastes —how fastidious he is. Perhaps he suddenly remembered that he had been rather unwell the day before —a little bilious—and so, though with unwillingness, felt himself bound to refuse the pretty dainty. So we give him something a little more sombre: we rather wanted to give it him in a smaller form, too, for this third try, but Johnnie advised no. He was quite sure that the fish was a fresh-run one, and so not likely to be very shy. He was equally sure that he

was a big one, and therefore did not like the idea of having him on a small hook. So a medium-sized "Highlander" goes to him—no use, no sign at all. The day does not seem as if it was going to do so well, and while we begin to feel disheartened, Johnnie's face threatens to rival his legs in longitude. We show the fish a brilliant "Butcher:" we might have thrown in the baker and the candlestick-maker for all the good it does.

We go and sit on the bank tired of wading backwards and forwards and of changing flies. The day seemed dark to the two men; all satisfaction is gone from their faces. We get querulous, and Johnnie a little sulky. We are not quite satisfied with him —we fancy that his abrupt "Whatt?" when he does not quite catch what is being said to him is a little disrespectful, though we had never noticed it to be so before; and we have an idea that he is also a little dissatisfied with us, and attributes the want of success to our not having done something or other which we ought to have done.

After a few minutes of silent smoking and gloomy meditation, we proposed going further down. "It's no good sitting here all day, Johnnie; we had better go on and try the next pool. We've put the fish down, and he's sulky. Don't you think we had better go on."

"Yes," replied Johnnie, "if you want Angus MacHowdie to get him."

A reproachful look makes the good fellow a little ashamed, and he hastens to explain himself. He says that he knows Angus is out to-day; that in the present state of the water the pool we are on is the best on the river, and that if more comes down it will be the only one fishable. He knows that Angus will slip in directly we move, and will then keep it to himself for the rest of the day, and very likely get our fish, which is sure (so Johnnie says) to take a fly later on. And in confirmation of the first part of his warning, he shows us with the glass—which a keeper out of a deer-forest never leaves behind—the shimmer of a rod behind a wall a long way up the stream. "And," he adds, spitefully, "his ugly heid'll no be far off. He has a fish, too; I can see it on the bank."

To this we reply, "Oh, has he?—confound him!"

We hated Angus MacHowdie. He was the keeper of a gentleman who was not often down; and so he (Angus) had a great deal of time at his disposal, and spent most of it, during the season, on the river. He was a splendid fisherman—no better man in that respect ever walked in boots—but he fished too much and too often, we thought, for a keeper, and had no scruple at all in cutting you out, and taking your water if he could manage it. We often tried to cut *him* out. Once we walked all night across the hills, eight-and-twenty weary miles, with rod and gaff, in the hope of being before him at a certain pool; and

as we reached it soon after four in the morning, we thought we had done him at last. He was sitting there, giving it a rest, when we arrived; and ever since then we had *hated* him. There was another peculiarity about Angus — he *never* caught a fish. Whether it was that he kept them, or sold them, instead of sending them to his master, as he ought to have done, or whatever was the reason (we could believe any evil of him), he *never* caught a fish. Meet Angus on the road going home, and it was always the same story, even when we could swear that there *was* a fish, and a good one, too, in the skirts of his loose coat.

We speedily see the sense of Johnnie's advice. We agree with him, and determine that Angus shall never have that fish at any rate; and we resolve that that pool shall be our pool for the day, come what will. In a little while our gentleman comes up. He has probably been watching us for some time; and as he sees that we are not likely to move of our own accord, he thinks it worth while to come and try and tempt us away. For (there is no rule without its exception) he has to-day not only one fish, but *two*.

Angus MacHowdie was a long thin man, getting on in years, but still very wiry and active, and, as we have said, a first-rate fisherman. He had a long, pale face; but its most prominent feature did not share the pallor of its surroundings; it stood out like a sun-

tipped peak from a snow-covered glacier, if we may be allowed to compare what is very little and ugly with what is very great and beautiful. His clothes had once been dark, but were now of the peculiar greenish hue which long exposure to the weather brings on; and they were marked with many little ragged holes out of which obstinate flies had been cut or torn. He wore a close-fitting cap with lappets over the ears; and his eyes were small and sharp, and generally had a horrid twinkle in them.

It has been already mentioned that our feelings towards Angus were not cordial, but they were probably never so far from being friendly as when we saw those two fish. He displayed them in a casual sort of manner, and there was, or we thought there was, a more than usually offensive look about him as he came up. We ignore his approach, pretending not to have seen him; but Angus little cares for that. He sits down on the bank at once without waiting for an invitation, and enters into friendly conversation with Johnnie.

"Holloa! Oh, good morning, Angus! You're in luck this morning. Two fish! Where did you get them? Been in the water some time, eh?"

This was a most foolish remark, made without thinking, on the spur of the moment, and the result showed how much better it is always to stick to the truth.

"Just that," says Angus. "They're no bad for me,

though. I haena heuked ane for a fortnicht. They're a wee bittie diseased too, I'm thinking. There's a gey pucklie varmin on them."

As he spoke he flipped two or three sea-lice (the sure sign of a fresh-run salmon) from the silver side of one of his prizes, and winked—we could almost have sworn he winked—at Johnnie.

We feel hot and disgusted at Angus, and at ourselves, chiefly at Angus. Johnnie might have given us a little help in such an awkward position, but he didn't. He sat looking seriously and enviously at the two beauties, and we resent the way in which he begins to chat with the enemy. For the moment we almost dislike Johnnie too.

It is evidently necessary somehow to get rid of Angus if we are to do anything, for we are sure that we can never fish the pool properly while he is sitting like an incubus on the bank watching; and so we fall into error number two, and nearly tell another—story.

"Well, good morning—good morning, Angus, we must be"—"off," we are on the point of adding, but we pull up just in time—"at work," is the only ending we can think of, and it is a lame one, for it compels us to perform at once before him.

Angus enjoys our confusion,—he knew well enough what we wanted. The whole thing was, as a schoolboy would say, "nuts" to him. The old wretch had found out, what we might have noticed too—namely,

that the river was rising a little, and chances of sport diminishing in equal ratio; and so hearing from Johnnie that we were fixed there, he thought he might as well stop too. He showed no signs of moving,—he said he was in no hurry, had nothing to do, would not like to fish the pools in front of us (we knew that and the reason too); and finally, having driven us half daft, he added insult to insult by offering us his own pet fly—"the ane I heuked baith fush wi'."

It was wet, sure enough; but if he had sworn to the fact on his knees, we would never have believed that it had risen a fish for him that day. It was a small, dirty, muddy-feathered looking thing; but it was not because of its insignificance or its dull colouring that we rejected it with scorn. Angus knew better than to offer us a hopeless fly, and if the river had been a little smaller it might have done well enough; but the gut was *nicked*, the little eye was worn nearly through, and if a salmon had taken it he would have taken it in more senses than one: the flap of his tail as he departed would have been all that we should have ever seen of him.

We were glad to find this out; we took some pains to point it out to him, and felt a little comforted while he protested his innocence, and vowed that he had not noticed the weakness. We chuckled a little at the thought of having been too much for him this time; but when, after having settled him, we turned

to our own book, we caught sight of him—was it possible!—winking again.

A regular elephant of a fly was picked out—a great long, bushy, gaudily-ribbed affair; for we had at last found out that the river was "waxing" and that all chance would soon be gone, and once more crossed to the spit and began operations, not with much hope, as the pool had already been fished five times.

What does this sudden change mean? Why does Johnnie jump up like a Jack-in-the-box, upsetting Angus, who had been leaning over, and sending him head over heels down the bank? Why do we hurry out of the water with a cheerful yell? There is good cause for all these proceedings, for we are "in a fish." Surely there can be few sensations known to man which are able to send such a shock through his system, and make his heart beat so fast, as those which thrill through him when he strikes a fish—in that one moment when a grilse feels like a salmon, and a salmon like a sack of coals. In an infinitesimal period of time—in the twentieth part of a second—despair has been driven out and hope sent bounding in. Hurrah! and the feeling of intense pleasure is in our case heightened by the wild hope, for we saw the upset, that Angus has at last broken his neck. But this is no time for making sure; if he has, he must wait patiently for a little, perhaps for more than a little, till we can attend to him, for we have that at the end of our rod which is likely to

keep us pretty well engaged for some considerable time.

It was about twelve when this event took place; at three the scene had shifted some way down the river. Look at this man who is sitting on the soaking bank trying to light a pipe, and with shaking hand protecting his last match from the wind and the now heavy rain. His face is very red and hot, his cap is gone, and his hair is in a dreadful state of confusion. His cape has gone too, and he is evidently thoroughly wet. His knuckles and his nose show signs of numerous small scars and scratches, as if he had been violently rubbing them against rocks and thorns—and indeed he has. But the ineffable contentment of his smile makes one forget all other deficiencies. Though he is for the moment unoccupied, the salmon is not lost—the long legs and flying coat-tails of Johnnie, who is in close attendance on him, may be seen rapidly turning a bend in the river; and the knowledge of this fact, and the thought of Angus MacHowdie going home in a cart with one broken leg, perhaps two, almost make the cup of happiness overflow. We (for the dishevelled object is ourselves) are only resting a moment, and trying to get back a little of the breath we have been so liberally expending for the last three hours.

No man ever saw such a fish as that. To begin with, he was a big, clean-run, powerful salmon; but if he had had only these qualities to rely on, we

should probably have drunk his health long before. When he was hooked, instead of bolting right away or doing as fish so treated generally do, he came at once up to the top, lay flat on the surface of the water and beat it till he was the centre of a circle of foam. We soon found out the reason. He was foul hooked; missing the fly with his mouth, it had caught him in the upper part of the tail as he turned over, and having free and full power over his strong body he soon proceeded to make the most of it. Finding that this did no good, he stopped to consider what was the matter, and what proceedings were necessary to free himself from the horrid insect which stuck so closely to him and which made his tail so dreadfully uncomfortable. It seemed extraordinary to him that the little thing he had jumped at should cause him so much annoyance and be so difficult to shake off, and he sank himself to the bottom of the pool and swam slowly round it, rubbing himself violently, as is the way of salmon, against the gravel and stones there. This had no effect; the pressure from some unseen power from above continued to increase, and then for the first time an inkling of the truth flashed across his mind. He remembered that once, long ago, when spending the early spring in the sea with an aged relative of great experience, he had been told of the possibility of such a thing happening to him, and warned against eating his dinner without first

making sure that it was all right. "For," said his old relation, "many of our friends have suffered greatly; some have even suddenly disappeared from our ken by mysterious means unknown as yet to our race, though they are in the course of being investigated by a commission." But then he had always understood that these dangerous fragments of food flew at the intending diner and attacked him in the mouth, whereas he was suffering most acute anguish in the tail. He was not, however, in a humour to deliberate very nicely on this incongruity just then; and while making a mental resolve to discuss the point (a point which had then a grim significance for him) with his hoary old friend at some future time, he endeavoured with all his might to get an opportunity for doing so, for he had at length to acknowledge to himself that he was no longer a free agent, but was being gently directed, tail-wards, by some invisible power with which the gaudy fly had something to do. That he, the finest fish that ever swam into the North Sea, the acknowledged king of all, should be treated thus, seemed unbearable. He knew that no other salmon had such a silver coat as he had, that none possessed the great strength that he possessed; and after remaining quiet for a moment or two, though every nerve and muscle in his body was vibrating with thought, he put all that strength forth.

A series of tremendous somersaults only acted as a

breather; far out of the river he leapt, as if trying to reach the stars; but, though while in the air the pressure on his tail relaxed, and he fancied himself free, so soon as he again touched the water he found the cruel strain still on, and maddened by fear and anger, he rushed out of the pool and tore down the river.

Away he went, and an awful dance he gave us; as soon as he had exhausted all his manœuvres—after he had gone through the various stages of bolting, leaping out of the water, rubbing himself along the bottom, sulking, and finally beating his tail against the line till the horrid feel of the vibrations he sent up through the rod almost made us sick—he began again and went through the whole performance without ever a mistake. Never had we had to do with such a fish as this—the heavy rod, the large fly, and the strong tackle seemed to have no power over him at all; and now after three hours' great exertion, both on his part and ours, he seemed but little the worse, and had half killed us.

As well as the waders, heavily weighted with water, would let us, we run after Johnnie, relieve him of his charge, and again urge on our wild career. We had noticed for some time that this long-legged specimen of humanity seemed uneasy; and now, after looking cautiously round, and at the river below, and the hills behind, and moreover, choosing a time when the fish was taking a little rest, he came up very

close, and in a faint whisper, and with much blowing in our ear, delivered himself of the following awful piece of intelligence—

"It's joust Auld Clootie himsel'," and his hair stood on end.

We were very much alarmed. Probably no man, however brave he might be, would have been otherwise than alarmed.

Our hair stood on end too.

But just as we were on the point of breaking the line which connected us with so undesirable an acquaintance, we reflected that Johnnie might possibly be wrong. We bethought us of the desperate work of the last three hours, which, if he had given us, we equally had given him, and we argued that though Johnnie had good grounds—strong grounds—for his assertion, yet he was wrong. At any rate we felt we could not afford to throw away such a chance.

The river was now rising rapidly; places that had been pools when we began to fish were now masses of swirling water, and the streams were being turned into roaring, raging, foaming torrents. Bits of stick, branches of trees, and at last larger pieces of wood which had been lying high and dry on the bank, began to come down, and some of them, as they washed past, threatened to come athwart the line and smash everything. As the "whish" of the passing sprites of men terrified the Ancient Mariner, so did these flying dangers frighten us. It was

difficult to avoid them, it was difficult to guide the fish; in some parts he would not, in some he could not, rest, owing to the force of the current; and it was only the great strength of our tackle, and constant unremitting laborious care on our part, which kept us together.

We knew that a couple of hundred yards or so below where we were was a very bad bit of ground: a high steep bank, rocky and thick with trees, had to be passed; and we were by no means sure, considering the heavy flood, that we should be able to get along the top as quick as the fish went below, for of course the least check would be fatal.

Johnnie's conduct at this critical period was anything but what it ought to have been. We wanted him to be at hand to pull down a sapling or a branch when necessary, or to take the rod for a moment in a bad place; but when we looked round for him he was sitting on the bank with a countenance which expressed every phase of fear and misery, taking off —actually taking off—his boots! In ordinary circumstances he would have scorned to stay a moment, even if his stockings had been full of red-hot shot or tenpenny nails, but now fear had worked upon him to such an extent that (to be away from the fish) he had sat down under the miserable excuse of examining them for stones, and was pretending busily to pick them out. Violent and shrill remonstrances from us at length brought him up, and with great

reluctance he suffered himself once more to look at the salmon; but he was a little cheered—a little of his fear blew away as he did so, for it was evident that the hard work had begun to tell—the fish was getting "sick." And now a dreadful thing happened—an event took place calculated to make the boldest and the most red-faced man turn pale. The fish, in a bit of quieter water, rested a minute, and then bolted in to the bank, leaving, in spite of our efforts, a long bit of line slack. But he had so often tried on the same manœuvre without success that it had ceased to cause us much alarm. We reeled up very rapidly, and sure enough he was still on. Away he went again, and then—the line *kinched*,—one of those extraordinary and inexplicable knots appeared which all fishermen know; and between sixty and seventy yards of line were locked up on the reel as useless as if they had been at Inverness. The salmon was struggling madly, and almost making the top ring of the rod touch the butt at the end of the forty others. A loud comprehensive wail from us, expressing at once grief, anger, disgust, surprise, horror, and apprehension of evil, and a dismal howl from Johnnie, combining all these attributes, with the additional one of fear, announced the taking place of this catastrophe. Things were now all in favour of the salmon, and very much against us, and it was with almost hopeless hearts that we followed him down the rocks.

We got over them,—somehow or other we got past,

though how we did it, neither the one nor the other of us could ever tell. Cut and bruised, lashed in the face by the swinging branches, stumbling, now on the rocks above, now on the stones below, staggering, tumbling, slipping into cracks, with much yelling, and much loss of breath and language, we got on to the smooth grass of the great meadow on the other side, alive though faint, and, what was more to the purpose, with the fish still on. Fifty times was he on the point of breaking us; fifty times did some mere chance keep him ours. Probably two men in worse plight never stood on grass, and the fish below was in little better trim. The line was much frayed and worn, but it was a miracle that it had stood at all.

Once again we looked on him as ours. If we could keep him in the small pool which lay below the bad place we had just passed, he must be ours. In ordinary water this pool was dead and motionless, but now both at its head and tail there was a powerful current. Johnnie, who during the last ten minutes had been momentarily expecting that the rocks would fall on his head, or that the pretended salmon would run at him and carry him off to be devoured, had now got over his fright; when he found that the fish in the bad passage, and with so short a line, could not get off, his spirits rose, his courage came back, and he crept down to the water's edge with the gaff to administer the *coup de grace*. Twenty times had the cork been off that instrument, but

never yet had he had an opportunity of administering it with success. The fish, almost a passive agent now, got into the current; cruelly did we give him the butt, we almost thought that the hook would have cut through under the great pressure caused by his weight. For a few moments it seemed as if he would come into the stone where Johnnie was, the furthest out stone of all. But the slight rest had renewed a little of his strength; he made a feeble struggle, got more and more into the current, right into it, and then slipped quietly over the little fall at the tail, and went into the stream below. Once more hope died away. We had no more bad ground to pass, no more rocks; on the contrary, the river ran now for a long way through the great smooth meadow, but it ran with an angry roar of swollen waves, with all the pools and quiet reaches blotted out, and with no place where a fish, even if so inclined, could rest. The meadow was about two hundred yards long, and then the public road crossed the river by a bridge.

And now Johnnie risked his life for his master! If he could get on to an outstanding rock it was just possible that he might be within stroke of the salmon; and though the chance was a poor one, yet he tried it. Jumping from stone to stone he made his way out; but even *he* could not do the impossible, even his legs and eyes failed him at the pinch. Racing parallel with the fish to get first to the point, Johnnie

slipped and fell into the water, fortunately on the side nearest to the bank we were on. For the first time we forgot our charge. That Angus should suffer was very right and proper, but that Johnnie should be drowned the same day was too much of a good thing. Johnnie, however, was not to be drowned so easily. He appeared in a moment or two spluttering, gesticulating wildly with the still held gaff, and waving us to go on, and seeing that he could get out by himself, on we went. But why? It would have been better to have broken then: nothing could save us now. On we drove to the fateful bridge, a bridge impossible to go under at any time, as the water filled up the whole width of the arch, and doubly so then. The fish was like a chip of cork in the swollen stream, and had as little power. Nearer and nearer we came—the bridge seemed to be rushing up to us; the roar of the river grew louder, and the wind on the exposed ground made the rain fiercely cut the face; the whole thing seemed like a horrid nightmare. Then we thought of saving the rod, but before we could collect our scattered faculties it was too late. There was a yell from us, a wild howl a hundred yards up the bank, a crash against the stone-work of the bridge, and then the rod gave up the stately bend it had had for so many hours, and crumpled up as if it had been a rotten stick.

A miserable dinner was only interrupted by the

following communication: Enter little Highland waiting-maid. "If you please, sir, it was Angus MacHowdie was here. He was wanting to know, sin' Johnnie is sae sair hurt, if you'll be ha'eing him for the river to-morrow?"

Afterwards, the rain having ceased, and the night being fine though dark, we light a pipe, and strolling down to the bridge, the scene of so much woe, stand looking down into the cruel current. Presently we are aware that we are not alone—that some one else is also contemplating it, and by the length of his legs it can be none other than Johnnie. We go up to him, and we think—we are not sure—but we think that there is a tear in one of his eyes. "Well, Johnnie, what are you thinking of?" No answer. We go a little closer. It *is* a tear. "Holloa, Johnnie! what are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking that we didna do sae muckle after a'."

# A FALL HUNT IN THE ROCKIES.

BY J. P. MAUD.

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ABOUT the middle of September last two of us, after many wanderings, "struck" a certain ranch on the north fork of Snake River, in Idaho, U.S.A. Hither we had come for the purposes of a hunt, in consequence of what we had seen earlier in the year. In July we were on our way to the Yellowstone National Park, and were so struck by the aspect of affairs at this ranch in the matters of sport, that we stopped "right there," as Western "boys" would forcibly express it. Now for the reason of this stopping "right there." Our destination, as I have stated, was the far-famed Park, and we were now, after a tedious stage-drive across the prairies, yet fifty miles from the home of mammoth geysers, terraces, and springs sulphuric. Momentous events often hinge, however, on such a trifling circumstance as providing the animal man with his dinner; and out West that meal, generally associated as it is with visions of

"bacon straight," is always a matter of some uncertainty and misgiving.

The ranch itself was much the same to look at as most I had been to in Wyoming and Montana; so I was fairly staggered when I was asked "right away" whether we should prefer moose or elk steak, mountain-sheep chops, venison, or antelope cutlets, for supper! I knew, of course, that we were in the foothills of the Rockies, and that game was not unknown to those parts, but such an *embarras des richesses* as this I was wholly unprepared for. "Are things what they seem, or is visions about?" We discussed with infinite relish, however, most of these delicacies, cooked, too, as only mountain-men can cook; and I was then all anxiety to investigate matters more particularly, for there was evidently more behind than at first met the eye.

The proprietors of this ranch I soon found were the Rea Brothers, of trapping, hunting, and prospecting fame in these mountains for over twenty years, who were responsible for the varied nature of our fare. Pegged out on the ground outside were several bear and wapiti hides.

Nor was this all; for while my curiosity and longings were being momentarily roused to the point of the prospective enjoyment of a bear-hunt, my "partner" was already, I saw, in all the ecstasy of an angler's delight. On the opposite bank of the river he was reeling in at a marvellous rate such beauties

as I had rarely hoped to see in these parts. When he came in at a late hour he had thirty trout to his credit, every one of them over one pound, and most of them up to two and a half and three pounds. Surely we must at last have got to a very sportsman's paradise!

Long before his return I had "had it out" with the Reas, and decided forthwith to see what the mountains could yield me. I did not, of course, believe all their assurances about the abundance of game, for I had heard the same yarns before in many other parts of the world. However, there was something encouraging and tangible in the variety of meats I had lately discussed; the game must certainly be there somewhere; and the Reas undertook to let me see for myself "*for a consideration.*" After ascertaining and "fixing" the amount of this consideration, I found that my partner was equally bent on beating all his previous records in the gentle art, so we decided to stay "right there." During this "lie over" we both amply satisfied ourselves of the reality of things. That was, of course, all I wanted to do, for July was no time of the year to be hunting wapiti. I only shot during our week's trip what we wanted for camp necessaries, but *saw* what made me resolved to do greater things in the fall. As for my partner, I found on getting back that he had made truly wonderful records: on his biggest day he, with another man, bagged 185 trout, all over 1 lb., some even 4 lb. in weight. Quite satisfied with a grand

prospect before us in September, we went on to the Park, and afterwards put in our time on Montana and Wyoming cattle and horse ranches, about which good times I need say nothing now.

Arrived once more in September at Snake River, I made all preparations for a two months' hunt, and I soon got under way for the Teeton range, which we selected as the main point of attack. Of our equipment and pack-outfit, &c., I need not say anything, beyond that I took as few horses as possible—viz., five for packing, and one apiece for myself, guide, and the camp "rustler," or cook.

The country through which we passed at first was fairly easy going, though we were now 6000 feet above sea-level: well-timbered ranges stretched out for miles before us, rising gradually to the foot of the Teeton peaks, those snow-clad giants that are such well-known landmarks for all that country. The second day found us camped on Warm River, along which are swamps innumerable, with plenty of willows, belts of "bull-pine," and vast stretches of ground, strewn with the *débris* of ancient forest-fires. We were here "liable," as Tom Rea, my guide, said, to find moose anywhere. As yet, however, we had seen no sign. An early start on the third day saw us some hours later five miles from camp, stealthily working up a dry gulch, whose sides were covered with fine timber and belts of thick brush—in fact, it looked a likely spot.

Half a mile up, following in Tom's footsteps, I suddenly became aware of something away up the gulch-side, standing in a belt of bull-pine, which caused me to say in low accents, "Whoa, Tom!" and as quickly to drop on one knee. I could dimly make out the hind quarters of some big animal—wapiti or moose, I knew not. I selected in a good deal less time than it takes to write, the spot where I judged his shoulder ought to be, and fired. Out came, in a somewhat sickly condition, quite the biggest bull-moose I have ever seen. Before he could get out of sight again over the crest of the hill, I gave him another ball, which took effect, and then he was lost to sight. In an instant the dog, a cross between a Newfoundland and a setter, was up the gulch-side, and before we had struggled ten yards after him, his yelping assured us that the quarry was at bay. Arrived at the top, almost out of breath, we found the moose shaking his mighty head, and coming on the "dead" charge for us. Before he had moved ten yards, however, I had settled him with a shot in the breast, and he fell with a crash. Such luck as this I had hardly dared to hope for, and there he lay.

"Guess you've got to the joint in good shape this time, pard," said Tom; to which characteristic compliment I could only say, "Bully, you bet!"

I had "got to the joint" the first shot, as we found on examining his shoulder, as the ball from

my Marlin rifle .45 had gone right through both shoulders, though rather too far forward: with that shot alone he could never have got away, and the second had acted as a further deterrent to rapid flight.

He measured 6 feet 4 inches, or 19 hands from toe to shoulder, so he was "no chicken." His head was a grand one, and horns above the average, though not in proportion, by any means, to the enormous size of his frame. I have been credibly informed of a cow-moose in this section of the mountains being killed which stood 19 hands, so doubtless there are some old bulls which run even higher; but 18 hands is about the average of most bulls shot, I imagine, in other places. Skinning and hanging up the quarters took some time, and it was late before we got back to camp, bearing with us part of the tender loin, which we discussed with infinite satisfaction at supper. It were a matter of long labour and much consumption of inky fluid were I to attempt to relate each day's experience, so I will merely touch, as briefly as I can, on such incidents as may be of interest.

There was so much "sign" in the Warm River country, that we determined to hunt it out thoroughly. Whichever way we went we had likely ground, but difficult to hunt over. We always went on foot, for, though possibly much harder work there is more satisfaction than in

taking chances on horseback. Not only does that mode necessitate more noise, but the moment lost in dismounting generally loses you the only chance you may get in the day. The Indians always hunt on horseback, which fact, among others, probably accounts for their being such indifferent hunters. The slaughter they effect late in the fall, when the wapiti are poor and moving in big bands, does not prejudice this statement, as the noble animals, driven and cornered in deep snow, must fall easy victims to the army of "braves" who are doing their best every year to make moose and wapiti extinct animals.

The Indians are *supposed* to be on their reservations; but as numbers of them are to be found all times of the year in every part of the country, the idea is not to be entertained for a moment. As it is their business to kill everything, in season and out of season, cows and calves alike, it is not wonderful that game is becoming rarer every year. Had the game a fair chance, and were there the slightest pretence of enforcing the existing laws against the Indians, there would always be plenty of game in the mountains. The enormous and wellnigh inaccessible range in the foot-hills of the Rockies would always ensure this; but as the game is driven down by the snow to the low country, and along the rivers in the spring, the Indians can and do make wholesale havoc among them. The hand-

some revenue derived by the Indian agents from this absence of Indians from the reservation will ever stand in the way of a satisfactory enforcement of the law.

But to return. After some very hard days in the surrounding ranges, where plenty of game sign was to be found, though without results, we determined to move on further towards the Teetons, and pick up *en route* as much of our moose as we could carry. We accordingly reached the gulch above referred to, Tom and I leading on horseback, with our train of pack-horses followed by the camp rustler in the rear, who urged them on in that forcible language in vogue among Western "boys," not altogether unknown to the drover or coster of Great Britain.

We were nearing the spot where our late moose was first found, when suddenly Tom turned round to me excitedly, saying, "His name is Dennis with a big D, now, if he isn't our meat, sure!" The drift of this somewhat obscure statement was dimly discernible when I saw what he was pointing to at my horse's feet—the clear tracks of a big bear, evidently made that morning. Here was luck! Brer Bar had at last found out our moose, and was sure even now to be "around." Instantly dismounting and leaving the pack-horses with the other man, we advanced stealthily on foot with the magazines of our repeaters filled, ready for immediate use. Our surprise was

not great when we could see nothing of our moose where we had last left him. Carefully scanning the opposite side of the gulch, we could make out a vast heap of dirt and leaves, and at once knew that this was Brer Bar's *cache*. It was quite a comical sight, this vast heap with everything carefully covered up, except a single hoof left sticking up in the middle, as though any one were welcome to take that, but leave the rest for his lordship's own repast. The tracks all round were quite fresh, and we at once followed them into the brush, only to find another smaller heap or *cache*, and at intervals of twenty to thirty yards two or three smaller ones still. At the last one, in a thicket of impenetrable brush, we got a hurried glimpse of a shaggy form crashing through the underwood. There was no chance of a shot then, and no use to follow, for, as Tom said, "It's a dead-sure thing he won't get off this lay till we've given him the bust!"

With a presentiment of coming events, we proceed to remove all the smaller *caches* down to the main horde, so that our friend will have to come out into the open. This done, we ensconce ourselves behind a clump of convenient trees, about sixty yards from the *cache*, and calmly await the course of events. *Calmly* is a feeble index of my real feelings; in fact, I doubt if any one was ever calm under similar circumstances. I mean I was calm *at first*, because it was as yet early in the day, and one might be reason-

ably confident that our friend would not be "around" till nearer the more fashionable calling hours about sundown. A smoke, too, was out of the question, so that sedative was denied. It seemed a terribly long wait to me, though Tom seemed to take it so easily, squatting there with the ever-present chew in his mouth. Sundown came at last, and yet nothing had happened. Did he mean to come within this next half-hour?

"If he don't," Tom said, "we shall get left," as he would inevitably come in the night.

A feeling of reckless disappointment was beginning to assert itself, when, "Did you hear that?—something's coming," broke from my lips.

"Take plenty of time and sock it to him when you're well on," says Tom, and we wait a moment longer, rifles at full cock, tight to the shoulder. Then, with a surprised look about him of "Who has dared to move my plate?" our swarthy friend comes into full view. In the somewhat waning light he loomed up immense, but I have now no time to look anywhere but where best to give him "the dead medicine." He walks scornfully all round the *cache*, then begins to dig away. He is broadside on now, though quartering a little towards me. I've been looking at him long enough down my sights, so here goes. Bang! he topples over at once, screaming with rage and pain, but gets up again, and begins to waddle off. I have jerked another cartridge into the chamber

by this time, and am about to give him another when Tom says, "Wait a minute, mate,—he's a deader;" so I don't. He hadn't gone twenty feet before he had to stop, sat up on his hind quarters, gnashing his teeth and "raising Cain" generally, and then rolled over—dead! The dog, who has been as steady as a rock all this time, gets the word to go, and as he licks the wound for the fast-flowing blood, we know there's no more fear from him, and rush out with a wild whoop. He turned out to be a big "silver-tip" grizzly—*i.e.*, not the *bonâ fide* ball-faced grizzly of the Sierra Nevadas, but as much like him "as they make 'em" in these mountains. He was in splendid condition, and the fur, as Tom said, would make an "elegant" robe. The ball had gone in at the shoulder, which, as he was quartering towards me, was the right spot: it passed through the heart and liver, and came out, lodging a good inch, in a tree just behind, as we afterwards discovered. So if any one could grumble at the penetration of a Marlin .45, he would be hard to satisfy. The bear's measurements were: length of snout, 15 inches; height from ground, 3 feet 6 inches; girth, 4 feet 8 inches; length from tail to nose, 7 feet 10 inches. The third man soon came up post-haste from camp, and we were hard at work skinning him "right away." A mighty supper we had that night off genuine bear-steak; and from this time onwards we were never without that most indispensable camping necessary, *grease*.

This was a very fair beginning indeed: only 15 miles from our starting-point, and two such prizes as a moose and a bear! We now determined to get on to the foot of the lofty peaks lying to the eastward. The country through which we had to pass differed considerably from the gradually undulating timber belts and park-like domains we had lately come through. Now we had rougher ground: precipitous gulches and rocky *cañons*, with rushing creeks at the bottom; vast wildernesses of burnt timber with fallen trees to get over or round, some of these tracts so impenetrable that we had to make detours of several miles. From this wilderness we would come to a succession of ranges, densely timbered, between all of which a creek, now rushing in a series of cascades and falls, now flowing in a sluggish stream, was always to be found, along whose cool banks would be the most likely spots for wapiti or black-tail. Here and there were beaver-dams with fair amount of fresh work, but we had no time to stop for them; and numerous "wallows," where the bulls find refuge from the flies in the heat of summer. For wapiti there was abundance of grass, and for the moose willows, and—

> "With boughs that quaked at every breath,
> Grey birch and aspen."

One made sure that something ought to be about, but somehow one seldom finds game where it *ought*

to be. These beautiful and likely spots were to be found at the bottom of every gulch, and could well be described as Scott paints a Highland glen :—

"Higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."

From gulches like this one would suddenly come to a weird *cañon*, whose rugged and time-worn sides were littered with the *débris* of one of Nature's titanic struggles :—

"Crags, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world."

The negotiation of these *cañons* was generally a hard day's work, and but that our pack-horses were well inured to mountain work, one might wonder how one ever got along at all. At last, after three days' solid travelling, we reached a vast open park, called Bison Park, possibly because, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, there never were any bison there, but there *ought* to have been. However, there was plenty of feed for the horses, and the ranges had a good name as the haunts of wapiti.

About October 10th we had a heavy fall of snow,

and from that day onwards till we got out of the mountains, we were in snow from one to three feet deep. Although it does not conduce to absolute comfort to be dragging one's legs about in three feet of snow, with miniature avalanches dropping off the trees down one's neck, or to come into camp with everything wet about one, and possibly the very blankets in a like condition—still, for the purposes of tracking game it was just what we wanted. Up to this we had not seen a wapiti, and we feared that this snow might have sent them down to the lower country; but we had not traversed five miles on the first morning after the storm before we came on several fresh tracks. We determined on following the largest of these, and, after a few hours' tramp, came suddenly on a grand bull quietly feeding not a hundred yards off. So silently had we come in the new snow, that he was in the happiest oblivion of our presence, until I gave him one behind the shoulder. Fatal as the shot was, he traversed a good half-mile, at the speed which only a wapiti can go, before we came up with him to find him breathing his last.

He was a grand specimen, and had magnificent horns. On our way back to camp I had the good luck to secure another moose, which, however, was much smaller than my first. He was going on "the dead trot" across a clearing 200 yards from us, and we both put fatal shots into him, though at the

moment we thought we had missed him; but a glance at his blood on the snow soon dispelled that notion, and we found him not 300 yards away, lying down to stanch the wounds, when a speedy shot finally disposed of him. Not a mile from that spot, we caught sight of another enormous bull-moose; but as it was getting dark, we only got a parting glance at him "making tracks" through the timber, but from what we did see of him he must have been a monster.

Altogether that day was a pretty successful one. Finding so much sign in this section of the country, we camped there about ten days, but the greater part of that time we could not go out owing to snow-storms, and so were kept in camp. Even thus we were not idle, as there was some beaver sign by the river we were camped on, and we trapped a couple of fine ones in consequence. The soup we made from their tails will be always something to realise only in dreams. Of fish, too, there was an incredible abundance; and as we fortunately found in our "war-bags" some odd flies, we soon got some rough tackle together, and by the aid of a pine pole and a primitive line I hauled out on one occasion, albeit no expert at the gentle art, ten splendid trout in a couple of hours, which must have turned the scales at thirty pounds. To give some idea of the ravenous craving these "uneducated" beauties had for a bit of colour, I may mention that before I had landed

half-a-dozen I had lost my last fly; but as I had a plain hook left, I wrapped some of the tinfoil which erstwhile surrounded Tom's plug of 'baccy round the hook, and, *mirabile dictu*, they "went for it" in a most vigorous and confiding manner! After this second spell of stormy weather we had clear bright days, though of course the snow made travelling through the timber no easier or pleasanter work. However, we found plenty of game sign, and were following moose and wapiti tracks most days, so that before we were ready to move camp again I had another fine specimen of the latter to my credit. The main peaks of the Teetons loomed up in front of us some forty miles off, and as we had now as much stuff with us as we could conveniently pack with a rough country in front, we determined to strike out thither to try for bear only, as Tom had seen many there last year when on a prospecting expedition. After three days' hard travel we got to an elevation of 9000 feet, and were in the heart of the best bear country, as it was now about the time of year that they should be working back into the mountains to lie up for the winter. We had no luck at first, for though we found tracks once or twice, they were too old to be of much use to follow. The only luck we did have was with two small timber cinnamon-bear, which the dog quickly put up a tree, and which we as quickly brought down in a manner quite satisfactory to ourselves. After several days spent in

unsuccessful search for more bear, we resolved to begin our homeward journey, especially as by this time the game in the shape of wapiti, deer, and moose would be working down to the lower ranges. I had several chances on the way back of shooting more wapiti, but as I had by this time got three heads as fine as any I was ever likely to get, I was content to let the rest go.

It must not be surmised from my account that our ventures were always successful,—far from it. It was by no means an uncommon occurrence for us to catch sight of some black object, apparently moving, either high up a distant gulch-side or in a creek-bottom. On many occasions, after a most difficult stalk, we found we had approached a blackened stump, and once even were confronted by the harmless porcupine: from his waddling gait and erect bristles, he had assumed at a distance, in the bright sunshine, a more imposing and bearlike appearance. As we were working carefully another time through some dense underwood, I suddenly saw a pair of splendid horns rise up, about 150 yards ahead: what they belonged to I could not know for certain, but I "took chances" by holding for where I imagined his head to be. As soon as I pulled I was delighted to see my mark drop where it stood. The brush was so thick, and the fallen timber so high, that it was some time before we got near enough to get a glimpse of the apparently lifeless body of an enormous black-

tail buck; but before we had gone another step, to my intense mortification I realised all at once that our deer was suddenly on his feet, and off on the dead-run as though nothing had happened. The timber was so thick that I had no chance to put in another shot. Arrived at the spot where he had lain, we found no more of him than a pool of blood, and that only.

Tom sententiously remarked that it was only a "crease" shot; but I was in no mood to be put off with theories of that kind, and decided at once to have him at any cost. So we started on his trail, the dog long ere this in full chase. He took us down to the river, and then our troubles began, for we found the dog at fault, and no tracks on the opposite bank: however, we hit it off again, only to find that he had recrossed higher up. So it went on—first one side of the river, then the other. It was now snowing fast, and the water was icy cold; but we were wet through now, and reckless. I suppose we crossed that river twenty times that afternoon, slowly working out the trail. At last we could find no tracks at all, and so decide that he is keeping in mid-stream. Each of us take a bank, therefore, and work up. At last we are in sight of some big falls, some hundred feet high, only approached up-stream through a narrow *cañon* with precipitous side. Surely this mighty fall must bar the way, thought we!—

> "And deemed the stag must turn to bay
> Where that huge rampart barred the way:

Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes."

But, strange to relate, we reached the fall without a sign of our quarry. Tom tells yarns about deer in Michigan seeking shelter under a fall's cataract, and recites time and place, but I don't "catch on," as they say. There were certainly no tracks on my side of the bank, so I suggest that Tom may have missed it on his side. This turned out to be the case some 200 yards before reaching the falls, and we again get on the trail. Every moment we expect to come up with the prize, as by every known precedent he ought to have lain down long before this. Not a bit of it, though: his tracks show that he is going stronger at every stride, with no idea of slowing down. Appearances are decidedly bad for us: the snow is now much deeper, we must be quite ten miles from camp, and it is past sundown, and I have to own reluctantly we "no can catchee." Tom's theory of the "crease shot" must have been correct: at least we decided that it was over our supper, when we at last got back to camp, wet, hungry, and "dog-tired."

Tom explained that by a "crease" shot an animal may be "knocked silly," or stunned momentarily, and yet be none the worse for the operation. This "creasing" process one often hears of in dealing with wild *bronchos* by cowboys, and it may undoubtedly happen to a deer. That was my first experience of a "crease shot," and I had no ambition to renew it.

By the time we got back to the ranch it was late on in November, and the snow was deep—very deep; and in consequence we "had our work cut out" to get down to the railway at Beaver Cañon, especially as I had so much stuff to get away. The bag consisted altogether, besides the bear mentioned above, of three bull-moose, four wapiti bulls, two black-tail bucks, sundry antelope, lynxes, beaver, and wolverine. I have had a good deal of hunting in different parts of the world, but this was my first experience of the Rocky Mountains, and I can emphatically say that it seems to me the spot *par excellence* for sport. Not only is there still plenty of game to be found, but the country you hunt through is pre-eminently a healthy and invigorating one; the scenery in many cases is grand, always wild and fascinating to the lover of nature. Of course, no one can expect to run on to game everywhere; indeed there is such a vast wilderness of forest for game to range in, that no one can rely on getting anything unless he can spend at least a month in the mountains. Big game is a thing *varium et mutabile semper*,—here to-day and miles away to-morrow,—so there is a good deal of hard work and travelling to be done to ensure success.

There are a great many men who undertake to act as hunters and guides who have no other qualification for the position than a fixed intent to make the biggest "squeeze" out of the first sportsman who comes along. If any of your readers are thinking of hunting in these

parts next fall, they should make full inquiries beforehand as to the capabilities of those they engage as hunters. As to a rifle, I have "no use," as they put it in the West, for any other than a Marlin or Winchester repeater .45 or .50. You cannot get ammunition in Western America for English expresses, and for the rough work in the mountains I don't consider they are "a patch on" the American weapons. For accuracy and penetration they are everything one can desire.

The life of camping in that wild country is as healthy and untrammelled as it is fascinating, and I can promise any one who tries it a "way up" good time. The fare may be hard, but you have always a great appetite to help you out with it; and as you are bound to enjoy the most vigorous health, what more can you desire?

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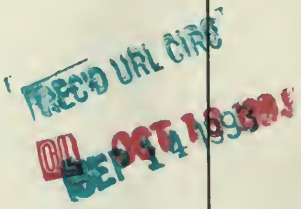

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